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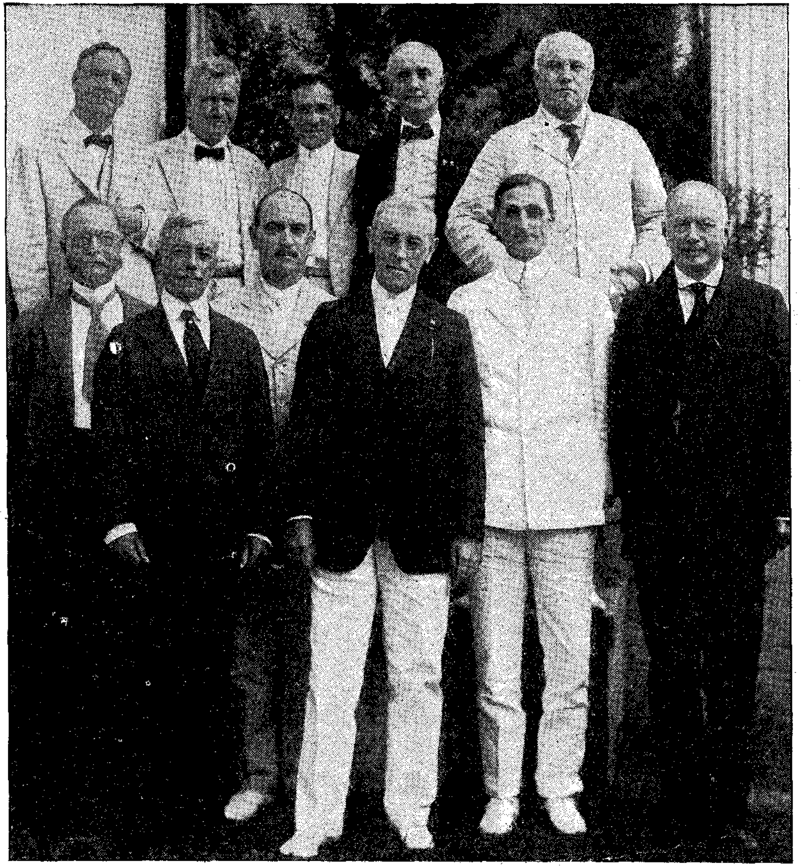
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

"NO PEACE WITH PRUSSIAN AUTOCRACY"

THOSE ARE THE FIVE WORDS into which President Wilson's reply to the Pope's peace-proposal is comprest by the New York *World*, and only slightly differing condensations are suggested by scores of other American journals. "No peace with the Kaiser" is, for instance, the variant used by the Albany *Knickerbocker Press;* and to the New York *Sun* the President's declaration that the word of the German Government must be backed up by the will of its people means simply that "the next scrap of paper must be indorsed." This answer, so understood and so summarized by thoughtful and experienced editors, is proclaimed by the New York *Tribune* to be not only the message of the American nation, but "the final word of Western civilization to that system of barbarism which dominates and controls the German Empire."

The note to the Vatican was greeted by the American press with a most surprizing unanimity of praise. For papers lukewarm toward the war, and a large portion of the pacifist and the German-American press, seemed to be as well satisfied as were the most loyal supporters of the Wilson war-policies or those journals which had favored war with Germany long before the President made his decision. This is explained, however, by the fact that the President's denunciation of the present German Government was accompanied by the hint that the people of Germany can secure a negotiated peace by taking charge of their own Government, and by a declaration against punitive damages, exclusive economic leagues, and dismemberment of empires.

It is their faith in the possibility of the reform of Germany from within that leads many editors to see in President Wilson's rejection of the Pope's overtures a promise of early peace. As the Baltimore *Sun* puts it: "The President has not closed the door to peace. He has shown how easily the German people may fling it wide open." On the other hand, a belief in the oneness of the German people and Government, or a conviction that the President's suggestion of the need of mending their political ways will be bitterly resented by a proud, loyal, and stubborn people, inclines others to argue that the war must now be fought out to the bitter



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THE PRESIDENT WITH HIS OFFICIAL FAMILY.

In the front row stand, from the reader's left to right, Secretary Redfield, Secretary Lansing, Secretary Houston, the President, Secretary McAdoo, and Postmaster-General Burleson; behind them in the same order are Secretary Daniels, Secretary Wilson, Secretary Baker, Attorney-General Gregory, and Secretary Lane.

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end. "The die is cast," says the Denver *Express*, "a war of five years, perhaps even longer, is the apparent result."

The most frequently quoted passage in the President's rather brief note of August 27, and one whose phrases commend themselves irresistibly to our Allies overseas, is that in which after a few words in appreciation of his Holiness's motives, the nation's foe is thus characterized:

> "The object of this war is to deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace and the actual power of a vast military establishment controlled by an irresponsible government, which, having secretly planned to dominate the world, proceeded to carry the plan out without regard either to the sacred obligations of treaty or the long-established practises and long-cherished principles of international action and honor; which chose its own time for the war; delivered its blow fiercely and suddenly; stopt at no barrier either of law or of mercy; swept a whole continent within the tide of blood—not the blood of soldiers only, but the blood of innocent women and children; also of the helpless poor; and now stands balked but not defeated, the enemy of four-fifths of the world."

This power, in the President's opinion, "is not the German people," but rather the "ruthless master of the German people." To deal with such a power in the way suggested by the Pope would, the President thinks, simply allow it to recuperate and would make necessary "a permanent hostile combination of nations against the German people"; in particular, the "new-born Russia" would be abandoned to German intrigue. Then comes the significant question which, with its implied negative answer, may be considered the real response to Pope Benedict:

> "Can peace be based upon a restitution of its power or upon any word of honor it could pledge in a treaty of settlement and accommodation?"

Responsible statesmen have now come to see, President Wilson believes, that permanent peace must rest on the equal right of all peoples "to freedom and security and self-government, and to a participation upon fair terms in the economic opportunities of the world, the German people, of course, included, if they will accept equality and not seek domination." The President further believes that "the intolerable wrongs done in this war by the furious and brutal power of the Imperial German Government ought to be repaired, but not at the expense of the sovereignty of any people." The attitude of the American Government is thus stated:

> "Punitive damages, the dismemberment of empires, the establishment of selfish and exclusive economic leagues, we deem inexpedient, and in the end worse than futile, no proper basis for a peace of any kind, least of all for an enduring peace."

Finally, President Wilson declares in words which are widely interpreted as a direct appeal to the German people he so carefully contrasts with their Government:

> "We can not take the word of the present rulers of Germany as a guaranty of anything that is to endure unless explicitly supported by such conclusive evidence of the will and purpose of the German people themselves as the other peoples of the world would be justified in accepting. Without such guaranties, treaties of settlement, agreements for disarmament, covenants to set up arbitration in the place of force, territorial adjustments, reconstitutions of small nations, if made with the German Government, no man, no nation, could now depend on.
>
> "We must await some new evidence of the purposes of the great peoples of the Central Powers. God grant it may be given soon and in a way to restore the confidence of all peoples everywhere in the faith of nations and the possibility of a covenanted peace."

The vigorous phrases in which President Wilson denounces the Imperial German Government and all its works during this war are accepted by the great body of our editors as expressing their own views completely and finally. Secretary Redfield said what was in many minds when he spoke of the President's characterization as "plain, stern truth," and of "the moral collapse" of the German Government as "one of the sordid events in history." Most editorial comment on this part of the note took the form of paraphrase or expansion, with allusions to specific instances of "frightfulness" and mention of various "scraps of paper." The Washington *Herald* considers the paragraph in question "a shuddering indictment of a government, one which will make history." It notes the approving comment of the press of London and Paris, and declares that the President's message to Rome means above everything else that "the slogan has been adopted by all the peoples of civilization: the Hohenzollern must go." The Hohenzollern machine, as the New York *Evening Sun* calls it, "can never be trusted again, except when declaring war, decreeing massacres, or threatening the weak." The President's note, "the culminating document of the greatest controversy in human history," makes it sufficiently plain, in the New York *Journal of Commerce's* opinion, that the Hohenzollern dynasty, "must depart from the tragic stage which it has held so long to the disaster of human civilization." This daily thinks two results should follow the President's reponse to the appeal of the Vatican:

> "It should bring the American people to a full understanding of what this war means and what is at stake in its result. It should bring them together more earnestly than ever before to support their Government in defense of the very foundation on which it rests. . . . . .
>
> "Not only must our people be brought to a full realization of what their Government is contending for, but the same must be brought to the full understanding of the German people. That is the other result to be expected from the Pope's ardent appeal and the President's equally ardent response. Those people have been deceived by their rulers to the most extraordinary degree. Not only their system of government, but their system of education for generations, has been conducted in a way to incapacitate them from seeing things as they are in the political world. . . . They have believed the most palpable falsehood and perpetrated as virtues the most outrageous crimes. There are those who have had a 'realizing sense' of this, but have not dared to give expression to their convictions. . . . . .
>
> "It is possible now that the German people may be awakened to the delusion to which they have been subjected by a satanic power. It is to be hoped so. . . . May the American people help to their enfranchisement!"

The Wilsonian shaft, as an Associated Press correspondent in Washington points out, "is aimed straight over the head of the army-controlled German Foreign Office at the understanding and appreciation of the German people, already manifesting many signs of a determination to assert their right to govern themselves by parliamentary methods." Our Government realizes the necessity of getting an accurate translation of President Wilson's words in the hands of the German people. Several methods, according to a Washington dispatch quoted by the Boston *News Bureau*, are available:

> "The first to be adopted is to make certain that accurate translations are sent in large quantities to neutral countries surrounding Germany. Use of aeroplanes to get the reply to German soldiers also will be resorted to. There are also secret plans not now to be divulged."

The Germans, it is hoped, will then realize that they are offered the alternative thus stated by the New York *Evening World:*

> "Either get rid of a dynasty whose war-dyed principles and policies civilization refuses to tolerate and come back to the company of nations that respect one another's rights;
>
> "Or go down with that dynasty to a ruin wherein the once prosperous Fatherland will figure only as a wretched, war-wrung outcast."

Which will they do? The first effect of the President's m sage in Germany, the Brooklyn *Eagle* thinks, "will be one bitterness and resentment, with a consequent stiffening of resolution to continue the war." For,

> "A government-controlled press, partly financed by the Krup and mainly fed by official versions of the news, will tell the people what the Government thinks they ought to know—nothing more. It will tell them that the United States is playing En-

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NEW YORK'S FAREWELL TO HER GUARDSMEN.

More than 25,000 soldiers of the Empire State, now the 27th Division of the United States Army, marching down Fifth Avenue on August 30, while a million New-Yorkers take their last look at the men before their departure for Southern training-camps and the trenches of France.

gland's game and that England's game is the dismemberment of the German Empire and the economic destruction of the German people."

But ultimately, *The Eagle* is confident, "the truth will prevail," and the German people will see their Imperial Government, "not as the defender, but as the betrayer of the Fatherland."

Similarly, several Washington correspondents of the New York papers admit that the President's note will at first arouse an indignation against American meddling in German affairs which will for a time strengthen the hands of the militarists, and hearten the people to further sacrifices. But, they add, in the meantime the economic disintegration and the food-shortage that are responsible for the popular demand for peace in Germany will go on, and will ultimately bring the people to force their leaders to consider Allied terms of peace, or will lead to thoroughgoing changes in the Government.

Certain editors find the cordial reception of the President's note by the German-language press to be most significant. These papers, which ought to understand the Teutons in the homeland, point out how easily and quickly the German people may secure peace. And some of them feel that peace may indeed come through an acceptance of the program hinted at by the President. Mr. Wilson "puts the question of peace or war straight up to the German people," says the *New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung*, which adds:

> "The German people are now to speak. They can have more war, or they can have peace apparently at once. The only thing asked of them is a thing which they have exprest their intention of sooner or later achieving anyway—a responsible, parliamentary government."

The New York *German Herold* says it would "be the last to say that Germany could not stand a considerable share of democracy. A 'jerk to the left' would do no harm, and if it brought with it the possibility of an honorable peace, one might wish for it to-day rather than to-morrow." In Chicago, the *Illinois Staats-Zeitung* declares the conditions under which President Wilson says he will deal with the present German Government to be "thoroughly sound and thoroughly American." And we read in the Baltimore *German Correspondent:*

> "This declaration of the President will at all events contribute greatly to clear away the impression created by various expressions of the Entente leaders that it is the purpose of the opponents of the Central Powers to destroy the German Empire and, perhaps, accelerate the movement for political reforms whose purpose is to give Germany a real parliamentary government—a government that will be responsible to the people and with which the American Government is ready to enter upon peace-negotiations."

Another consideration that strongly appeals to the New York *Evening Post* is that—

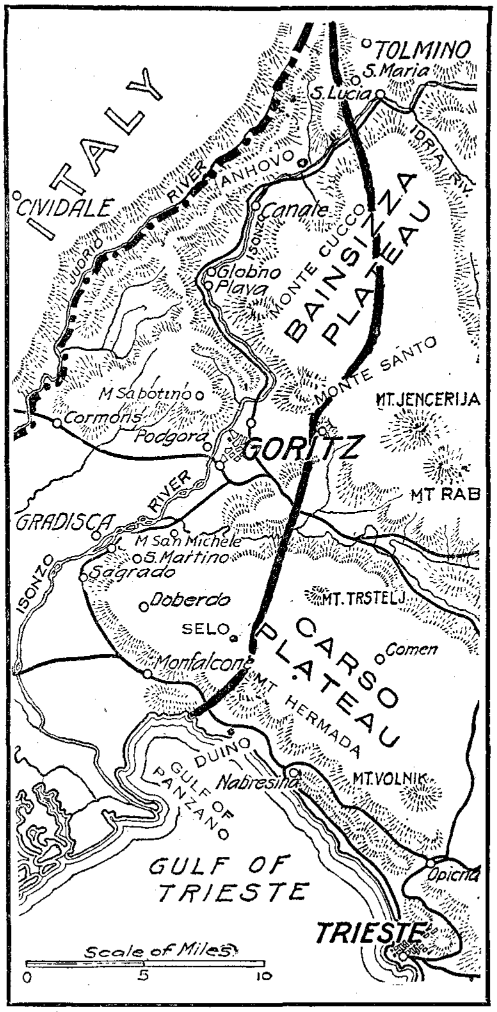
> "Anticipatory echoes of President Wilson's words have already been loud in Germany. He asserts that the German Government is 'irresponsible.' This is no more than Theodor Wolff has been openly affirming in the Berlin *Tageblatt*. 'Germans are not a free people,' he roundly says; 'they are subjects.' . . . If they are at first inclined to resent Mr. Wilson's dictation, and to say that his assertions about the impossibility of having any dealings with the present German Government are far too sweeping, they may read further and take note that he qualifies so far as to admit that there might be negotiations with 'the present rulers of Germany,' provided there could be added to their guaranties 'conclusive evidence of the will and purpose of the German people themselves.' That will and purpose are clearly bent on reform of the German Government."

The Evening Post finds in Mr. Wilson's note the suggestion of peace-terms which "are generously conceived and contain assurances about the economic and industrial future of Germany of a kind which German statesmen have been anxious to get." President Wilson steps forward to offer the German people, "if they will accept equality," "participation upon fair terms in the economic opportunities of the world." As we are told:

> "This is the great thing which German industry and finance have been asking. The President offers it to them. . . . Here, certainly, is a great door, and effectual, left open for those in Germany who are seeking peace."

THE MESSAGE OF THE WESTERN DRIVES

CANADIANS FORCING THEIR WAY through the shell-shattered streets of Lens, French soldiers retaking Dead Man Hill at Verdun, Italians swarming over the Holy Mountain and pushing along the well-defended slopes of the Bainsizza and Carso plateaus on their way to Trieste, are speaking a message plainly heard above the thunder of their guns. It is a reply to the Pope's peace-plea, antedating the polite notes of the Allied diplomats, so some editors opine. This outburst of energy all along the Allied line is more than that, the Manchester *Union* declares; it is the answer of civilization to the militarists who willed this war. "Fighting is it that they want? Well, let them have it." The Central Powers willed this war and brought it on as a means to conquest, and the answer of the advancing Allied troops is, according to the New Hampshire daily, "that the things they sought they can not have, but that instead there must be a crushing of this hateful thing that wills war." These drives are also, as various editors and military experts point out, the answer to Russia's need. While Russia is for the time being practically helpless, unable to repel German thrusts and contemplating a well-nigh useless system of transportation and a still disorganized army, the Allies in the West are smashing at the German lines in such numbers as to prevent the German high command from withdrawing forces from the West to give the *coup de grâce* to the army of the new republic. Significant it is, a Boston *Transcript* correspondent writes from Rome, that some weeks ago Germany requested Austria to send a few divisions to the Russian front and Austria refused on the ground of her need to be ready for the forthcoming Italian offensive. This proves, according to this writer,



ITALY'S DRIVE TOWARD TRIESTE.

Between the new battle-front, shown by the heavy black line, and the Italian frontier is the portion of *Italia irredenta* already reclaimed. Italy's immediate goal is now Trieste. Next year it may be Vienna.

> "First, that the Austro-German lines on the Russian front are short of men, whether for purposes of intimidation or of actual fight matters not here; secondly, that Germany feels by no means certain of her superiority against Russia; thirdly, and last but not least, that Austria was fully aware of and therefore prepared, to the best of her possibility, against the Italian offensive of to-day. This last item makes her defeat even more striking upon reflection than it is at first sight, which is saying not a little to the credit of Italy."

The supreme importance of the Italian successes is recognized by this correspondent, who suggests that "in the puncturing of the Austrian tire may rest the capsizing of the German machine," and adds:

> "Drive home into the heart of Austria, and you sever Germany from her last breathing-tube, the Balkans and the Near East. Drive home into Austria, and Bulgaria and Turkey crumble to pieces. Drive home into Austria, and you shatter the Berlin-Bagdad proposition to pieces. . . . . . .
>
> "It must not be forgotten—and tho it may take time to realize it, the Allies may have to, sooner or later—that from a military standpoint a drive against Vienna stands many more chances of actual success than a drive against Berlin, especially since, with the German occupation of Poland and the Russian general situation, the drive against Berlin can hardly be effected from East to West."

That Italy now has the best position of any of the Allies is the opinion of a United States Army expert, whom the New York *World* quotes as saying that "during the present year the Allies can look to Italy alone to carry out an offensive which may have a tremendous effect upon the outcome of the war." He observes,

> "Of course, it is useless to discuss an offensive from Russia for many months to come. Every indication points to the conclusion that Haig and Pétain have concluded to postpone the grand offensive until next year. The early offensive did not accomplish what it was planned to accomplish. The present campaign consists in a number of minor offensives calculated to gain small strips of ground that will be needed when the grand push comes off. Of course, the second part of the present strategy is to mow down as many Germans as possible while saving the Allies, thereby weakening the Teuton machine.
>
> "Italy, which has been banging away at the mountain fortifications of Austria for a year, suddenly appears to have pierced a part of them, or to be in a fair way to do so. If this drive is thoroughly successful and if the Austrians are driven beyond the mountains, Italy will find herself in a position to be of incalculable value to the Allies in short order. Assuming that the present Italian offensive will compel the Austrians to retire from the mountain ranges completely and give the Italians an opportunity of holding them securely until next spring, it can readily be seen that these forces will be able to play havoc with the present Teuton lines on all quarters."

The opening once made, Italy's Army of 4,000,000 men can "swoop down into Austria and play havoc." In order to meet this new force, explains our authority, the Central Powers will have to reduce their Eastern and Western lines, which will be menaced by rested British, Belgian, and French troops, many thousands of fresh United States troops, and, it is hoped, a reorganized Russian Army. Of course, he adds, this is all based on the assumption that Italy will follow up her present gains. The offensive is even now valuable from Italy's standpoint, because it appears that she "is getting possession of the ground she entered the war to win back."

In itself, the capture of Trieste would be one of the most important victories of the war, we read in the New York *Sun*, which calls our attention to these facts:

> "The control of Trieste and the surrounding country would mean the control of the narrow Dalmatian coast, and would make Austria an inland country. . . . . . .
>
> "The moral effect of the victory would be almost as great as the military effect. The acquisition of Trieste would be an important advance in the realization of the Italian irredentists' plans of a reunited Italy. To the Central Powers Trieste, from its position at the head of the Adriatic Sea, was inseparably connected with the Germanic ambitions for the conquest of the East. . . . Italy would thus defeat plans laid a half-century ago and would invalidate Bismarck's famous order, 'Italy can never have Trieste.'
>
> "A sweeping Italian success that would carry with it the fall of Trieste would go far toward complete demoralization of the Austrian Army and the elimination of Austria-Hungary from the war."

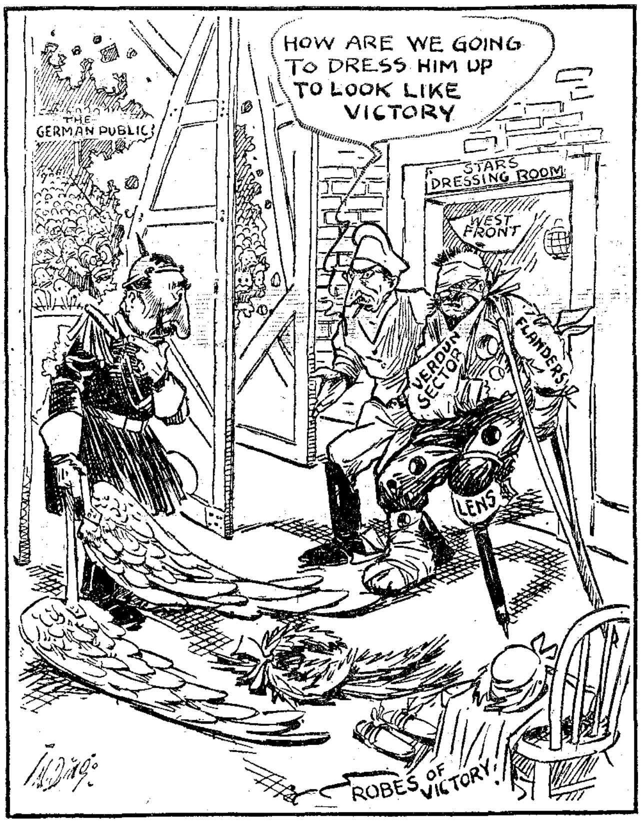
The capture of Trieste is essential to Italy, the Chicago *Herald* explains. Without the redemption of the Italian provinces of Austria, "the war would be merely a crusade for the Italians"; if their armies failed to liberate these lands "it is inconceivable that any peace-conference could order their transfer."

A year ago, as editors and war-correspondents note, Lieutenant-General Cadorna's troops crossed the Isonzo and took the important city of Göritz after a year of hard work. They then, in the Springfield *Republican's* phrase, "found themselves pocketed between the mountains commanding that city and the steep hills near the coast." To the south was the rocky Carso plateau dominated by Hermada and full of natural obstacles, of which the Austrian engineers had taken fullest advantage. Northeast of Göritz, as may be seen on the map, the height of Monte Santo similarly dominated the plateau of Bainsizza stretching northward toward Tolmino. The recent drive over these plateaus consisted chiefly, as the Boston *News Bureau* describes it, "in the soldiers' constantly climbing, creeping, and ascending under the fire of machine guns and rifles with the object of gaining the backbone of the immense system of defense formed by the mountain groups." The Isonzo was crossed by pontoons near Anhovo during a fog, and under Austrian fire. The Italians kept on across the Bainsizza plateau, flanking and then storming the defenses of Monte Santo. Farther south the village of Selo, north of Hermada, was taken and positions on the slope of that mountain were secured. On this fifty-mile front, we are told, the Italians used as many as nine thousand heavy guns and hundreds of aeroplanes. In the attack on Mount Hermada use was made of monitors or floats carrying heavy naval guns which shelled the Austrian positions from the Gulf of Panzano. In their conduct of the long campaign on the Isonzo front, the Italians are, in the opinion of the Boston *Transcript* as well as of many other papers, entitled to the admiration of the world.

When we turn to the operations on the Franco-Belgian frontier, we find the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* convinced by the reports that "the initiative and the preponderance of power have passed to the Allies." To the New York *Evening Sun* it begins to "look as if France and England could have won the war even without American aid." While the French were winning a notable victory at Verdun, retaking practically all of the ground taken by the Germans in the Crown Prince's ill-starred offensive, the British were cutting the German lines to pieces near St. Julien and Langemarck, and the Canadians were closing in upon and entering the outskirts of Lens. In Flanders alone German losses in August were placed at over fifty thousand.

A GERMAN "PILL-BOX."

These formidable little strongholds, made of concrete in one piece, together with the fortified shell-craters, help make the Allies' advances in France and Flanders both difficult and costly.



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A DIFFICULT JOB FOR THE PROPERTY-MAN.

—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

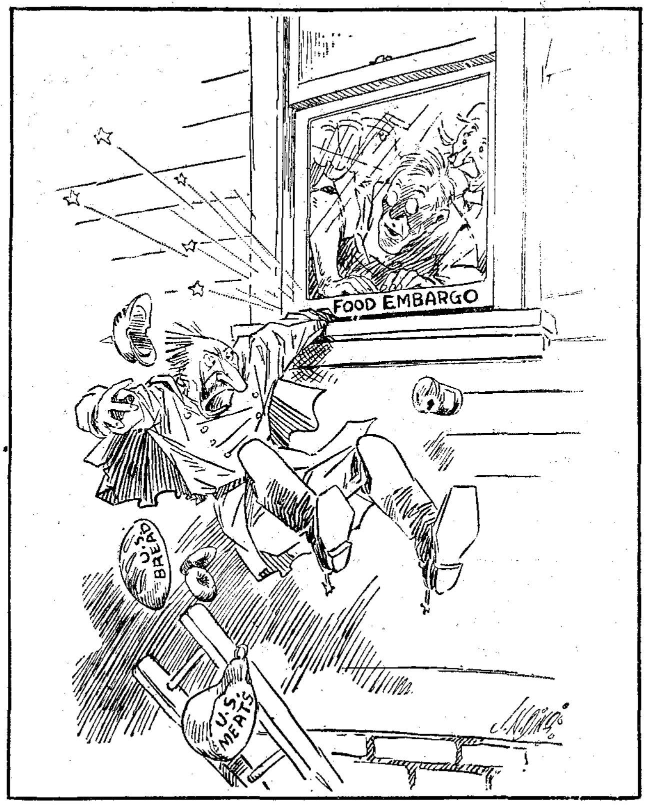
One interpretation of Allied strategy in making these successive blows is, as the New York *Times* military expert sees it, the intended seizure of all important observation-posts in preparation for a more extended offensive later on. It has, moreover, been necessary to take up the task of protecting Russia against German attacks "by causing diversion in other fields, until the time arrives when Russia will again be able to conduct the war on a large scale without having her ranks filled with treason."

At Verdun, after a three days' bombardment, French infantry "went over the top" and took such important posts as Dead Man Hill and Hill 304. As a New York *World* correspondent notes, "Verdun is definitely freed from the enemies' menace, for henceforth it can be used as a base and perhaps as a rail-head, whereas, hitherto, it has been within range of the long-distance German batteries on Dead Man Hill." Other correspondents emphasize the moral effects of the victory, both in its stimulating effect in France and the corresponding depression of German morale. As a French general is quoted as saying some time ago, "Verdun has become a symbol, a gage of battle, the body of Patroclus." Of the fighting farther north, the Manchester *Guardian* says:

> "The military results of the capture of Lens will not be so great now as they would have been in April, when they might have turned the north end of the Drocourt switch-line, but it is a considerable town, and if the recovery of it can be effected without too heavy a loss in men it would be a blow to the Germans.
>
> "Farther north, the obstinate struggle for the Ypres hills may be regarded as like the French operation at Verdun—merely preliminary to something more important to come. . . . . . .
>
> "Later, the operations may in turn be preliminary to a new campaign next year, when, if we are decisively supreme in the air, the end of the war may be in sight."

OUR EMBARGO SIEGE-GUNS

A WAR-WEAPON that will strike at the vitals of the Central Powers is what some observers call the embargo which went into effect on August 30, and is designed to give the United States absolute control of its exports for the period of the war. It forbids the shipment of all articles of commerce to enemy and neutral countries, but, as a Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* points out, the needs of neutrals may be supplied by licensed exportation after our own and those of our Allies are satisfied. Other Washington dispatches state that the embargo proclamation makes it clear for the first time that the United States is prepared to go to almost any limit to prevent food from reaching Germany. Neutrals already have been informed through their representatives in Washington that this country will see to it that no American goods may be used even to replace indirectly goods shipped from neutral countries to Germany. The duty of preventing goods shipped from neutrals other than European from reaching Germany will continue to be Great Britain's, because the United States has declared no formal blockade against Germany or her allies. While the embargo covers all articles of commerce to enemy countries and to other countries, all foods, fuels, cotton, and other articles contributing to American defense, a Washington correspondent of the New York *World* writes, at the same time the purpose is primarily to control such commerce, which is evident from the statement of the President accompanying the proclamation, which reads in part:



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CLOSING THE PANTRY-WINDOW.

—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

> "The purpose and effect of this proclamation is not export prohibition, but merely export control. It is not the intention to interfere unnecessarily with our foreign trade. But our own domestic needs must be adequately safeguarded, and there is the added duty of meeting the necessities of all the nations at war with the Imperial German Government.
>
> "After these needs are met it is our wish and intention to minister to the needs of the neutral nations as far as our resources will permit. This task will be discharged without other than the very proper qualifications that the liberation of our surplus products shall not be made the occasion of benefit to the enemy, either directly or indirectly."

There is no doubt that Germany has been getting a great deal of aid and comfort from the United States through Holland, Denmark, and Scandinavia, and to a lesser degree through Switzerland and Spain, observes the New York *Journal of Commerce*, which reminds us that the control of exports to other countries, including about all with which we have any trade, is in the main intended to conserve supplies for our own people and for our Allies in the war as the first consideration, and it adds:

> "It is desirable to administer these prohibitions and restrictions as considerately as may be for neutrals and as strictly as possible against hostile belligerents. This is a war-measure, and as such is to be made as effective as practicable. There is no more legitimate war-measure than cutting off supplies as completely as possible from the enemy. It is calculated to shorten the conflict and hasten peace on decisive terms at the least cost in life and in substance."

RUSSIA FINDING HERSELF

HARDLY HAD THE ASSURANCES of the Root Commission about Russia been spread broadcast in the world than most disquieting rumors came from that country to add to the other concerns of the Allies. Through disaffection in the Army, Riga, one of the most important of Russia's ports, which is the principal key to Petrograd, was said to be lost to the Germans, and the various political Russian parties were pictured as dismembering the new organism of government through selfish ambition. But just as the horizon indications of that distant region were most ominous, Secretary Lansing publicly reaffirmed our confidence in the future of Russia and announced that the recommendations of the Root mission are being put into effect. An additional and most convincing detail of good news, as the New York *World* puts it, is the additional credit of $100,000,000 we extend to the Russian Provisional Government. As to Riga, *The World* quotes Mr. Lansing as saying that it "has fallen several times before," and even if it really falls, four hundred miles of bad roads, marshes, and dreary country separate it from Petrograd. Napoleon was ruined by a "victorious" march to Moscow, *The World* goes on to say, and a dash on Petrograd, even if the Germans have reserve forces for it, would heighten their difficulties of transport. This journal also observes:

> "A change of the seat of government from Petrograd to Moscow would be no more than happened when the French Government went to Bordeaux, and it might have reasons less connected with war-precautions. Moscow is the ancient capital, the heart of Russia. It is less beset by visionaries than Petrograd. It is far from the coast, where German influence is strong. It is nearer the great grain-fields; and it has already been proposed that part of the Petrograd population be sent away to regions of plenty to avert famine.
>
> "The news from Russia is none too roseate at the best. That is no reason for 'hoping for the worst,' or dwelling on disasters that have not happened."

Secretary Lansing's assurance that the Administration is not depress over the situation of the Russian Republic, according to the New York *Sun* and other papers, is supported by the decision to lend more money to that country for the purposes of the present Government. The origin of the "senseless" panic concerning Russian affairs is incomprehensible, *The Sun* tells us, and was largely anonymous. The officials at Washington, who were represented as fearful of an immediate collapse of Russia because of the German advance on Riga, were not named. The source of many of the rumors was obscure, if not unknown, yet they produced an effect out of all proportion to their apparent importance, and *The Sun* adds:

> "Russia is solving the most intricate questions slowly, as all such questions must be solved, but, according to all information available, in a manner that gives no reason for despondency. We have first-hand testimony from unimpeachable sources as to the patriotism and devotion of the people and their determination to do their complete duty. Against this only the strongest evidence should be accepted, and every paragraph in-

jurious to the Russian that is circulated should be subjected to closest scrutiny for a possible Prussian inspiration."

The climax to renewed confidence in Russia appears in a message of encouragement sent by President Wilson to the Russian National Council assembled at Moscow. A correspondent of the United Press in that city cables that it "electrified" the assembly, and David Lawrence, a Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, points out that tho this message consists of just eighty-four words, and is one of the briefest of President Wilson's state papers, it contains "pages of significance." Sent at the most critical moment in the history of the new Russian Republic, in the midst of dangerous intrigue within and invasion from without, says this correspondent, the communication will not soon be forgotten by the Russian people, because it is a pledge of help from America, "the extent of which it is Russia's privilege merely to ask and she will be answered with a generosity the world has rarely seen." Here is the text of the message:

THE EX-CZAR IN THE GARDENS OF TSARSKOE SELO.

Shortly after this photograph was taken Nicholas Romanof was transferred from this palace-prison to Siberia.

"I take the liberty to send to the members of the great council now meeting in Moscow the cordial greetings of their friends, the people of the United States, to express their confidence in the ultimate triumph of ideals of democracy and self-government against all enemies within and without, and to give their renewed assurance of every material and moral assistance they can extend to the Government of Russia in the promotion of the common cause in which the two nations are unselfishly united.

"WOODROW WILSON."

The National Council Assembly at Moscow opened with that solemnity and old Russian pomp especially characteristic of the city, we learn from press dispatches. The theater district was crowded with sightseers, and interspersed among the members of the council were to be seen characteristic Russian types, including Tatars in peaked caps, white-robed mollahs from the Volga, Georgians robed in cloth-of-gold cassocks, and dignitaries of the Greek Orthodox Church, who had arrived for the church congress to begin two days later. The dominant note of Premier Kerensky's opening speech is audacity. Calling him the Danton of the Russian Revolution, the Brooklyn *Eagle* and other papers cite that leader's famous utterance—"Audacity, more audacity, audacity always!" The Premier frankly avowed to his auditors the fact that the state is "passing through a period of mortal danger," yet he warned them that "those who think the moment has come to overthrow the revolutionary power with bayonets are making a mistake. Let them take care, for our authority is supported by the boundless confidence of the people and by millions of soldiers who are defending us against German invasion." The Provisional Government, the Premier also said, is convinced that all his hearers would forget everything except their duty toward their country and the revolution, and he added:

"The Government believes it can tell the truth not only to our friends, but also to our enemies, those who are destroying our troops and those among us who are waiting for the moment when they may be able to raise their heads and pounce upon the free Russian people. I say again that I will hide nothing from you, for we have come together for the first time to speak to you frankly, to tell you of the unbearable, the immense responsibility which we are bearing despite all the blows we are receiving. . . . . . .

"Unfortunately, not all who are able are willing to offer all this on the altar of their country, ruined by war, and they thus render the critical situation of our country more serious every day. In our political life this process of disorganization is worse, even causing certain nationalities living in Russia to seek their salvation not in close union with the mother country, but in separatist aspirations.

"On top of all this came the shameful events at the front, when Russian troops, forgetting their duty to their country, gave way without resistance to pressure of the enemy, and thus forged for their people fresh chains of despotism. . . . . . .

"Those who once trembled before the Government of autocrats now boldly march against the Government with arms in hand. But let them remember that our patience has its limits, and that those who go beyond them will have to settle with a Government which will make them remember the time of Czarism. We shall be implacable, because we are convinced that supreme power alone can assure the salvation of the country."

The impression gathered by the New York *Evening Post* from Premier Kerensky's initial speech is that "no insuperable obstacles stand in the way of a reconciliation between the responsible elements among the Socialists and the Progressive party for common defense against Socialist Extremists on the one hand and a possible monarchist reaction on the other, and this journal proceeds:

"Two factors have brought about the estrangement of the Liberal middle classes which has threatened the ruin of the revolution. One was the Maximalist agitation in the army with its results in mutiny and retreat. The other was the sudden assertion of separatist tendencies which in a few weeks produced the independence of Finland and the declaration of an autonomous Ukraine. From the severity of Kerensky's denunciation of the latter tendency it is plain that the separatist movement is regarded as almost as dangerous to the cause of Russian freedom as the troubles in the army. More than an army mutiny, the visible loss of vast stretches of national territory with a population of tens of millions would be seized upon by the reactionary forces as proof that the revolution means national dissolution. This is why Kerensky was so bitter toward Finland. That country had nothing but the most considerate treatment to expect from the new régime. Even the question of independence might have been discust after the war. But Finland chose to coin her own advantage out of the present situation to the great peril of revolutionary Russia as a whole, with the result that Kerensky now threatens military coercion. Upon this program the non-Socialist parties will stand solidly behind him."

In his speech closing the conference, Premier Kerensky is quoted as promising that the Provisional Government would stand on guard over the revolution and would "suffer no counter-revolutionary attempts, whatever be their source, for the Provisional Government is the incarnated will of the whole people. It does not regret having convoked the conference at Moscow, which, altho it has not yielded practical results, has allowed all Russian citizens to say frankly what they think necessary for the State." The Premier is reported as having spoken further of the services rendered to the country by the revolutionary democracy, which took power at a terrible moment in the life of the State, and he concluded: "Whoever endeavors to wrest their conquests from the people will never succeed, for they have now become public property."

Next in importance to the statements of the Premier at the Moscow conference, in the eyes of editorial observers, is the revelation of General Korniloff, Commander-in-Chief of the Army. After a statement of the demoralization of the troops as shown in reverses in the field, General Korniloff said:

> "The old régime bequeathed to Russia an army which, despite all the defects in its organization, nevertheless was animated by a fighting spirit and was ready for sacrifices. The whole series of measures taken by those who are completely foreign to the spirit and needs of the army has transformed it into a collection of individual groups which have lost all sense of duty and only tremble for their own personal safety.
>
> "If Russia wishes to be saved the army must be regenerated at any cost."

The most important of the measures of reform demanded by General Korniloff is the restoration of the death penalty, which, press dispatches inform us, has been granted. Other recommendations are the stiffening of discipline in the army by increasing the authority of officers and non-commissioned officers; the improvement of the financial position of officers, who have been in a very difficult position; the restriction of the function of regimental committees, which, altho managing economic affairs of the regiment, must not be permitted to take part in decisions regarding military operations or the appointment of leaders. General Korniloff is also quoted as saying that—

> "The strength of every army depends upon conditions in the district in its rear. The blood which will inevitably flow during the restoration period may be shed in vain if the army, having been reorganized and prepared for battle, remains without reenforcements and fresh supplies of projectiles and equipment. I therefore think it indispensable that the measures taken at the front should also be applied in the rear."

The New York *World* compares Russia to the United States in the struggle toward union when it says:

> "We also fought our war for freedom with forces constantly dissolving to go home; more than 300,000 men were enrolled in all, tho those in arms at any time were but a little fraction of that number. We had our desperate difficulties with transportation and shortage of material; with cabals, and Tories, and outlaw bands. And after the war was won with the memorable aid of France, we faced, as Russia does, the problem of government with a system too loose and lax to meet the needs.
>
> "The plan of federated States which we adopted after much delay is peculiarly adapted to Russia. It should solve the problem of Finland, of the Ukraine, of Bessarabia, of other sections which for reasons of race or climate or trade conditions or religion are hotly demanding particularist treatment or absolute independence.
>
> "A Constituent Assembly with a finished constitution as its work is Russia's vital need.
>
> "If Kerensky and his associates can bring this about, Russia's future is bright indeed. Ten thousand squabbling, fissuring 'groups' would invite a German Napoleon."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

Beyond the Alps leaps Italy.—*New York Sun.*

We might stand for a peace without victory, but not for a war without victory.—*Boston Transcript.*

Pacifists always have to live in a land where other men will fight or they would be wiped out.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

Young lady, how would you like to be a bride in Germany and go to jail every time you spoiled the biscuits?—*Kansas City Star.*

No American is against this war. If anybody opposes it that opposition is sufficient proof of that person's un-Americanism.—*Chicago Daily News.*

A German navy officer said the other day that "God has called us by name." Now, we're curious to know by what name.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

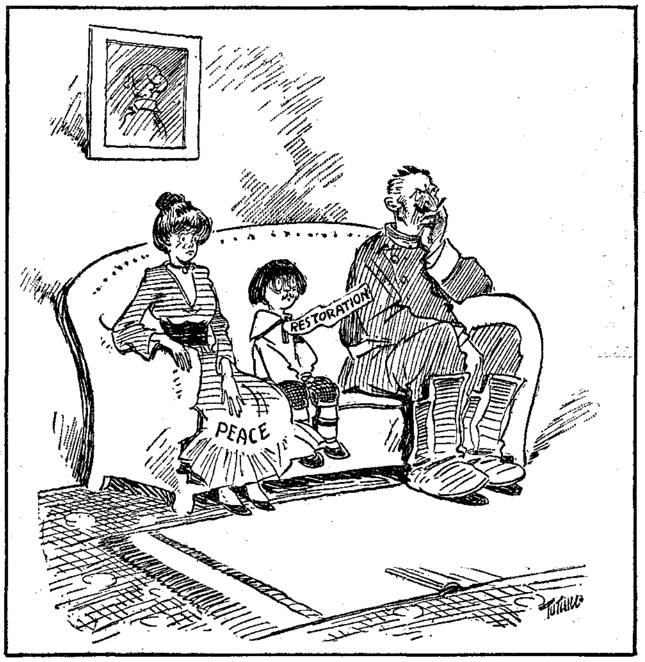
"Mike," says the Kaiser, "take the reins, will yez?" "Bill," says Mike, "I can't drive." "Never mind," says Bill, "I'm here."—*Columbia Record.*

One disconcerting phase of republican rule lies in the fact that when it is made secure against foes without, its enemies within are still privileged to full equality with its defenders.—*Newark News.*

The knowledge we have gained of the German character leads us to believe that as soon as the war is over the Hun will expect to come right into the parlor and sit down with the folks.—*Boston Transcript.*

The proposal to turn the surplus cabbage-crop into sauerkraut will strike the ultrapatriotic as introducing an alien enemy dish upon our tables. But the best way in such a case is simply to intern it.—*Baltimore American.*

There is a touch of the comic in the declaration of the German Chancellor in regard to the declaration of war by China, Siam, and Liberia that "we have made it clear to these countries that we shall bring them to account for the damage done under international law to German interests." That it is a crime to declare war is novel doctrine for Prussia.—*Springfield Republican.*



HER LITTLE BROTHER.

—Tuthill in the St. Louis *Star.*

Too many members of Congress are fighting to have the world made safe for reelection.—*Toledo Blade.*

About the only way a bride can attract any attention nowadays is by marrying a civilian.—*Boston Transcript.*

Perhaps if some one explains in German to Senator La Follette why we are at war he will understand it.—*Baltimore Star.*

A correspondent writes asking what *camouflage* is. *Camouflage* is the Hearst outfit hiring Raemaekers.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Each time Potsdam puts out a new peace-recipe something important is left out. This time it appears to be the yeast.—*Kansas City Star.*

When the Russians read about the riot at Camp Logan they will be tempted to despair of the stability of our Republic.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Those who thought the *Deutschland* had started a new chapter in history will observe that she has descended into a state of belligerency like everything else that is German.—*Jacksonville Florida Times-Union.*

A steamer turned over on its side at Detroit the other afternoon. The Great Lakes seem to have a brand of marine construction that is all its own.—*Springfield Republican.*

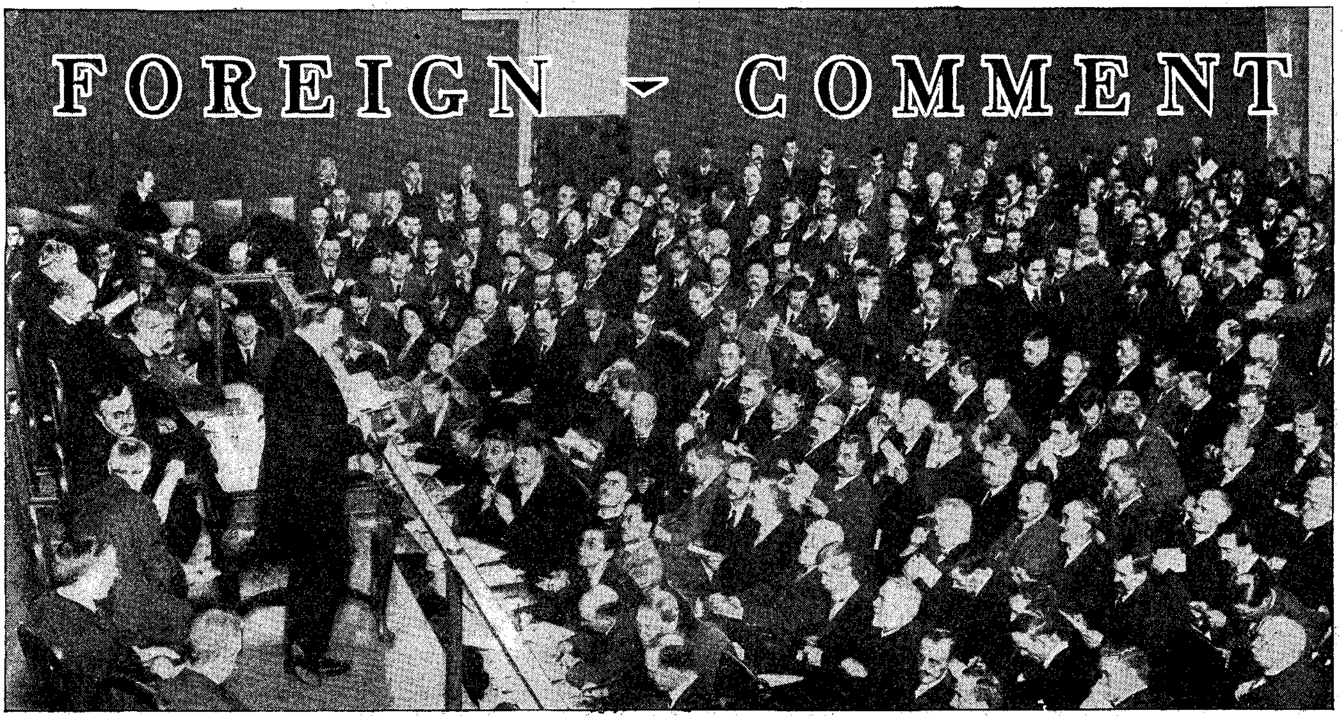
I would look with more favor on the proposition to bring German prisoners to the United States if it were not a cinch that most of them would try to stay among us after the war.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Champ Clark says this country needs a new national hymn, so here goes:

When Kaiser Bill he came to town,
He always kicked our dawg aroun';
Makes no difference if he is a houn',
He's gotta quit kickin' that dawg aroun'.
—*Boston Transcript.*

There is a certain type of pro-German very loud-mouthed against England these days—not because he cares particularly about England one way or another, but because he dares not say anything openly against America any longer and finds a kind of satisfaction in cursing one of America's allies.—*New York Evening Sun.*

FOREIGN COMMENT



BRITISH LABOR DELEGATES DEBATE ON STOCKHOLM.

Arthur Henderson, labor leader and member of Britain's war-cabinet, advocating the participation of Labor in the Stockholm Conference. For what Lloyd George called his "somewhat disingenuous attitude" in this matter he lost his seat in the British Cabinet.

THE STOCKHOLM CONFERENCE AGAIN

THE DETERMINED OPPOSITION of the American, French, and British Governments to any participation in the Stockholm Conference has, we are told, puzzled many observers who can not see any reason why a certain number of well-intentioned Socialists and labor delegates should not be allowed to discuss peace as much as they wish, seeing that they have no power to bind their respective Governments in any particular. No doubt the Stockholm idea has placed the Allied Governments on the horns of a dilemma, which is neatly stated by that very democratic weekly, the London *Reynolds's Newspaper*, which says:

> "There are two official opinions about the Stockholm Conference, and it is difficult to judge between them. To ignore it altogether might be represented as an insult to the other friendly democracies concerned, especially Russia. On the other hand, it is felt that British delegates can not calmly meet the delegates of a nation that has outraged every article of law and common humanity, murdering, plundering, raping, and finally given itself over to open piracy on the seas. Either choice, as will be seen, is attended with serious drawbacks. Whoever originated the notion of a conference has served the Germans a good turn."

The idea that the Russian Government is behind the Conference has been sedulously fostered, and Britain's labor representative in the war-cabinet, Arthur Henderson, somewhat disingenuously left this impression on the conference of the British Labor party when by a vote of 1,046,000 to 550,000 it decided to send delegates. When Henderson was ousted from the Cabinet and the true stand of Russia became known British Labor still upheld its decision, tho this time by a narrow majority of 1,234,000 to 1,231,000. Russia's attitude, which, we are told, had so much to do with this decision, is plainly stated by Premier Kerensky, who is reported by the Petrograd *Novoye Vremya* as saying:

> "The Provisional Government considers fidelity to treaties with the Allies a matter of conscience and honor. The decisions of the conference at Stockholm can not alter the Government's attitude toward said treaties. The Government still maintains that the conference is a party and not a Government affair, but at the same time the Government is trying to facilitate the convocation of the conference and the participation of the Socialists in it."

Average British opinion, which indorses the Government's refusal to grant passports to delegates and rejoices in the refusal of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union to allow its members to ship them, is exprest by the London *Observer*, which says:

> "The Council of Soldiers' and Workmen's Delegates has not a shadow of right to speak for Russia, neither Mr. Henderson nor the Independent Labor party has the right to speak for Great Britain. If the attempt to arrogate such right goes further there must be instant repudiation."

One prominent American editor considers the Stockholm Conference and the confusion it has caused in the Allied camp a triumph of German diplomacy. He says: "The astonishing fact is that there is no real Stockholm Conference, and it seems unlikely that there ever will be one of any substantial character. Yet for months Germany has been able not only to keep the dishonest project alive, but to cause with it acute embarrassment to all the enemy Governments." After Mr. Bonar Law's statement in the House of Commons it does "seem unlikely" that the conference will ever have any reality. According to the London *Morning Post*, Mr. Law said:

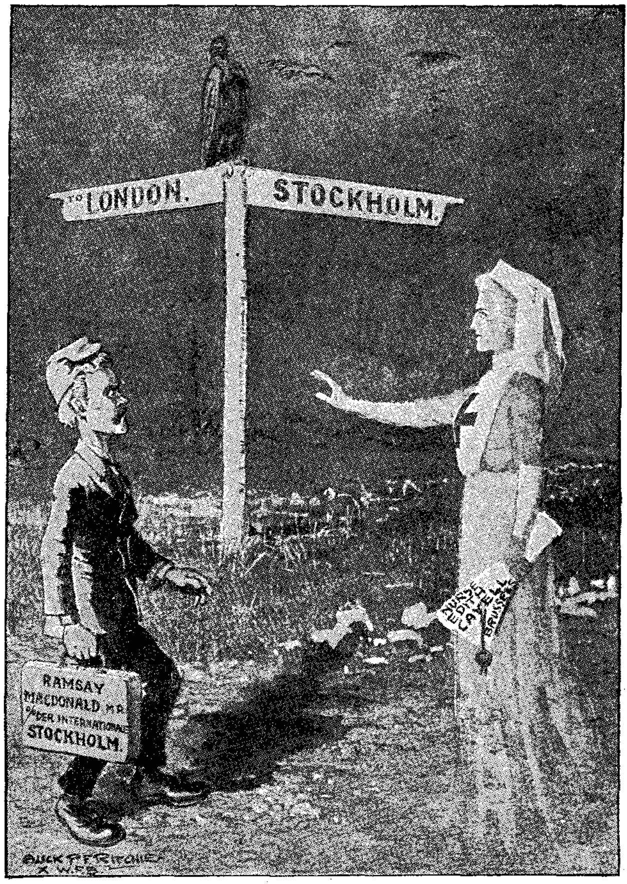
> "The law officers of the Crown have advised the Government that it is not legal for any persons resident in his Majesty's dominions to engage in a conference with enemy subjects. Therefore, permission to attend the Stockholm Conference will not be granted.
>
> "The same decision has been made by the Governments of the United States, France, and Italy, with which his Majesty's Government has been in communication."

One of the New York Socialist dailies, the Yiddish *Vorwärts*, ignores these Governmental decisions and is very angry with Mr. Gompers, and still more angry with the Administration, for not supporting the project. It says:

> "In all European belligerent countries are the labor leaders and the union leaders in the foremost ranks of the peace-movement. In England the Labor representative in the Cabinet risked his high position to go and take part in a peace conference. In France the labor-unions have already decided to send delegates to the Stockholm Conference. The English unions, the

German unions, the Austrian unions, the Bulgarian unions, the Italian, Belgian, Hungarian—all will be represented, except the American workingmen. Gompers is the only labor representative in the world who refused to take part in a peace-conference. . . . . . .

"What is the policy of our Government in Washington? Why is it so intent upon continuing the war? Why did it unite with the conservative elements in the Allied Governments? . . . If the Government would publish its peace-terms and its war-aims, then, perhaps, we might be able to obtain an explanation of the Government's policy. But even these are kept secret, and any one daring to ask for a statement in regard to them is regarded as a traitor."


TO LONDON.
STOCKHOLM.
RAMSAY MACDONALD M.P. c/o DER INTERNATIONALE STOCKHOLM.
NURSE EDITH CAVELL BRUSSELS
ALICK P.F. RITCHIE X W.F.B.

WHITHER GOEST THOU?

—*Bystander* (London).

Meanwhile Philipp Scheidemann, the German Socialist leader, is far from optimistic. The Berlin *Vorwärts* thus reports his views:

> "From Stockholm and the Socialists is now expected what, alas! was vainly expected from the Governments—namely, peace. The Stockholm negotiations have, however, not taken the course which we desired, but they have passed off better than many of us expected. Many forces are at work to frustrate the peace-work at Stockholm. . . . . . .
>
> "All over the world attempts were made to create distrust of German Social Democracy. We were described as being really war-agitators, obedient servants of German Imperialism. The memorandum regarding our peace-work, which we delivered at Stockholm, will, we hope, destroy many misunderstandings and many prejudices which are based on them. Of course, the misstatements and slanders have already begun again. A remark in the *Vorwärts* that the Stockholm Conference was the first triumph of the peace-movement the French press convert into a statement describing it as the first triumph of Germany. . . . The *bourgeois* press of the Entente lie and cheat, and the French paper, *Humanité*, suppresses and conceals much. How much blood is on the hands of these worthies defies calculation."

At the same time Herr Scheidemann is reported as saying that the German Government "was wrong in offering the Russians in successive weeks, bit by bit, more favorable terms for a separate peace," and he urged that it prove "before all the world by deeds that it is in earnest about the new orientation we require to complete our political freedom and to overcome distrust abroad of German declarations and intentions."

INDIA'S HOME-RULE MARTYR

THE VENERABLE FIGURE of Mrs. Annie Besant, theosophist, orator, and politician, has now passed into enforced retirement. The Government of India, the dispatches tell us, fearing her influence on Young India, through her burning eloquence when advocating Home Rule, has "interned" her. Before she went she explained her political activities in the columns of her now-silenced daily, the Madras *New India*. After categorically denying "entering into or taking cognizance of any conspiracy, or holding communication with the enemy," she goes on to say:

> "I know that some post-cards with my portrait, purporting to come from Germany and said to be seditious, have been sent to friends. I have been told of them, but have not seen a copy. They may have been fabricated in Germany, or by the Criminal Intelligence Department here, but I have nothing to do with them.
>
> "If it be said that I have carried on a 'campaign of calumny,' which I utterly deny, the fault lies with Lord Pentland (the Governor of Madras), who could, once again, have forfeited my security and confiscated my press. But then his Advocate-General would have had to prove it in court and before the Privy Council, and that he could not do. It is easy for a governor, if he has no scruples, to calumniate a person from the safe security of a Council meeting, and then to lock up the calumniated. . . . . . ."

Mrs. Besant explains that her political propaganda has been entirely loyal, and that she has been demanding nothing more than the concessions asked for by Indians belonging to the Indian National Congress and the Muslim League. These powerful bodies, composed of Indians of all races and creeds, declared, at the end of last year, that—

> ". . . India must be lifted from the position of a dependency to that of an equal partner in the Empire. To that end they drafted a scheme of reforms, which proposed that the Legislative Councils should be much enlarged and elected on as broad a basis as possible, with a four-fifths majority of elected members, and that control of taxation and expenditure—the power of granting or refusing supply—should be placed in the hands of this Legislative Council, so as to subordinate the Executive to the Legislative Council."

The Governor of Madras, declares Mrs. Besant, does not wish to see the power of the British officials broken down and Indians become their own rulers. He has, therefore, interned her. She pleads:

> ". . . My real crime is that I have awakened in India the national self-respect, which was asleep, and have made thousands of educated men feel that to be content with being 'a subject race' is a dishonor. . . . I have made them feel that to live under an autocracy, to dance attendance upon governors and collectors, to be ruled and taxed without their own consent, to be told that they are not fit to govern themselves, to see young Englishmen in the public services of their country preferred to experienced Indians, to have highly paid imperial services for foreigners lording it over less well-paid provincial services for 'natives'—'natives' being the natural owners of their own land, that these and a hundred other like things were intolerable and should be ended."

Mrs. Besant writes that she is working for Home Rule for India because—

> "Only by winning Home Rule can India secure her material prosperity; only thus can she save what is left of her trade, her industries, and her agriculture, improve them and reap the results of her own labor. . . . . . .
>
> "Indian labor is wanted for the foreign firms. Indian capital is being drained away by the war-loan ($500,000,000), which is to bring no freedom to India, if the autocracy has its way. Indian taxation to pay the interest on the war-loan will be crushing. When that comes, India will realize why I have striven for Home Rule after the war. Only by that can she be saved from ruin, from becoming a nation of coolies, toiling for the enrichment of others.
>
> "I write plainly, for this is my last word. I go into enforced

silence and imprisonment because I love India and have striven to arouse her before it was too late. It is better to suffer than to consent to wrong. It is better to lose liberty than to lose honor.

"I am old, but I believe that I shall see India win Home Rule before I die. If I have helped ever so little for the realization of that glorious hope, I am more than satisfied.

"God Save India! *Bande Mataram* (Hail, Motherland!)"

GERMANY'S WAR-BILL

DISTINCT APPREHENSION is felt in Germany at the ever growing cost of the war, and there is also a good deal of discontent at the amount of "profiteering" allowed by the Government to certain wealthy corporations. This is evident in the last batch of German papers arriving here, and among them we find that oracle of German high finance, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, uttering a solemn warning against the steadily increasing war-expenditure. It says:

> "The speech of Finance Minister Count von Rödern in the Reichstag, when asking for a new credit of 15 milliards of marks ($3,750,000,000), has let in a flood of light upon the growing cost of the war.
>
> "In the months from February to May the monthly outgoings were three milliards of marks ($750,000,000), so that our daily expenditure reached the sum of a hundred million marks ($25,000,000). That, as the Finance Minister said, is 'a further and very serious increase.' And, indeed, the growth of our war-expenditure in the last period of the war is extraordinarily striking.
>
> "There is no record of the amount of our expenditure in the first part of the war. The first announcement which was publicly made in the Reichstag dates from August, 1915, from the beginning of the second year of the war. Then it was said that the cost of the war, 'always rising,' had reached close on two milliards ($500,000,000) a month. That gave a daily expenditure of about sixty-eight million marks ($17,000,000), or one mark (25 cents) per head of the population. The second estimate in the beginning of June, 1916, was more cheerful. The Finance Minister was able to state that the cost of the war was stationary, and that, in spite of the tremendous expenditure of ammunition in the battles of Verdun, the monthly average was not over two milliard marks ($500,000,000), and that in February and May, 1916, with 1,800 and 1,900 millions ($450,000,000 and $475,000,000), respectively, it had fallen somewhat below that figure. But the picture then changed. The total from the month of October, 1916, to February, 1917, according to the announcement of the Finance Minister, came to 2,776 millions of marks ($694,000,000), or if one deducted the two sums of 259 millions ($64,750,000) paid back to the communes for the support of soldiers' families, to the sum of 2,646 millions ($661,500,000)."

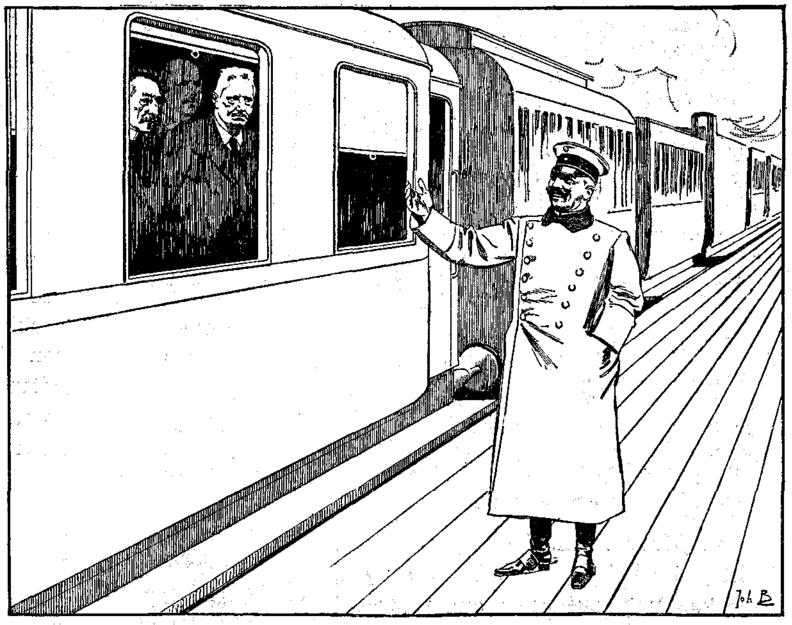
Here the writer or the printer of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* has made an obvious slip. Probably 59 millions of marks ($14,750,000) is the figure intended, which, doubled and subtracted, is 2,656 millions ($664,000,000). The article proceeds:

> "We had reached a daily expenditure of ninety millions of marks ($22,500,000). And now the increase has gone further to three milliards ($750,000,000) a month, or about a hundred millions ($25,000,000) a day. In this sum are certain payments unnamed, included for the interest on the war-loans, because the new taxes for this purpose only come into force in the course of the year. The greater part of the expenditure is on arms and munitions, as well as for the general welfare."

The need for economy and for the suppression of "profiteering" is strongly emphasized:

> "There is one conclusion that we must seriously draw from the new figures, and that is the necessity of a more economical expenditure of the war-milliards. . . . On one side the costs of the war continually rise, while on the other the profits of the war follow to the same height, in many cases a precise parallel, or an even more rapid increase. Any one who follows the accounts of the numerous companies which work for the war, many of which can scarcely dispose of the overflowing abundance of their profits, will have no cause to be surprized at the growing cost of the war. And these firms find their completion in the gains of other private concerns whose accounts are not so public, but which are quite as obvious in the wealth of their directors. To prevent this to some degree would be a task worth some effort, even if after three years of war the hope of a successful attempt has fallen very low. In any event, the new figures call for new methods. The result of the war-profits tax, which will now be published in a short time, is awaited with the utmost suspense, if not with some skepticism."

GERMANY'S CHINESE EMPEROR—The abortive attempt to restore the Boy Emperor of China was due to German intrigue, Peking dispatches tell us, and General Chang Hsun, we are told, was financed with German money. The *Peking and Tientsin Times* says:



A DUTCH VIEW OF STOCKHOLM.

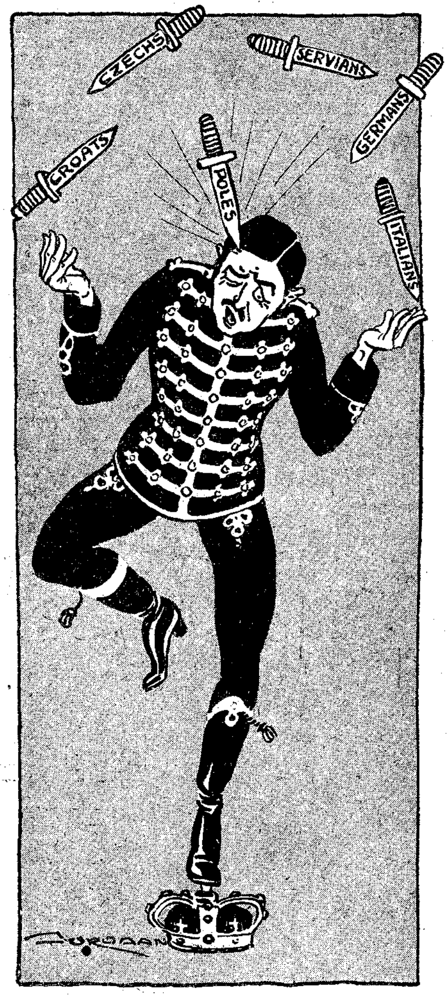
The Kaiser (to the Dutch delegates)—"A good journey and much success."

—*De Amsterdammer* (Amsterdam).

> "Wherever there is trouble upon the surface of the globe to-day one is pretty safe in acting upon the motto, '*Cherchez les Boches*.' And it is significant that on this occasion there is wide-spread belief among well-informed Chinese that Chang Hsun has been encouraged, supported, and financed by the Germans. It is not improbable that this is the case.
>
> "No Power, except Germany, has any interest in provoking a disturbance in the Far East to-day. Von Hanneken, Cordes, and other German agents in China are known to be well supplied with funds, and to be engaged in all kinds of intrigues. . . . . . .
>
> "And after all, between Chang Hsun and the *Boche* there is much in common. His methods are almost Prussian. No 'scraps of paper,' no considerations of morality or chivalry restrain him. He went up to Peking vowing that he intended loyally to support President Li Yuan Hung, and that nothing would induce him to attempt to restore the Manchus. Within a few days he has betrayed the President who trusted him, and attempted to coerce him into betraying his trust, violated all his personal pledges, betrayed the Manchus, who did not desire any restoration, and added forgery to his already long list of crimes. A real Prussian could hardly have beaten such a record in so short a time.
>
> "Whatever the origin of Chang's plots, their failure is distinctly Prussian. If there is any basis for the charges above, the fact should determine the Chinese authorities to give short shrift to the many Germans still in China and capable of mischief. They should be deported or interned. It is a remarkable fact that Germans are still employed in the Maritime Customs at Shanghai, where they are in a position to do great harm to the Allied cause."

A FEDERAL AUSTRIA

A PERSISTENT DEMAND is being made by the representatives of the smaller nations included in Austria-Hungary for the abolition of the present "Dual Monarchy," under which either Austria or Hungary dominates the subject races, and the substitution of a number of self-governing states united into a Federal Empire under the rulership of Karl I.



THE IMPERIAL JUGGLER.

Some day one of the knives will fall, and then—

—*De Notenkraker* (Amsterdam).

The *Berliner Tageblatt* tells us of the resolutions to this end introduced into the Austrian Reichsrath by the representatives of various racial groups. The views of one of the most influential of these groups—the Bohemian—were voiced by Mr. Stanek, chairman of the Czech deputies, who said:

"The representatives of the Bohemian people are strongly convinced that the present dual system has, to the obvious disadvantage of collective interests, created dominating and subject peoples, and that, for the purpose of removing every national privilege and insuring the general development of each individual people in the interest of the Empire as a whole, as well as that of the dynasty, a reshaping of the Austrian Hapsburg Monarchy into a Federal State of free national states with equal rights has become a matter of imperative necessity. We, at the head of our people, will strive for the union of all the branches of the Czecho-Slav peoples into a democratic state in which that branch of the Czecho-Slavs which lives adjacent to the historic frontiers of our Bohemian fatherland (*i.e.*, the Slovaks) can not be overlooked."

Twenty-four Ruthenian deputies from Galicia, headed by Dr. Petruszewycz, called loudly for autonomy and protested strongly against the idea of joining Galicia to Poland Their statement ran:

"1. The present Crown land of Galicia is an artificially created administrative unit which conflicts with historic and national rights. By the October Diploma of 1860 and the February Patent of 1861 the historic Ukrainian Kingdom of Galicia and of Lodomeria was welded with the Duchy of Krakow and the principalities of Auschwitz and Zator into a constitutional unit; and this has always been regarded by the Ukrainian people as illegal and as a national outrage. In view of the historic events of to-day the representatives of the Ukrainian people lay special emphasis upon the inalienable constitutional rights of Galicia and Lodomeria; they demand the restoration of the Ukrainian territories as a constitutional unit within the frame-work of the state as a whole, and they solemnly protest against the intention of forcing these Ukrainian territories into further constitutional union with the Polish territories or of providing the latter with a special autonomy of its own.

"2. The representatives of the Ukrainian people protest against even the smallest portion of the Ukrainian territories of Cholm, Podlachia, and Wolhynia ever being added to the kingdom of Poland, which is in process of formation, and regard any attempt in this direction as an outrage upon the living body of the Ukrainian people, as a violation of its historic rights and a mockery of the principle of the self-determination of peoples.

"3. The representatives of the Ukrainians of Austria greet most heartily the efforts of the Ukrainians of Russia to secure the right of constitutional self-determination, and declare that they in Austria, too, will not abandon the struggle, so that the great Ukrainian nation may acquire the fullest rights upon the whole of its national territory."

The *Berliner Tageblatt*, unlike the majority of the German press, is not unfavorable to the idea of a Federal Austria. It says:

"Germany would welcome such a development, since a Federalized Austria, even tho diminished in extent, would remain, with a reconstituted Poland, a faithful ally of Germany. The Czechs and the Southern Slavs, even should they attain a certain autonomy, would be rendered entirely harmless by the powerful Germano-Magyar-Polish coalition which would form the frame-work of the Central Europe of the future."

Georg Bernhard, the editor of the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, is also pleased with the idea, and he rebukes the German people for thinking of Austria-Hungary as a sort of German appanage. He writes:

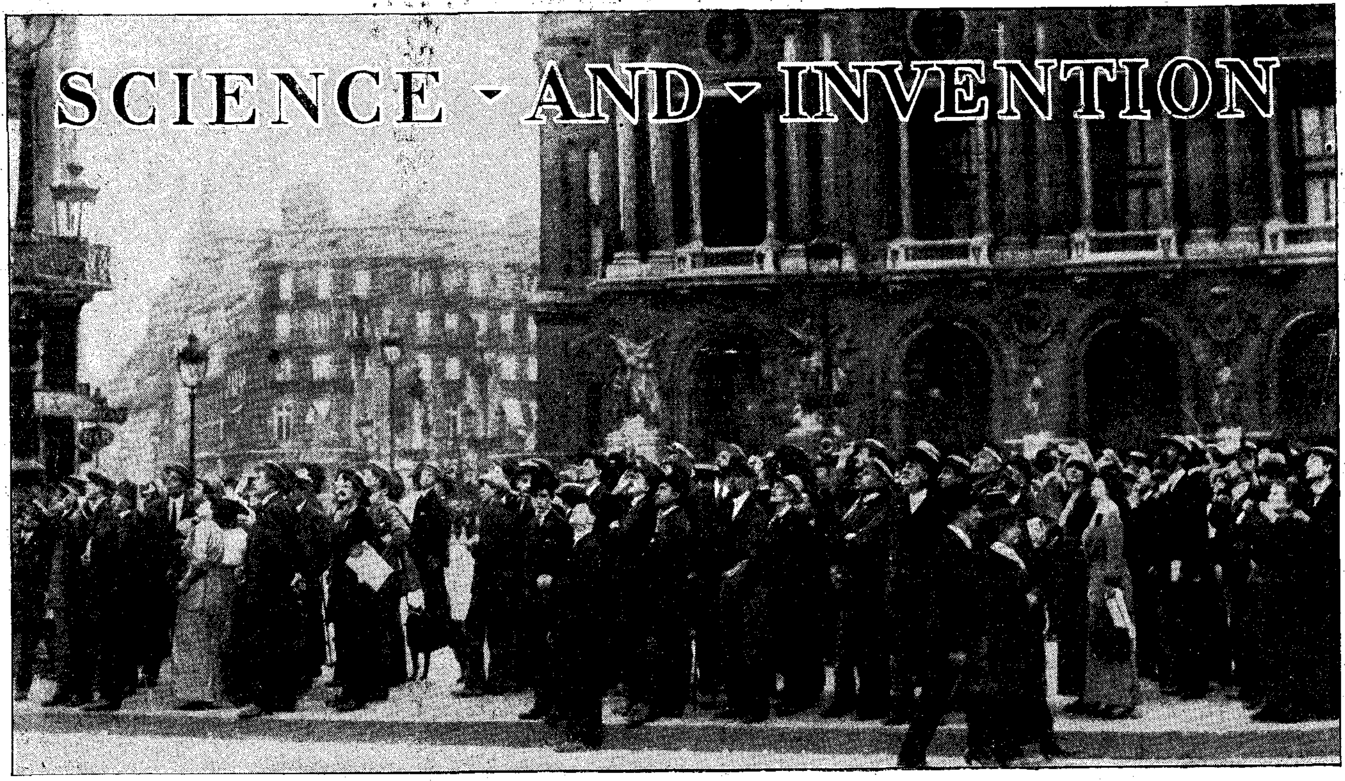
"It is necessary once for all to understand that Austria is not a German state. Austria is a conglomeration of different nationalities. This state can not be rendered internally healthy save by reorganization on the basis of the principle of nationality. A strong Austria is only possible if, under the Hapsburg scepter, the different peoples, each organized separately, live in happy community. In such a future lies not only the strength of Austria, but also her chief value as an ally for Germany, both politically and economically. In present developments we see fresh progress of the idea of 'Greater Austria.' This idea is shared both by reasonable Germans and by Slavs. We Germans of the Empire have every reason to rejoice at seeing grow by our side a state which, by reason of its German elements, so dear to us, and, on the other hand, by its Slav peoples, will constitute a bridge between West and East. As long as it was the ambition of Austria to be a German state, she was, or might again become, the rival of Germany. The new, strong, many-peopled Austria will be our complement. And only states that complete each other, and have reciprocally something to offer each other, can reach lasting alliances."

"FLATTERING LITTLE WILLY"—The Champagne correspondent of that supermonarchical Berlin journal, the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, describing the "victories" he had seen along the Chemin des Dames, waxes lyrical in praise of the Crown Prince. Writing of one of "Little Willy's" successes, he says:

"We had the blessed feeling of having once more protected the marches of the Fatherland, house and home, wife and child, from the invasion of the French hordes, with their savage companions in atrocity and cunning. The community of the German people, from its monarch down to the simple soldier, was soon to find its highest expression, for suddenly we heard the news that our leader, the Crown Prince, was on his way to see us and thank us. Across my mind flashed a picture of those unforgetable days at the time of the declaration of war. The Crown Prince came from his father, who had just given him command of an army. His open carriage could hardly move through the crowd, and suddenly hands were stretched out from all sides to press his. Only one idea then mastered the enthusiastic crowd. With God for King and Fatherland, with God for Emperor and Empire! God protect the Heir to the Throne! . . . . . .

"We had not long to wait before the Heir to the Throne arrived. As his gaze passed over us, his clear Hohenzollern eyes showed the same fire and seriousness as on that day in Berlin. Just as he walked into the middle of the square which we formed the sun burst through the clouds, and as the Heir to the German Crown stood there slim and upright in the brilliant light, his likeness to the pictures of Frederick the Great was once more remarkably striking. . . . For me the picture of this Hohenzollern Prince, now ripened into a serious man, our future Kaiser, is unforgetable. It stirs in me the memory of the great history of the House of Hohenzollern, and gives me firm confidence in its future. Without the Hohenzollerns, no Prussia; without Prussia, no Germany."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION



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PARISIANS WATCHING A GERMAN AIRPLANE THAT HAS DROPT BOMBS ON THE CITY.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE AIR-RAID

HOW DO PEOPLE BEHAVE when they see that bombs are to be dropt on them from the sky? What does their behavior mean, and how is it connected with the previous experience of the race? Human beings are not accustomed to dodging bombs impelled by gravity. Aerial bombardments, as we are reminded by a leading editorial writer in *The Lancet* (London), are a recent development of "civilized" warfare, and the individual is not adapted to the peculiar form of stimulus that they afford. The writer concludes from a study of recent happenings that various psychological factors are involved, and that it is possible to distinguish between the reaction of the individual and that of the crowd. Man, he says, is still guided largely by instinct and little by reason; his intelligence may point the better way, but innate trends may prevent his following it. Examining these conflicting influences, he goes on to say:

> "Instincts have different strengths in different individuals and different races, yet probably the most general and the most powerful is that of self-preservation. This is called into being by the emotion of fear, and tends to express itself either in flight or in concealment, or both. The more unusual, strange, unfamiliar the exciting stimulus, the more overpowering is the instinct likely to prove . . . When, therefore, without warning, a bomb drops from the blue in a crowded thoroughfare to dash for the nearest shelter is as instinctive an act as for the puppy to hunt the first rabbit that crosses its path. Further, what is strange also excites the instinct of curiosity, which, once aroused, may come into conflict with the other instinct; and recent experiences undoubtedly go to prove that at its bidding the individual may brave the risk and ignore the call of self-preservation.
>
> "But other psychological factors, other psychical stimuli, come into play and jostle each other for possession of the final common path that leads to action. With increasing knowledge our behavior becomes more and more rational; and, after the first momentary instinct to flight, a glance at the sky may reveal the reassuring fact that the bomb-droppers are not directly overhead, and at once the stream of action is determined in another direction. Or the individual may have run the gantlet on a previous occasion and, profiting by his experience, ignore both fear and curiosity. The citizen who hears the cry of '*Zeppelins!*' and turns over muttering, 'I wish they'd let me sleep,' is not acting in a spirit of bravado, but according to a psychological law. Further, anger or pity is an emotion that may oust fear or curiosity and determine the individual's conduct. And yet again, what of such stimuli as self-control and sense of duty?
>
> "Whatever the policeman's first instincts may be, no one who has seen him directing the current of humanity to safety at these anxious moments can doubt the motives which actuate him. The crowd, however, . . . is something more than congeries of individuals. . . . A crowd is apt to be impulsive, mobile, unstable. . . . Fear may be felt by the individual, but panic is a crowd-phenomenon. On the other hand, crowds may exhibit praiseworthy features. . . . . .
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> "Above all, what has been regarded as a fundamentally important factor, that of race, is seen *par excellence* in the response of the crowd to stimuli of the character that we have become familiar with since the outbreak of the war. . . . It may be remembered that after the raid of September 2, 1916, when an enemy air-ship was brought down in flames, a daily paper next day described the sight as 'beyond doubt the greatest free show that London has ever enjoyed.' No doubt thousands who had satisfied themselves that they at least were safe positively 'enjoyed' the whole thing, and forgot the acute mental distress and anguish of the actual sufferers of the raid. Sometimes anger is uppermost, as when a well-known writer declares the mothers of England 'will not long consent to sit silent with their arms tied behind their backs.' Another publicist, irritated at the frequency with which the 'calm' of the public is insisted on, candidly protests, 'It is only oysters who are not rather frightened when bombs are dropping round.' There is no inconsistency in these varying comments, all of which are fair.
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> "A large out-patient department of a hospital serving a raided district is an excellent place in which to learn what the effects on the attacked population really are. . . . We made a brief investigation into the demeanor of the inmates of the metropolitan hospitals during the last and severest air-raid on London. A summary . . . shows that the hospital patients, obviously susceptible material to sudden shock, under good supervision remained calm. Nor do medical men hear much of subsequent apprehensiveness, sleeplessness, reaction in the form of fatigue, collapse, or breakdowns. Some of us know of the fits, hysterical and epileptic, that take on a fresh development, the strokes of paralysis from excitement, the heart-failures, the acceleration of latent pathological processes, but these have not been common occurrences. And in the great majority of our fellows we believe the evidence before us shows demeanor under stress to have been unimpeachable, and to augur well for whatever days of trial may yet be in store."

BIG GUNS BY RAILROAD

IN FORMER WARS artillery was handled with strong horses or mules. This was in the day when the average weight of a field-piece was two to three tons, and five tons was the absolute maximum. To-day there are thousands of guns on every front ranging in weight from thirty to fifty tons, and the giants run up to seventy-five tons. Some of the projectiles weigh nearly a ton. Such artillery as this can be transported only by railroad. During the heaviest of the Verdun fighting, the handling of the French artillery required no less than 500 trains of 25,000 cars to bring up the projectiles alone. The Germans, at the same place, used some 3,000 guns of a total weight of 60,000 tons, which had continually to be shifted to meet the conditions of battle. Railway-lines built especially for gun-shifting are a product of the present war. They did not exist at its outset, and their construction and handling have been developed and adapted to their use entirely during the fighting of the past three years. Writes the special European correspondent of *The Railway Age Gazette* (New York, August 10):

"A big gun is a white elephant if you can't handle it. It is a 'tank' that won't roll. If the enemy breaks through your trench-lines two, four, or six kilometers, and does the job in a smashing, hurry-up fashion, he is sure to take these guns that are the very life and heart of modern defense unless you have some way of getting the guns away quickly.

"Because of its difficulty, it has become more of a railroad than an artillery task to save heavy guns, or to rush them forward to new positions if the enemy is being beaten back. . . . In the early part of the war, because of the lack of proper facilities for handling rapidly even the heavy guns then existing, it would take months to get guns into position, particularly during rainy weather, when the roads were deep with mud. In the French and Italian mountains the so-called mountain howitzer, strapped to the back of a mule, was about the only rapidly moving gun used.

"In this same early period the biggest guns available and those of the longest range—fifteen to twenty-four miles—were the long-barreled marine-guns of the French and the Italians. But while they were sorely needed, there were no facilities to carry the guns within close firing distance of the enemy, or at least there was the constant danger that if the guns were carried forward and their location discovered by the enemy artillery, the guns would be lost because of the lack of means to shift them to new positions. For this reason the marine guns of the Italians, their 240-millimeter ones weighing upward of fifteen tons, had to be kept far behind the front for defensive purposes.

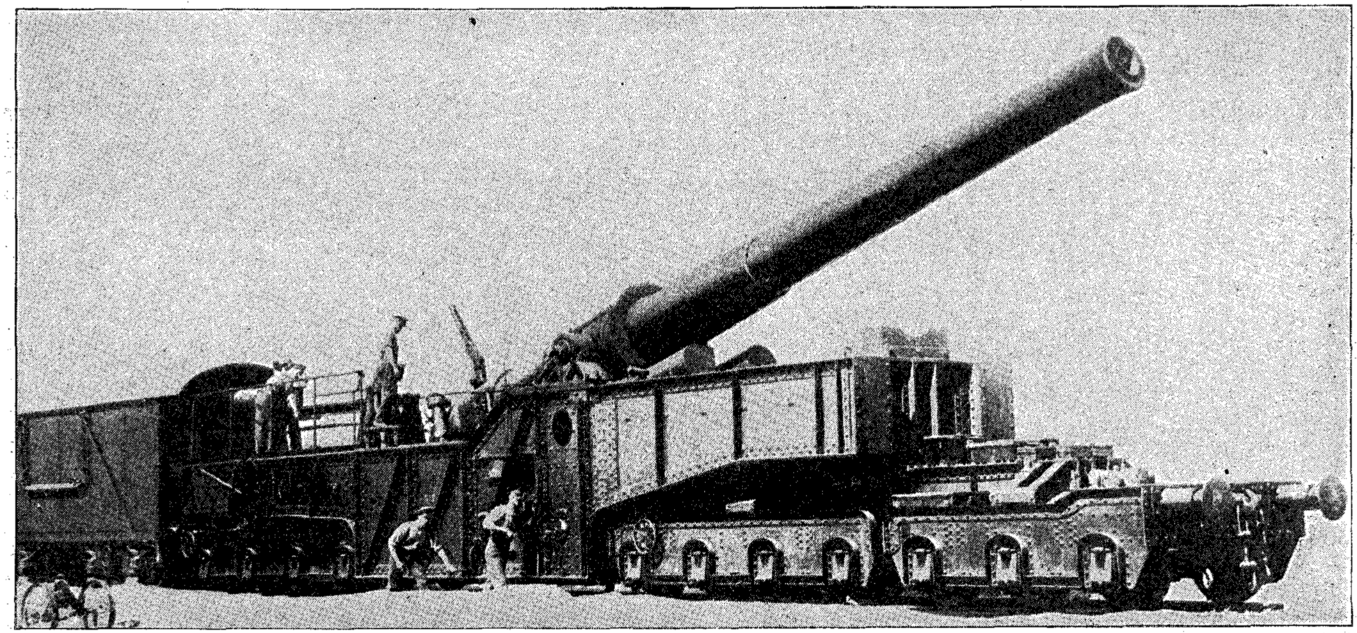
"At this period of the war, before the present vast network of railway-lines was built purely for war-uses, the flat cars used for artillery-transportation were of the most primitive description. Due to the European principle of building flat cars of a uniform type, different types of cars being objected to as obstacles to the rapid and economical handling of freight, the average car was not fitted for big-gun transportation. The very old cars averaged eighteen feet in length and were just strong enough to carry from eight to ten tons. One of the exceptions in recent years to this car type was that found on the Northern Railway of France, where the ore-cars were fifty feet long and built to carry forty tons of weight. It was such cars as these that the French used in railroading their marine guns during the fighting along the Yser and the Meuse.

"Formerly the body of the gun was wholly dismounted from its carriage and laid flat on a separate car. At present, and for some time past, it has been the practise to load the twenty-ton guns on a single flat car of the strongest type available, with extra supporting trucks, and the guns of thirty to forty tons on two separate cars, fastened together by a single overhead steel platform on which rest the gun and gun-truck. The same system is used with the fifty-ton guns, tho in this case all-steel frame cars are being specially constructed for this particular use. The use of two different short cars hooked together appears to help in the turning of curves. One of the most imposing sights witnessed by civilians is that of these big guns as they pass along the railway. At stations where halts are made great crowds gather, and little children clamber upon the gigantic pieces to thrust immense bouquets of flowers into the fifteen-inch cannon mouths.

"When the train carrying such pieces arrives near the front the process of placing the jumbo in position begins. This is generally carried on at night and with the utmost secrecy. The men of the railroad corps must accompany the gun to its final position, building a permanent track thereto. After the revolving turn-table bed for the gun is prepared, the gun is slid on strong hand-cars into position. While the job of removing the gun to a new position is not a light one, it is no longer an impossible one, thanks to the rails."

THE CROOKEDEST RIVER—The Humboldt River, which flows southwesterly through central Nevada near the Southern Pacific Railroad, is declared to be the crookedest river in the world. Says a writer in *Railway and Marine News* (Seattle):

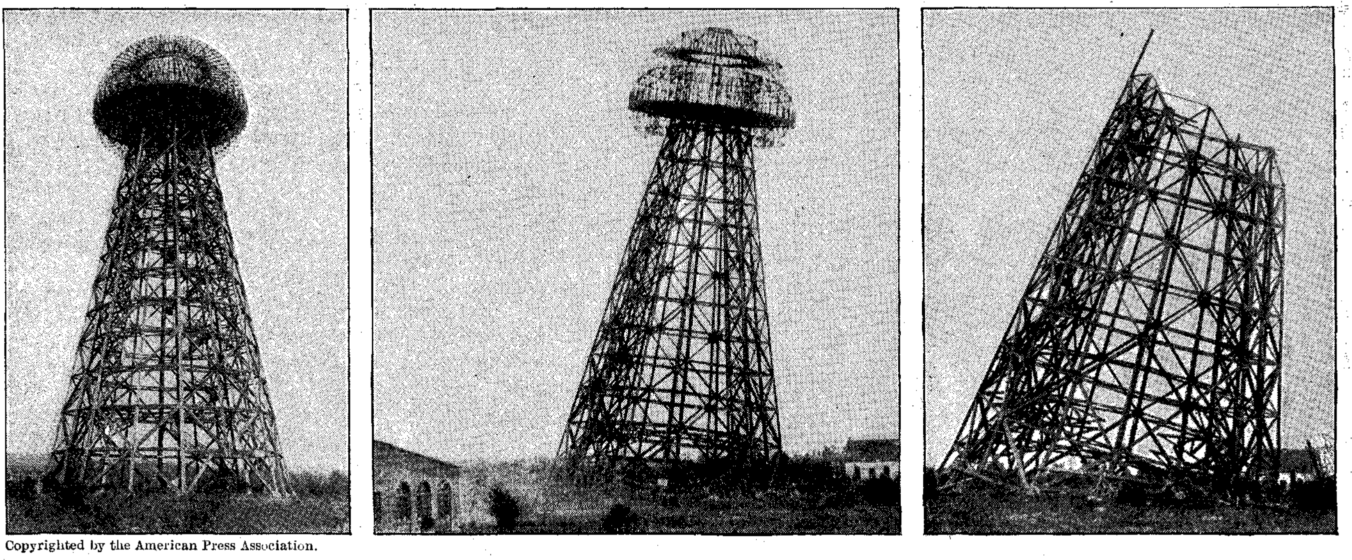
"It is so crooked that sportsmen bring strange tales of fish and game that become confused in trying to follow the river's course and act as tho intoxicated. At one place adjacent to the railroad, between two points two and a half miles apart, the river's length is eight miles and by actual count its course is alternately north twenty-five times, east eighteen times, south



Official British war-photograph.

ONE OF THE REASONS FOR THE ALLIED GAINS IN FLANDERS.

A long-range British gun mounted on specially constructed railway-trucks.



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TESLA'S TOWER, DESTROYED ON SUSPICION OF SERVING THE PURPOSES OF GERMAN SPIES.

thirty times, and west forty-one times; also it may be stated that at thirty-three different points it is within 150 feet or less of itself, the current flowing in opposite directions by these points. This 'runaway river' crosses the Southern Pacific track twenty-eight times, necessitating as many bridges, costing in all $654,000. By way of showing how completely 'locoed' it is, the Humboldt ends its course by running into the middle of the desert and corkscrewing its way out of sight in a huge sink. On account of its devious way this stream is a sportsman's paradise. Ducks and geese after following its treacherous course a short distance, become deluded and forget their direction, returning five and six times to the point at which they were disturbed."

THE LAST OF TESLA'S TOWER

THE MYSTERIOUS STEEL TOWER built by Nikola Tesla at Shoreham, L. I., about twenty years ago, in connection with some of his experiments, was demolished by order of the Government recently. The tower was described not long ago in these columns at the time when rumor pointed to the resumption of experimental work there. This rumor proved unfounded, and since the entrance of the United States into the war it has been suspected that the tower was being used for wireless purposes by German spies. Strangers are said to have been seen about the place during the past month. Tesla erected the tower, which was about 185 feet high, with a well 100 feet deep, for use in experimenting with the transmission of electrical energy for power and lighting purposes by wireless. The equipment cost nearly $200,000. Says a writer in *The Electrical Experimenter* (New York, September):

"The late J. P. Morgan backed Nikola Tesla with the money to build this remarkable steel tower, that he might experiment in wireless even before people knew of Marconi.

"Briefly explained, the Tesla theory is that a wireless tower, such as that here illustrated and specially constructed to have a high capacity, acts as a huge electric condenser. This is charged by a suitable high-frequency, high-voltage apparatus, and a current is discharged into the earth periodically and in the form of a high-frequency alternating wave. The electric wave is then supposed to travel through the earth along its surface shell, and in turn to manifest its presence at any point where there might be erected a similar high-capacity tower to that above described.

"A simple analogy to this action is the following: Take a hollow spherical chamber filled with a liquid, such as water; and then, at two diametrically opposite points, let us place, respectively, a small piston pump, such as a bicycle pump, and an indicator, such as a pressure gage. Now, if we suck some of the water into the pump and force it back into the ball by pushing on the piston handle, this change in pressure will be indicated on the gage secured to the opposite side of the sphere. In this way the Tesla earth-currents are supposed to act.

"The patents of Dr. Tesla are basically quite different from those of Marconi and others in the wireless-telegraphic field. In the nature of things this would be expected to be the case, as Tesla believes, and he has designed apparatus intended for the transmission of large amounts of electrical energy, while the energy received in the transmission of intelligence wirelessly amounts to but a few millionths of an ampere in most cases by the time the current so transmitted has been picked up a thousand miles away. In the Hertzian-wave system, as it has been explained and believed in, the energy is transmitted with a very large loss to the receptor by electromagnetic waves which pass out laterally from the transmitting-wire into space. In Tesla's system the energy radiated is not used, but the current is led to earth and to an elevated terminal, while the energy is transmitted by a process of conduction. That is, the earth receives a large number of powerful high-frequency electric shocks every second, and these act the same as the pump piston in the analogy.

"Quoting from one of Tesla's early patents on this point: 'It is to be noted that the phenomenon here involved in the transmission of electrical energy is one of true conduction and is not to be confounded with the phenomena of electrical radiation, which have heretofore been observed, and which, from the very nature and mode of propagation, would render practically impossible the transmission of any appreciable amount of energy to such distances as are of practical importance.' "

WHAT IS AN ENGINEER?

DO "ENGINEERS" RUN ENGINES? Some do in this country; but an editorial writer in *Engineering and Contracting* (Chicago) thinks that we should change our usage in this regard. The title, he avers, should be restricted to members of the engineering profession, and it is so restricted, he points out, in countries other than the United States. In England, he says, the old word "engineman" is used to designate those who operate engines, while in America it became the early practise to call enginemen engineers. In the absence of organized societies of engineers no adequate protest was made against what he calls the "usurpation of this professional title by mechanics"; so now it will be no easy matter to effect a change. Nevertheless, he suggests that engineers should endeavor to bring about a restriction of the word to those who, they believe, are professionally entitled to it. He goes on:

"We suggest that our readers can individually aid in this plan by never failing to write to the editor of a daily paper in which enginemen are spoken of as engineers, asking the editor to assist in maintaining the original titular distinction between these two classes of men.

"We also suggest that societies of railway engineers should try to persuade railway officials to drop the use of the word 'engineer' as a designation of locomotive-drivers. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers might object to an attempt to change their title, but it is likely that even they would not insist upon retaining a name that leads to confusion. Certainly many of them have already ceased automatically to be 'locomotive engineers' and have become 'motormen' on 'electric locomotives.'

"One of the desirable—tho perhaps not immediate—results that will flow from the passage of State laws licensing engineers will be restrictions placed upon the use of engineering titles. To our way of thinking, this result would alone justify the passage of licensing laws.

"In writing articles and books it has long been the practise of the editor never to apply the word 'engineer' to an engineman. Similar care on the part of other engineers will aid in restoring the ancient and reasonable distinction between these two names."

WILL AVIATORS HAVE CAISSON DISEASE?

THE TROUBLE CALLED CAISSON DISEASE, or "the bends," is due to rapid passage from high to low atmospheric pressure, such as that experienced by men working in caissons under water, on bridge-piers or tunnels, when they come out into the open air. The sudden release of pressure fills the blood with bubbles of dissolved gas, just as the soda-water in a bottle fills with bubbles when the pressure is released by removing the stopper. It has been suggested by a writer in *Aeronautics* that a sudden climb by an aviator might produce the same result, as he mounts from a zone of higher to lower atmospheric pressure. Discussing this idea in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago), Prof. Yandell Henderson, of Yale, concludes that such a result is scarcely likely. In the first place, it is essential that the release of pressure should be sudden, and this could hardly result from any increase in altitude due to climbing in an aeroplane. Again, "the bends" is due to the release of a very high initial pressure, which forces an abnormal amount of nitrogen into the blood, whereas aviators start at normal atmospheric pressure at the earth's surface. We quote from an abstract in *The Sun* (New York) as follows:

"Caisson disease may be defined as the formation of bubbles of nitrogen in the blood and fluids of the joints and even of the brain, and it is unquestionable that the undue proportion of nitrogen in the system takes place under conditions of increased atmospheric pressure. But, as Professor Henderson explains . . . there is a possible confusion between the results of a sudden fall in atmospheric pressure such as occurs in the production of caisson disease or diver's palsy and the lowered barometric pressure that marks a climb into the upper air in an aeroplane. In both cases there is the fall of atmospheric pressure, and so far the analogy holds good, but the natural order of events in caisson disease is that the accumulation of nitrogen in the body takes place first and the fall of pressure afterward.

"Thus, when a man has worked in compress air in a diving-bell at the depths of the sea or in a caisson under water, the nitrogen which is absorbed is dissolved in greater and greater quantities in the body fluids, which is the meaning of the phrase that the absorption is in proportion to the density of the surrounding air. When this pressure is lowered, as it is when the man returns to the surface, the nitrogen begins to escape into the joints and nerves, causing the well-known symptom called 'the bends.' The diffusion of the nitrogen must, however, be extremely rapid. The point, as Professor Henderson shows, is that slow diffusion does no harm and has no effect. To have any effect, the pressure under which the man has been working in a caisson or compress-air chamber must be so high, and the lowering of this pressure when he comes into the air of day so rapid, that the dissolved nitrogen separates from the tissues in which it is held in the form of bubbles. Such bubbles may form, as already stated, in the blood, in the fluids of the joints, and in the brain. They cause intense pain, even paralysis and death.

"The process may be compared to the formation of bubbles in water when it is heated, or to bubbles of air on the crest of a wave. Under normal condition of atmosphere, there is an exact balance between the pressure of nitrogen in the body and the external pressure of the air. The tissues of the body are then said to be in equilibrium with the atmospheric pressure. In order that bubbles of nitrogen may form in the blood or tissues, it is essential that the pressure with which the blood and tissues are in equilibrium should be lowered more than half this normal figure in a few minutes. Henderson, therefore, insists that in the present state of the art of flying it is scarcely possible for an aviator to rise to a height where the barometric pressure would be half that of the sea-level in so short a time that bubbles of nitrogen would form in the blood and other tissues of the body. The peculiar complaints from which aviators suffer, headache and oppression of the chest, are different from the ailments to which workers in compress air are exposed. Aviator's headache is not due to nitrogen, but to deficiency of oxygen, which may be dispelled by a few whiffs of oxygen from a bottle.

"It is well to be prepared for danger, but as far as aviation is concerned caisson disease does not seem to be one of likely occurrence in the air. Aviation has of course its risks, but these are growing less, especially among those properly trained and acclimatized for the work. This is possibly not the popular impression in this country. Yet the fact is that accidents as properly understood are becoming less common. So far there is no recorded instance of caisson disease in an aviator and, on scientific grounds, there is little reason to look for such a thing."

A CRITICISM OF BABY SHOWS

THE OLD-FASHIONED "BABY SHOW," which was somewhat on a par with the occasional rural "beauty show," with a trip to New York as the prize, has recently been rehabilitated and placed on a pseudoscientific basis, by substituting certain measurements and tests for the mere critical estimate of more or less incompetent judges. This kind of show, which purports to be of value by exciting interest in the preservation of infant life, has been particularly popular in Great Britain, but a leading editorial writer in *The Hospital* (London, July 21) is of the opinion that it does more harm than good. Baby shows, he thinks, even those with scientific or eugenic elements, are of "a vulgar and debasing tendency." Their attempts at scientific accuracy are largely pretentious and unreal, and hence without value. He tells of one show where four ladies were supposed to examine, test, and classify 160 infants each, in a single day. Says our critic:

"No one questions the desirability of the object, nor the motives of those who minister to it. But we think that discretion, sound judgment, and good taste can not be detected in . . . the organization of 'baby shows.' In these, it would appear, mothers are invited to conduct their offspring to some public hall and to submit the infants to a scheme of classification based upon standards which, so far as we know, remain without definition. The precedent of the cattle show is closely followed. Public announcements herald the event, and the local celebrities contribute their patronage. Judges are appointed, and proceed to value the 'exhibits' in an atmosphere throbbing with the expectations of the exhibitors. Whether maternal testimony to character is admitted we do not know. Finally come the fixing of the labels and the attachment of the ribbons. Then the show is over, and the neighboring streets witness the decorated infants led home by proud mothers, just as after kindred events they witness champion stallions and prize puppies blazing with trophies.

"What special part in the promotion of infant welfare 'shows' of this order are supposed to play we can not guess. The most conspicuous feature of the performance, to our view, is its essential vulgarity, and next we should place its capacity for the encouragement and promotion of vulgarity. Maternal self-respect, reserve, and dignity and delicacy of mind, are, after all, not unimportant qualities in the rearing and training of children. 'Baby shows' will hardly contribute to their growth. Our contention, indeed, is that such exhibitions will move to quite opposite ends. It is because of this, and because of the public estimation of infants like so many competitive cattle, that we say these methods must exercise a vulgar and debasing tendency.

"There is another feature of the performance which justifies criticism. We refer to the large element of pretense and unreality which must in the nature of things characterize the awards of the 'judges.' By what precise standards can any one appraise the comparative values of the individuals in a group of healthy babies? The pretense to do so is little better than a sham, and is utterly without scientific or practical value."

UNNECESSARY SURGERY

THAT LARGE NUMBERS of surgical operations are performed unnecessarily every year and that numbers of necessary ones are done by incompetent practitioners is asserted by Dr. Arthur Dean Bevan, of Chicago, in a leading article in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago). Dr. Bevan makes clear his belief that both of these cases are proportionally few in number, but the great increase in the number of cases in which resort is made to surgical methods makes their absolute number considerable, and emphasizes the necessity of dealing with the problem in some definite manner. Dr. Bevan believes that a major surgical operation should be performed, not on the judgment of one man, but after the study of the case by a commission of experts. He says:

"In the last fifteen or twenty years the practise of medicine has become more and more surgical, new surgical fields one after the other have been explored and carefully cultivated, and new operative procedures have been developed and perfected. As a result, thousands and hundreds of thousands of people have been greatly benefited by properly indicated and properly performed operations in appendicitis, peritonitis, gallstone disease, lesions of the stomach and kidneys, and in many other fields. The amount of surgical operating has increased many fold and will continue to increase because there are thousands of people who still lack the benefits that could be given to them by modern surgical therapy.

"This great increase in surgical operations and operating surgeons has brought with it this new problem of unnecessary operations and of incompetent surgeons. I should like to make perfectly clear in this presentation that I believe that the great majority of operating surgeons in this country are competent, and that the vast proportion of operations performed are necessary and desirable. On the other hand, those who are in touch actively with surgical therapy, who see a large number of surgical cases and who come in contact with a large number of men doing surgical operations can not but be imprest with the fact that there is a certain considerable number of operations being performed in this country that are unnecessary and unwarranted, and that there is a considerable number of men operating who are not qualified to do the work."

Dr. Bevan believes that this condition is due to three causes, ignorance, dishonesty, and bad judgment, and that sometimes the last amounts almost to an obsession. He says:

"Legally when a surgeon undertakes the treatment of a case he makes a contract with the patient which, altho not written, is in the eyes of the law just as binding, and in that contract he agrees to give the patient the benefit of the knowledge possest by the 'professors' of the science and art of medicine and surgery in the place and at the time the services are rendered. He agrees also to give to the patient the benefit of his best judgment and due diligence, and the benefit of established and accepted methods of practise. As far as honesty is concerned, a good rule for a surgeon to follow in his practise is the golden rule. He should never do an operation on a patient which he would not want to have done on himself under the same conditions. As far as good judgment, on the one hand, and surgical tangents and obsessions, on the other, are concerned, it is necessary for us all to remember that the practise of surgery should be the practise of common sense. The three absolutely essential characteristics of the safe surgeon are honesty, good judgment, and scientific training.

"What shall be done by the medical profession about the unnecessary and unwarranted surgical operations done as a result of ignorance in unattached and uncontrolled hospitals by poorly trained men? What shall be done about the unnecessary operations done by dishonest men for a fee; the unnecessary appendix operations done for imaginary appendicitis? . . . What shall be done about the operations that are due to lack of good judgment or to misguided enthusiasm? . . . These are problems which we should meet frankly, investigate fully, and find means to correct, and this should be done by some properly qualified instrument of the American Medical Association, possibly by creating a committee or council to do with surgical therapy what the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry has done and is doing with drug therapy. I believe that this problem should be investigated, and, if possible, corrected by the organized medical profession, that this work should be done by and within the profession itself in the interests of the profession and in the interests of the community. This problem of unnecessary operations and incompetent surgeons is a serious matter both for the medical profession and for the public. Its existence should be frankly admitted and steps taken by the profession to reduce bad surgical therapy to a minimum. . . . . .

"There are at least two large problems involved in this whole matter: (1) That of unnecessary and unwarranted operations, and (2) that of operations done by incompetent men.

"1. In a general way it is evident that one of the best means of combating the evil of unnecessary and unwarranted operations is that of attacking surgical problems as pieces of clinical research, not from a single point of view and not by a single man, but as pieces of joint study and from the point of view of the several specialists whose fields are involved in the problem and who may be of service in finding the right solution. Let us say, as an example, the study of so-called intestinal stasis and its surgical therapy. This should be a joint study by the internist, the neurologist, the physiologist, the pathologist, the roentgenologist, and the surgeon, and when this is done by a competent group of men there will be little danger of going off on a tangent, and arriving at erroneous conclusions.

"2. The problem of operations done by incompetent men is largely an educational, and, in a sense also, a moral question. The American Medical Association could through such a council as I suggest carry on a propaganda pointing out the necessity of thorough and special training for the men who are to do general surgery or the work in any of the surgical specialties. This would mean at least the graduation from a first-class medical school, the serving in a hospital as an intern, and the doing of a certain amount of postgraduate work in surgery, best as assistant to some competent surgeon, before entering independent practise. . . . . .

"I give way to no man in my admiration and respect for the splendid work that is being done to-day by American surgeons. As a whole, no body of men in any line of human effort is more conscientious, better trained for work, more enthusiastic, more productive, more self-sacrificing, or controlled by higher ideals. The faults which I have endeavored to point out are small, indeed, when compared with the magnificent whole which represents the accomplishment of American surgery. These faults, however, should be eliminated in the interest of the profession, in the interest of the science of medicine, and in the interest of the public."

THE MOON AND PLANT-GROWTH

THE OLD IDEA that the moon has some sort of influence on plant-growth still persists in some quarters, especially among farmers. Some farmers, we are told by *The Rural New Yorker* (New York), refuse to plant crops or to kill hogs unless the moon is in some particular position, and there is frequent argument about the matter among them. The influence of the moon on the growth of crops, or on other agricultural operations, has always been denied by scientific men. The following brief statement by C. F. Marvin, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, printed in the paper named above, shows what they think of the matter:

"It is the general belief of scientists that the moon has no appreciable influence on temperature, rainfall, or any other weather element, or on plant-growth.

"Plant-growth depends upon temperature, light, humidity, and plant-food (both in the soil and in the air), and its availability. Obviously the moon neither mellows the ground nor fertilizes it, neither does it alter the composition of the atmosphere; hence it affects neither the mechanical condition of the soil, nor the kind or quantity of available plant-food.

"If the moon has any influence on plant-growth, it would seem that it must exert this influence through its light. Experiment, however, shows that when a plant is so shadowed that it gets only one one-hundredth of normal daylight, it grows but little better than it does in absolute darkness. Full daylight is about 600,000 times brighter than full moonlight; hence one one-hundredth of daylight, already too feeble to stimulate appreciably plant-activity, is still 6,000 times brighter than full moonlight. The conclusion is that, even in respect to light stimulus, the moon's influence on plant-growth is wholly negligible."

LETTERS - AND - ART

TREE AS AN ACTOR

AMERICA HAD THE BENEFIT of the last years of Sir Herbert Tree's artistic efforts on the stage, and grumbled over, admired, and enjoyed his performances as much as his own fellow countrymen were accustomed to do. We saw his *Shylock*, which Mr. Frank Harris, in *Pearson's* (New York), calls "assuredly his most characteristic part." A "romantic *Shylock*," as Irving's had been a "heroic *Shylock*." Tree turned him into "a sort of Hebrew prophet, and his great height lent a certain fitness to the grandiose conception." We saw him also as *Wolsey*, and this has been regarded as one of his most picturesque parts, as the production was one of the most imposing. We found his *Falstaff* only true to Shakespeare's fat knight in his exterior semblance, no suggestion of the rich humor of that creation coming through. His *Macbeth* on the screen only emptied the house and his *Colonel Newcome* made the judicious grieve. But for him we should have had no Shakespeare, or next to none, in the past two years, Mr. Hackett's two productions followed by Mr. Wise's excellent *Falstaff* meeting with limited pecuniary success. We have somehow thrown Shakespeare overboard both here and in England; so much so that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is led to say in the London *Times* that "the degraded position of Shakespeare on the English stage is a national reproach." We are now engaged in redeeming Europe from the Germans, but when that is done "shall we leave Shakespeare unransomed in their hands, the solitary trophy that they have won from us?" asks Mr. Jones. In Germany, in the year before the war, he tells us, "sixty-six companies were playing Shakespeare and kept twenty-five of his plays in their repertory. Eleven hundred and four representations of 'The Merchant of Venice' alone were given in Germany in that year." Mr. Jones further tells us how he and Sir Herbert Tree discust the future of Shakespeare almost the last day of the actor's life:

TREE'S "MOST CHARACTERISTIC PART,"

Turning *Shylock* into a sort of Hebrew prophet, and his great height lent a certain fitness to the grandiose conception.

"Three days before Sir Herbert Tree died, and when there seemed to be a long spell of activity before him, I talked with him upon the future of Shakespeare on the British stage. I urged upon him that our realistic pictorial representation of Shakespeare, with its elaborate and often irrelevant trappings and scenery, is evidently outworn, and that if Shakespeare is ever again to be worthily popular in the English theater we must employ a new and simple convention, and must found our appeal to the public on the efforts of a body of actors trained in the accomplished delivery of Shakespeare's musical verse—an art that to-day is virtually extinct. Tree seemed to be in sympathy with the suggestion, and I left him hoping that some of his inexhaustible energy might be given to the production of Shakespeare on these lines. This work, which perhaps Tree might have aided, must be undertaken as soon as the times permit, if Shakespeare is to be rescued from the general neglect and contempt of the great mass of English theatergoers. . . . . . .

"We have other business on hand for the next few months. But in the vast reconstruction of our national life which will follow the war, the question of Shakespearian representation throughout the Empire, and the linked question of our modern national drama as an intellectual recreation, as a means of gaining wise pleasure and much amusing information about the supreme science of living—these two questions will not be the least important of the many that we shall be called upon to solve."

The work must be done without Tree's help, however. What is lost in him may be gathered in Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's observation in *The New Statesman* (London), that "he was one of the few nowaday actors who act from their imagination and do not merely exploit their personality." He continues:

"Most of our leading actors do not act so much as behave. He did not cautiously rely upon being able to turn the characters he impersonated into Beerbohm Tree, thereby giving them a kind of actuality. On the contrary, he hurled himself neck and crop into his parts. Sometimes he had disasters, but there were an abandonment and zeal in his impersonations which sprang from that genuine impetus which is the foundation of what is best in the actor's art. The artistic impulse in him being far more emotional than intellectual, he was attracted by romantic subjects and exaggerated situations. This preference on his part often prevented him from making full use of his finest faculties. He was not his best when he put on yellow tights and greaves and hung a skin about him and pretended to be *Ulysses;* and, effective as his *Svengali* and *Fagin* were, such parts did not really show what was most imaginative and moving in his acting; his fantastic humor and the extreme delicacy of his insight into the pathos of certain characters and situations, gleams of insight often mixed with cheap effects, but which used sometimes to make me feel he was the most imaginative of living actors.

"Take, for example, a very bad play he produced at His Majesty's; 'Colonel Newcome.' This play was one long appeal to the pathetic emotions from beginning to end; from the first act, when the old *Colonel* quavered out his old-fashioned song before young men who are laughing at him in their sleeves, to the last—the death of the kind, simple old hero in an almshouse, surrounded by loving friends. Now, most of this pathos was cheap—just an attempt to work the handle of the pump of tears in us, and Sir Herbert Tree pumped at that handle hard. But a scene comes back to me which illustrates that fineness of interpretation, that subtlety of which I have spoken. This scene was one in which the *Colonel's* old nurse, hearing he has been ruined, comes to return to him some little presents of value which he had given her in his prosperity. Well, the pathos of that situation is pretty obvious, and any actor could bring it out. But what was remarkable in this scene between the two old people was the way in which Sir Herbert Tree's gestures exprest somehow the comfort it was to them both just to be near each other, and the kind of unconsciousness with which he caressed her—as tho the vagueness of old age had recreated in him the instinctiveness of childish affection. Only a really imaginative actor could have given the scene that beauty. When the sentiment of his parts was really fine he succeeded with an ease and completeness which, owing to the absence of emphasis, seemed often to escape the notice of critics; but when the sentiment was crude and cheap, instead of redeeming it by ingenious interpretation, he often used to intensify its crudeness by abandoning himself to it."

OUR WAR-TIME BOOKISHNESS

A FLOOD OF BOOKS poured out of the auction market in the past year has been absorbed without the slightest difficulty. War may have made unprecedented demands upon capital, but there was found enough left over for some of the highest prices ever paid for rare books. It is estimated by Mr. George H. Sargent that millions of dollars' worth of books, manuscripts, prints, and autographs have passed through the hands of the few firms in whom the book-auction business is concentrated in this country. In number these firms could be counted off on the two hands. While we think and talk in millions when considering the costs of war, still "in the language of those who deal in books," observes Mr. Sargent in the Boston *Transcript*, "a million dollars represents a large sum of money, even in these days. A ten-thousand dollar sale of books is still an event, but the last season has witnessed many sales at which this total was far exceeded." The famous Hoe sale, instead of being the *ne plus ultra* of all subsequent sales, merely set a convenient standard by which to estimate others, as we see:

> "There has been a tendency, ever since the dispersal of the great library of Robert Hoe, which occupied seventy-nine sessions in 1911 and 1912, to compare all subsequent sales with that unparalleled auction. Unparalleled, because the total of the Hoe sale was the largest in the history of bookselling and because at that sale the highest price ever paid for any book—$50,000—was given by Henry E. Huntington for the first book printed—the Gutenberg Bible on vellum. But the average of that sale has been surpassed during the season just closed, and the American sale of Henry E. Huntington's duplicates with many books from the Christie-Miller collection, last season, was the most successful sale of Americana ever held in the world. There were only two sessions, but the total was $107,664.50, or an average per lot of $349. Both dealers and book-collectors generally have had the idea that the Hoe prices were higher than the same books would ever bring again.
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> "There has been no opportunity to test this question on a broad scale except in the sale of the library of the late Charles F. Robinson, of Hartford, which was held at the Anderson Galleries in New York April last. Now and then books from the Hoe sale have come into the market, but never until that sale in sufficient quantities to make a real test case. In the Robinson sales there were sixty-four books which Colonel Robinson purchased at the Hoe sale. For these sixty-four books he paid $11,724, and they were sold with his library for a total of $12,332. And it must be remembered that these books were resold at a time when many of the large book-dealers in the country were chary about tying up capital in property which might not be sold during the stress of war.
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> "There has been but one comparison between New York prices and those of the London market on the Hoe books. On December 10, 1913, the London auction-house of Sotheby's sold the 'property of a well-known American amateur.' In that sale fifty-seven of the books bought at the Hoe sale for $10,104.50 brought a total of $5,856.50. When the New York amateur collector paid freight, insurance, printing, and commission out of the gross proceeds, he doubtless felt that he had made a mistake in sending his books to London. The experience of the past auction season has proved that this country is the best book-market in the world. In New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, there is no 'knock-out' system to depress the prices of books, and collectors and dealers compete with one another without limitations or combinations."

The past season, we are told, was notable for the large number of books which have not appeared in the auction-rooms for years, as well as for some of which only one copy or, at most, a few copies are known. Further:

> "It is evident, from the prices realized, that there is always a good demand for those volumes which are marked in the catalogs as 'excessively rare,' altho in some instances the catalog description is hardly warranted. Many books of which only one or two copies were known a generation ago are now no longer 'rare.' They may be 'scarce,' and there may not be enough copies to go around among the collectors, so that they still command high prices, but the high prices have been the means of bringing other copies to light. Of course, many of the scarcer books appear over and over again in the auction-room, so that while the number of copies in existence is small, the title figures oftener on the catalog at high prices than any one would naturally expect.
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> "The most appreciated books appear to be those which deal with the early history of our country. As has been the case for a number of years, there is an increasing number of those who collect Americana, and our large libraries are more liberal buyers of books of this sort."

THE FASTIDIOUS *WOLSEY*,

Who smells an orange to disguise the scent of common humanity. This Shakespearian rôle was among the most picturesque that Sir Herbert Tree assumed.

We may not often hear in bookish talk the phrase "fashionable books," yet what else is more appropriate when we consider that "the fashion in books changes, as in everything else, and works which were once considered among the treasures of the rich collector's library are now available to the man of moderate means":

"It is not worth while here to discuss the reasons which influence various collectors in their hobbies, but looking over the great amount of material distributed through the auction-rooms last season, it is apparent that Americana still has the call. Nor does this apply merely to the thousand-dollar books, which are constantly changing hands. As has recently been pointed out by George Parker Winship, of the Harry E. Widener Memorial Library at Harvard, there are ample fields for the collector of moderate means in securing desirable specimens of Americana. The collector who attempts to secure everything printed in his native town or relating to it has ample opportunity to follow his game far and wide. To those who are seeking the literature relating to our early canals or railroads, or ante-Revolutionary candlesticks, or any other special subject relating to the early history of our country, there is a large field, and the results of such labors will be to bring together collections which have a constantly increasing value. . . . . .

"The season's book auctions have shown that there is an increasing demand for the 'little Americana.' The book which sells for a thousand dollars or more will always find a ready market. The equally interesting piece of Americana which sells for twenty-five dollars may pass unnoticed by the collector of DeBry's 'Voyages,' but there have been many collectors ready to grasp the smaller items, with the result that the lower-priced Americana has moved up considerably in the scale, and the purchasers of last season's offerings in this line may consider themselves fortunate."

IS "CHRISTINE" FICTION OR FACT?

WHETHER "CHRISTINE" will prove "a document in madness" or not depends on what its publishers may be able to tell us of its source. Proper appreciation of it must wait until that time, says *The Nation* (New York). But "if the volume is indeed what it purports to be—a series of letters written to her mother by a young English girl resident in Germany from late May to early August, 1914—it is a document as significant as any which the war has yet furnished." So *The Nation* believes, and in this conviction we made a brief citation from the book in our issue of August 25. As *The Nation* asserts, regarded as a document, "it goes far to wipe out the distinction gladly made by many between the attitude of the German people and that of the German Government toward the possibility of a world-war." If the letters are genuine, "they leave little doubt that the great middle class in Germany ardently desired, even before the Serajevo tragedy, a testing of German arms, and especially with England." If the book is not a true history, and *The Nation* prefers to believe that it is, it "can only deplore the wretched taste of an author who just at this time would dare to confirm our worst suspicions of Germany by an elaborate fiction parading as a document before the fact." *The Nation* goes on to give a succinct account of the book:

"Christine Cholmondeley, we learn from the letters supplemented by a preface furnished by her mother, went to Germany to study the violin under a master disguised in this narrative (the publishers in a note explain that they have thought fit to change certain names) as Kloster. She at once showed talent, and through her teacher's enthusiastic guidance she was brought to the attention of persons in high social position. Among these was a Junker with a leaning to music, who, tho an officer in the Army, was frank in expressing contempt for the Prussian military system. To him she became engaged, and until the outbreak of the war the letters promise an idyllic conclusion. But on the way to Switzerland, to which she was advised to flee, she was obliged by an officious lieutenant to stand for two hours in the blazing sun, and as a result of a subsequent chill she contracted pneumonia and died in a hospital at Stuttgart.

"The Berlin *pension* in which Christine lived is a crucial point in the impression left upon the reader. It housed but one other foreigner, being made up for the most part of clerks and other solid *bourgeois* people. Yet even here Christine encountered a consuming restlessness unmistakably produced by an eagerness for international conflict; and hatred of England was rife. A week before the murder at Serajevo we read:

"'It's queer, the atmosphere here—in this house, in the streets, wherever one goes. They all seem in a condition of tension—of intense, tightly strung waiting, very like that breathless expectancy in the last act of "Tristan" when *Isolde's* ship is sighted and all the violins hang high up on to the shrill, intolerably eager note. There's a sort of fever.'

"*Realpolitik*, even at this date, was the central topic of conversation at the table, and poor Christine, who was prepared to find Germany most congenial, had to stand the brunt of hostile tongues. Day in and day out the impression was given that England had gone too far in her greed and that a day of reckoning would soon be at hand. Here is an amazing display of desires about to be realized. The letter of June 14—two weeks prior to the murder—mentions the fact that Herr Kloster had intended to play in London that summer, but that he suddenly changed his mind, and when prest for a reason explained that he always did what his agent told him to do. One of the most significant passages—unfortunately too long to quote in full—is found in the letter of June 28. It reports the tremendous diatribe which the landlady delivered against the nations of the earth upon learning of the assassination: 'Blood will, blood must, flow in streams before such a crime can be regarded as washed out. Such evil-doers must be emptied of all their blood.' The cynicism of Kloster will be received as cynicism usually is, yet some of his words, in the light of subsequent events, will bear pondering, as when he says:

"'We Germans fear not God, but everything else in the world. It is only fear that makes us polite, fear of the duel; for, like the child and the savage, we have not had time to acquire the habit of good manners, the habit which makes manners inevitable and invariable, and it is not natural to us to be polite. We are polite only by force of fear. Consequently—for all men must have their relaxations—whenever we meet the weak, the beneath us, the momentarily helpless, we are brutal. It is an immense relief to be for a moment natural. Every German welcomes even the smallest opportunity.'"

In a notice of the book in the Springfield *Republican* we get some further insight into the remarkable nature of its contents. One point especially noteworthy is that it speaks of the Potsdam Conference of July 5, 1914, knowledge of which only came to outside nations quite recently. We read:

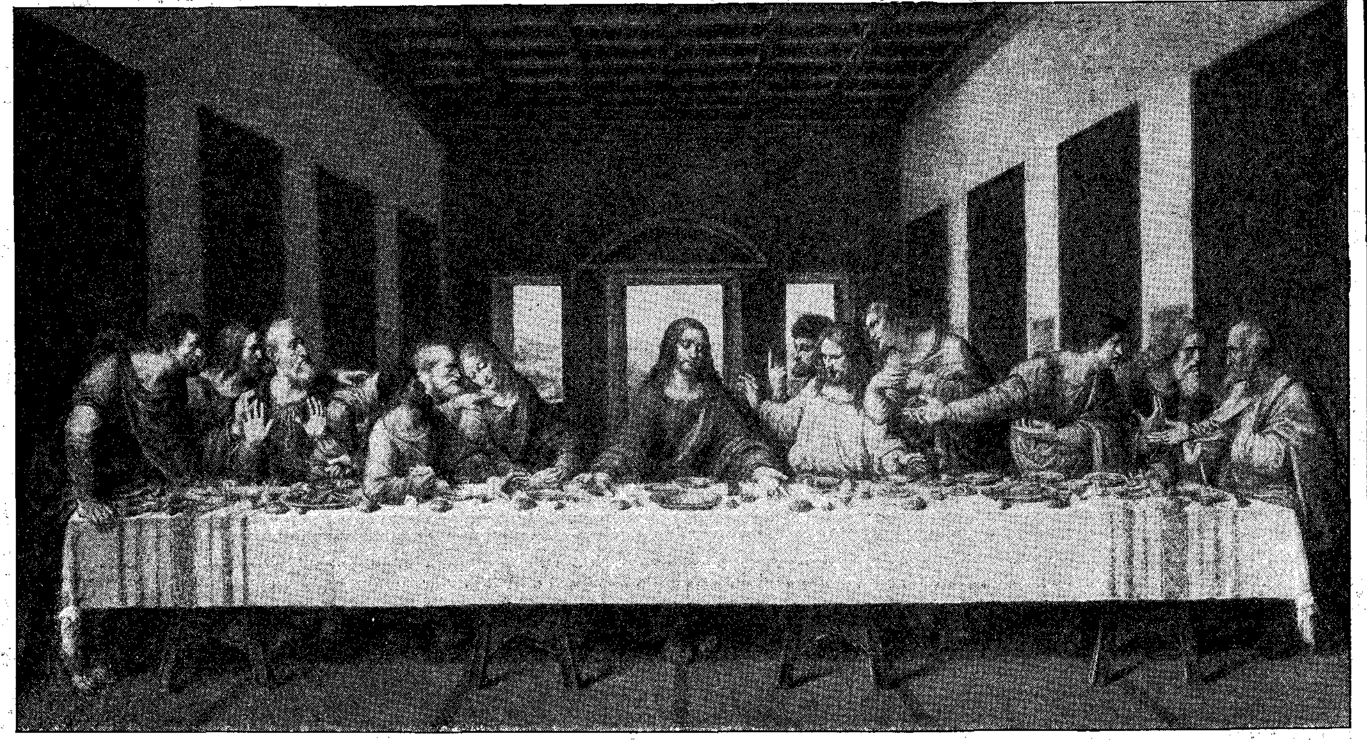
"Events progress rapidly, and then comes the assassination of the Austrian Archduke. The letters vividly picture the tension, and then the public rejoicing at the prospect of war. To her astonishment, however, she discovers a spirit of deep disappointment when the Kaiser's departure for Norway creates the likelihood that the storm will blow over. But when the fatal step is taken the multitude's roaring is 'as . . . of wild beasts who have been wounded.'

"Christine has long since left Frau Berg's to dwell in the home of a family of the 'Junker-official-military' set, because she has become engaged to a young army officer. Here she gets a view of German thought and perspective in yet another social stratum. And it is not materially different from the circle about Frau Berg's table.

"Very vivid indeed is the picture of the multitude before the Kaiser's palace when the Emperor appears and makes his famous 'sword thrust in my hand' address, and asks the people to go home and pray. But in spite of the fact that she, too, is moved by the theatricalism and emotion of the occasion, Christine returns to her room to pray 'that Germany may be speedily taught that the world is too grown up now to put up with the smashings and destructions of a brute child.'

"Despite their continuous expressions of unusual parental affection, the letters are admirably written. Christine herself is revealed as a broad-minded, generous girl, humbly conscious of her own great gift, and quick to appreciate the worthy impulses, and make allowance for the blind prejudices of those about her. But the chief value of the letters—assuming the correctness of the author's observations—is the vivid presentation of the German view-point and the analysis of the bumptious, modern-minded, all sufficient, yet fear-haunted Germany that plunged the world into a needless war."

Only to those who suspect a trick will this book prove to be disappointing, concludes *The Nation.* To our thinking, the publishers should ferret out its authorship and ascertain the exact conditions in which it was written. If it is a genuine record, it is too important to pass, as it may in many minds, as fiction.



A PICTURE WHOSE SUPREMACY IS CHALLENGED.

From boyhood Mr. Bernard Berenson, the art-critic, felt a vague resentment against this picture of "The Last Supper," which has now grown to include all of Leonardo's other works, even the "Mona Lisa," who was also supposed to sit secure on her throne of supremacy.

TORPEDOING LEONARDO

THERE IS AN OLD SCHOOL-BOOK STORY about the Greek who couldn't write asking a stranger to put the name of Aristides on his shell to cast as a vote to ostracize this "just" man; and the only reason he desired to send Aristides packing was because on every tongue this offender was always "The Just." In some such way, it seems, our greatest art critic, expatriate for many years, Mr. Bernard Berenson, has turned against Leonardo da Vinci. He has provided the latest sensation in the world of art, says Mr. W. H. Downes, in the Boston *Transcript*, "torpedoed"—as is the modern approved method—"Leonardo without warning and sent him to the bottom." Mr. Berenson in his revolt against the world's judgment figures to Mr. Downes as "a very good little boy who has always toed the mark and obeyed his papa and his mama, and has taken all the prizes at school, and who has at last made up his mind to have his fling, and to rob somebody's apple orchard regardless of the consequences; he tastes a fearful joy, and insists that he has never had such a good time in all his life." That "he trembles at his own temerity in overturning such a sacred idol as the great Leonardo da Vinci," Mr. Downes sees evidence in this passage from Mr. Berenson's recent book on "The Study and Criticism of Italian Art":

"As a boy, I felt a repulsion for Leonardo's 'Last Supper.' The faces were uncanny, their expressions forced, their agitation alarmed me. They were the faces of people whose existence made the world less pleasant and certainly less safe. It was quite enough, for at that time I was not aware that, apart from the faces, a painting had any interest. Yet the figures, too, seem to have affected me, for I remember feeling that they were too big and that there were too many of them in the room. Forty years have gone by since those first reactions toward a famous masterpiece, and they have offered me opportunities enough for coming to terms with it. For hours and hours I have sat gazing at it, with concentrated attention, receptive, eager to let it hypnotize me if it could. For as many other hours I have studied it as a scholar and as a critic. I have tried to find in it all that the adepts thought that they had seen, all that the rhetoricians persuade me that they had felt; and I dare say I, too, ended in speaking with tongues. If I did, it was to help my unbelief, for neither subtlest argument nor whirling dervish enthusiasm quite converted me."

The case of this new leader of revolt is examined by our Boston critic, who sets forth some stages in the mental process of the iconoclast:

"Mr. Berenson goes on to relate his long and painful efforts to appreciate and admire that thrice-renowned work of art, 'Mona Lisa,' in the Louvre. He tells about the days he has spent in the Salon Carré, trying to match what he really was seeing and feeling with the famous passage by Walter Pater, that gushing rhapsody that he had learned by heart. It was all in vain. How unsuccessful he was may be inferred from his frankly admitted unholy joy when he heard the news of 'Mona Lisa's' disappearance from the Louvre:

"'I heaved a sigh of relief. I could not help it. The disappearance of such a masterpiece gave me no feelings of regret, but, on the contrary, a sense of long-desired emancipation. Then I realized that the efforts of many years to suppress my instinctive feelings about "Mona Lisa" had been vain. She had simply become an incubus, and I was glad to be rid of her.'

"As if this unheard-of blasphemy were not enough, the now exultant iconoclast goes on to smash a few other idols, showing more and more *gusto* as he proceeds—in fact, glorying in his crime. He pays his respects in turn to the 'Madonna with St. Anne,' the 'St. John the Baptist,' 'La Belle Ferronière,' the 'Annunciation,' the 'St. Jerome,' and the 'Epiphany'; and, adding insult to injury, when he finds something that he cannot help admiring among these works, he argues that it can not be an original by Leonardo.

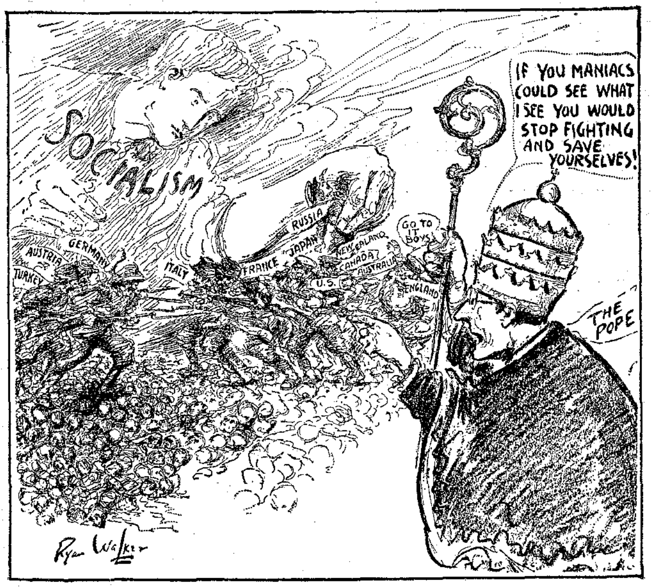
"With regard to the 'Madonna with St. Anne,' he adored but failed to understand, until he understood and ceased to adore. The 'St. John the Baptist,' he says, leered at him, and he was at a loss to conceive why 'this fleshy female' should pretend to be 'the virile, sun-dried Baptist, half starved in the wilderness.' . . . . . .

"So much for the venerated objects of worship in the imaginary temple to Leonardo conjured up in the critic's mind and firmly fixt there by the wise men whose incantations had enthralled him. But how to account for the boundless admiration lavished upon these pictures? One could reply, he says, 'that it was all an affair of mesmerism, hypnotism, and suggestion.' No doubt (he adds), but why did not the adepts select other pictures and other masters for their mystifications? The amazing way in which Mr. Berenson answers this astounding question caps the climax of his extraordinary essay."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE CHURCH VIEW OF THE POPE'S PEACE-PLEA

SPEAKING NON-POLITICALLY, the peace-plea of Pope Benedict is likely to be "incalculable" in its effect on the world at large. This, in the opinion of the leading Catholic journal of New York, *America*, will be due to the fact that "his Holiness has set morality over against ruthless, brute force, and challenged men to choose between them." The nation that refuses to harken to such a call, thinks this same Catholic organ, "writes itself down not as a vindicator of justice, but as a monster lustful of men's blood." The document given to the world by his Holiness is named "remarkable both for its vision and courage," in that the belligerent Governments are invited to open communication with each other in the hope that the terms he suggests may prove available as a basis for further negotiation. Benedict is credited with having exprest the longings of a world weary of slaughter and "made articulate the cry of humanity shocked beyond measure by strife that is at once a reproach and a danger to manhood." The San Francisco *Monitor*, in similar vein, foresees embarrassments for the Governments that turn a deaf ear to his "righteous suggestions, which only echo what is in the yearning hearts of the combatants." In these comments will be seen a safe avoidance of the political issues that are behind the struggle as well as the problem of responsibilities. But *America* sees the Pope appearing on the scene in the nick of time "to save Governments from a new menace that grows more threatening at every roar of the cannon." It continues with this warning:



THIS CARTOON IN *THE CALL* (NEW YORK) INTERPRETS THE SENTIMENTS IN *AMERICA*.

> "Let neither the kings nor the Presidents of the battling countries deceive themselves; they are living under the shadow of a danger that lowers threateningly. Radicalism is advancing by leaps and bounds, strengthened by the very passions that war arouses. The safety of constitutional government is in the balance. Which way shall the scales be tilted? The wrong way, if the war is prolonged without due necessity. The truculence of labor here, the insistence of anarchists and Socialists abroad, bear with them a serious lesson. The latter have even gone to the extreme of telling the world that if they are refused passports to the Stockholm Conference, they will do their best to upset their respective Governments. There is a clear issue, an issue between the sane conservatism represented by the Pope's document and the destructive radicalism illustrated by the words and actions of men who are willing to take any advantage to score a victory over constituted authority."

The New York *Evening Mail* prints a dispatch from Rome, authorized by the Papal Secretary of State, which attempts to clear up some of the points that have created criticism, as well as place new ones upon the shoulders of contending statesmen:

> "The first two points in the pontifical appeal for peace, treating respectively of disarmament and freedom of the seas, were suggested by President Wilson's well-known message to the Senate.
>
> "Consequently we are inclined to believe that they will now find on the part of the American people the same reception that they enjoyed when President Wilson proclaimed them at the Capitol.
>
> "The third and fourth points, wherein mutual condonation of war-expenses and damages, as well as mutual restitution of occupied territories, was proposed, were formulated from public speeches recently delivered by statesmen of the different belligerent nations and from resolutions passed by their respective parliaments.
>
> "Therefore the same statesmen can not refute them now without contradicting themselves.
>
> "Moreover, it is necessary to remark, as to condonation of damages caused by war, that there is an exception, applying particularly to Belgium.
>
> "The fifth and sixth points concern special territorial questions about which the Holy Father does not and could not propose any definite and concrete solution. Consequently, he confines himself to expressing the wish that said questions shall be examined in a conciliatory spirit, taking into consideration, as far as possible, any just aspirations of the people.
>
> "The Holy See wishes to emphasize the fact that the appeal was not suggested by any of the belligerent Powers and was not inspired for the particular advantage of any warring nation.
>
> "Finally, the Holy Father said nothing about democracy and the democratization of any existing government, because history teaches us that a form of government imposed by arms does not and can not live, and also out of respect for the free-will of the people themselves, who, having the right of universal suffrage, may choose whatever form of government they please.
>
> "For the rest, democracy will receive such an impulse from the war that wisdom must prevent it deteriorating into any excessive forms, such as anarchism."

Since *America* has foreseen one of the greatest dangers of the future to be in the growth of secularizing forces, it is only fair to quote *The Truth Seeker* (New York), a representative of free thought, in its view of the Pope as a peace-agent:

> "The Pope ostensibly intervenes as a neutral, but the manner in which his offers are met does not give evidence that the Allies are satisfied of his neutrality. A movement started some time ago in Europe to exclude the Vatican from the peace-council when it meets is supported by the argument that from the first his Holiness has been friendly with the Kaiser, while an analysis of the religious population of the countries involved, conducted by Joseph McCabe and published in *The Truth Seeker*, made it plain that papal interests were one with the cause of the Central Empires; and that hence the Pope could not afford to be neutral. But putting all these opinions aside as speculative or prejudiced, the question comes up why the head of a religious sect should arrogate to himself the function of peacemaker between states that do not recognize his temporal sovereignty. Among the Allied Governments only Belgium is Catholic. In one of them the state religion is Protestant. One is Confucian. Four are Greek Orthodox, and in four church and state are separate. If he really speaks for Germany and Austria, if while his hands are those of Esau his voice is that of Jacob, he would be more candid and his message would carry more weight were he to admit the fact. Or if he speaks for the Allies, that, too, should be made plain. As the head of the Roman

Catholic Church he has no more standing than the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Metropolitan of Russia, or the Lama of Tibet."

The Protestant religious press take the Pope's proposal with a degree of reserve in that it is found impossible to dissociate the Vatican from the view of a political agency. The proposal, points out *The Christian Advocate* (Methodist, New York), "is made not to peoples, but to governments, and it fails to touch the pith of the question in that it leaves intact the Hohenzollern dynasty, and the power of the Prussian military caste, which is at the root of all this misery." *The Churchman* (New York) finds it unfortunate in the present exigency that the papacy has a long political history:

> "Its activities and its interests have been carefully registered, and in the light of the past it can hardly be said that a papal peace-program will secure the kind of scrutiny which will place it before the world in a necessarily detached and favorable light. The very fact that the papacy has held with such tenacity to the principle of temporal power in Rome will prevent Italy from accepting guidance or suggestion that may come from the Vatican. Will the French Republic itself, after the years of struggle between clericalism and anticlericalism, fail to be suspicious of a peace-program prepared by the head of an ecclesiastical organization which arranges national states in an order of merit according to the power and influence of clericalism in national life? To be an apostle of peace, Pope Benedict must detach himself from some of the firmest traditions of the Roman See. As yet there is no reason to believe that the present Pope has the personality of a Gregory VII."

The Living Church (Milwaukee) finds the utterances of the Vatican "handicapped by a common belief" that they are inspired by a desire to render aid to Germany and Austria. Mr. Charles H. Grasty, in a Paris dispatch to the New York *Times*, August 27, declares himself "in a position to state, with as much positiveness as any fact can be stated in war-times, that the German Chancellor knew and approved the papal terms categorically." Before publishing the proposal, continues this correspondent, "the Pope made sure it would be acceptable to one side, and as German peace-makers haunt the Vatican, he had no difficulty in establishing communications with Berlin." *The Living Church* backs up its view by emphasizing the coincidence of time:

> "It is impossible not to see that if the Pope had desired primarily to render aid to the Central Powers, he would have chosen this particular time to urge peace. Three years ago pro-Germans everywhere were a war-party; to-day they are shedding tears at the horrors of war and are everywhere a peace-party. The non-German world wanted peace so earnestly three years ago that it was utterly unprepared for war. Not until the whole world had been goaded into a war which it hates did pro-Germans develop their present love for peace. The Pope may be quite unconsciously influenced by the propaganda of that party, which he has permitted to have so marked an influence in his official household.
>
> "As to the letter, we have but one comment to make: If the Pope had only written as representative of a spiritual kingdom instead of an absurd and petty political state, he would undoubtedly have treated the matter as within the realm of morals instead of within that of politics. And a consideration of the moral aspect of the case would have been of the greatest value. The Powers can be trusted to deal with the political aspects of the war; the Church might well have taken up the moral aspects.
>
> "Politically, it may eventually become necessary for 'mutual condonation' to follow the war. But morally the idea is abhorrent.
>
> "Who started the war is a moral question. The invasion of a neutral country by a Power that had guaranteed its protection is a moral question. Campaigns of frightfulness involve a moral question. Levying of huge tributes upon a nation's wards whom the guardian nation has conquered is a moral question. Failure to feed a conquered people is a moral question. Deportation of conquered people and compelling the men to work for their conquerors are moral questions. Extermination of a large part of a whole race, as of the Armenians, is a moral question. And so many moral questions of procedure have arisen in which Germany has chosen the side that is not reckoned as of Christian ethics that one could hardly recount them. Where is the world-arbiter, infallible in morals as in faith, in the face of all this black history that is being made? Where is the Vicar of Christ, whose interpretation of the divine will is to be implicitly obeyed by the whole world? Where is the God-given power of speaking infallibly in the realm of morals such as is claimed for the papacy? Condone it all? We may be forced to; but God will not and infallible exponents of morals could not. Whether the guilty parties will be punished on this earth is partly a question of whether the power to punish will exist when war is over and partly a question of determining just who they all may be. But in the realm of morals those questions do not arise. The world wants the spiritual kingdom of Jesus Christ to guide in the moral issues that are at stake, and not in the political issues."

AVERSE TO WAR-PREACHING

"DON'T PREACH ABOUT THE WAR." So read a note put into the hands of the pastor of a leading church in the South as he was about to enter his pulpit. The words puzzle a writer in *The Manufacturers' Record* (New York), putting up to him the problem whether the man unwilling to hear about the war had already heard enough about it, or "with an absolutely erroneous sense of the situation felt that the pulpit was not the place in which to discuss the war." The homily read by this journal will have its added effect in coming from a non-professional source:

> "A man or woman who can take that view in this hour of world-tragedy, beyond all other tragedies in human history, has so little conception of the period through which we are passing that we might well believe that had he stood on Calvary when the Son of God gave his life for the world he would soon have said to the preachers of that day: 'Do not talk about Calvary or the Cross. We have heard enough about it. It is horrible; let us put it out of our mind.' That would have been about the conception of the meaning of the Cross to a man or a woman who to-day could suggest to a minister of the Gospel that the pulpit is not the place in which to discuss the war or who could feel that we are surfeited with war-talk. It is true that we may well seek to turn our thought sometimes from the tragedy of the world to the heroism of the war, as the man who stood on Calvary nineteen hundred years ago might later have tried to shut out from his thought the physical horrors of that hour and fix his mind upon the spiritual meaning of it. This, however, is not the position taken by a man who could say, 'Don't preach about the war.' That man has not yet grasped the significance of the war. He has not yet realized that the tragedy is so fearful that we have no right to shut it out from our thoughts. We have no right to seek to forget it, no right to ask that it be not preached from the pulpit.
>
> To-day the pulpit should ring forth with God's call to the manhood and the self-sacrifice of the nation."

Going further, it is found "to the everlasting discredit of many pulpits in this land and many religious papers that for more than two years they absolutely refused to discuss the greatest question of morals which the world had ever faced." For the reason, apparently, that—

> "They would not see the meaning of the world-war. They would not raise their voice in behalf of the people who were being ruthlessly murdered. They shut out the thought of the war, they shut out the awful tragedy and tried to console themselves with the thought that it was not their duty to denounce even national murder and raping, but to be neutrals in thought, and that they must seek to encourage in this country neutrality of thought at a time when the most fearful moral tragedy which man has ever known was being enacted before their very eyes.
>
> "These people seem to have forgotten that story of Dante where, beneath all other hells, there was provided a still lower hell for the neutrals in the war of good and evil.
>
> "To the discredit of many ministers and many religious papers this was the position which they took for more than two years, but to their everlasting credit some religious papers and some ministers dared to speak the truth and dared to denounce the vilest crimes that ever curst the earth, and to warn the people of this country against the dangers which threatened us. As a nation we shall have to pay in countless lives and billions of

money a penalty for the failure of the leaders in America who should, from pulpit and platform and in the press, have stood for righteousness against unrighteousnes."

THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE

THE RELIGIOUS REVIVAL expected and prepared for after the commencement of the war has failed to show itself. By a multitude of signs assembled by the Rev. Elmer T. Clark, this statement finds confirmation, and thus are put almost to naught the preliminary efforts of the Church in making ready its forces of encouragement and conservation. The Church is seen to be the greatest sufferer in the outcome. In the Army she is doing practically nothing except to furnish chaplains and workers for other agencies. And the chaplains are declared "not influential from a religious standpoint." Wonderful as are the efforts of the Y. M. C. A., second only to the Red Cross in the number of workers and stations, its work, declares Mr. Clark, "is almost wholly social in its nature," altho, he adds, "this statement would be denied by its officials. The Salvation Army are credited with a better type of real religious work than any other agency, "altho their influence is not large and their circle of activity is limited." Moreover, practically all the other agencies, even including the Y. M. C. A., are charged with opposing the Salvation Army in one way or another. These statements made in the New York *Tribune* cover observations of conditions both at the front and in the daily life of the warring peoples. One naturally looked to England for the largest developments in religious life at the beginning, says this observer:

"She has the most evangelical type of religion in Europe and has long been proud of her Sabbath-keeping scrupulosity and her religion generally. In the first few months of the war all signs pointed to the fact that the Church's expectation was to be abundantly fulfilled. The people flocked to the churches, resorted to prayer, and gave all evidences of a quickening religious life; in these months it appeared certain that a great revival was imminent.

"But this early religious awakening was founded on fear, and fear is a motive that can not long support an intelligent faith; the appeal of heaven and the fear of hell have gone from the realm of religion never to return, giving proof that a more enlightened conscience demands a firmer foundation upon which to rest its deepest convictions. And so it happened in Europe that when the first dread and fear produced by the war had passed the superficial religious fervor passed also, thus disappointing those who were desiring a renaissance of evangelism.

"To-day the average person traveling through Europe would certainly see no signs of a renewed interest in things religious, and even the specialist who investigates intensely and studies all known signs and evidences will discover but few. In London and Paris, as well as in all the other towns and cities I have visited, vice is as rampant as ever, the general population are as little concerned with eternal matters, and the Church faces the same problems of sin and indifference.

"In France there are encouraging signs, but in England there are none. Those signs in France appear here and there in the fact that the Roman Catholic Church is adopting a more modern attitude and presenting a more vital and evangelistic message. But in England, so far at least as the Church is concerned, even those signs are absent."

Speaking generally, Mr. Clark discerns two quite opposite effects upon the religious population:

"In the first place, it has made thousands of them more devout than they have ever been before. They have literally been driven deeper into their faith by the stern facts which came upon them. Suffering of the most intense character, the loss of all they had deemed dear in life, and an anxious uncertainty concerning the outcome of it all—these things have made them take recourse to the only comfort and hope which they have ever known, their religion. And so all over Europe one will find these people to whom religion means more and gives more at this time than ever before. And we may be quite sure that if there were no other phase of the situation this would soon issue in a tremendous awakening.

"Unfortunately, or in the long run it may prove to be fortunately, an entirely opposite effect is seen in the lives of other religious people. To them the war has brought nothing but confusion.

"First there came the question, asked so frequently and so seriously at the beginning of the war: Has Christianity broken down and proved a failure? The rationalistic press took up this question and endeavored in all possible ways to answer it in an affirmative. The religious press tried just as hard to answer it negatively, but the religious literature which circulated among the rank and file of the people based its logic upon ancient formulas and resorted to a proof-text quoting method that could not be satisfactory.

"Of course the world would not give up its religion, nor would it readily believe that Christianity must be charged with failure and discarded because one of its ideals had not been reached; nevertheless the controversy was responsible for a confusion in the minds of some people.

"Coupled with this there arose a confusion in connection with the question, What about prayer? People never prayed so much as they did at the beginning of hostilities. Yet what did their prayers avail? The war went right on, and men were killed just the same. And there was no distinction. The son of the man who prayed for the boy's safety night and day was killed just as quickly as the son of the man who recognized no God to whom one might pray. The prayers were not answered in the least. What, then, was the good of prayer, and where was God? Perhaps there is no God, after all.

"This doubt and uncertainty affected many people, from the clergyman to the Tommy who used as an example Bill, 'who prayed like 'ell and got 'is bloomin' 'ead blowed off.'

"These people had been taught an antiquated doctrine of prayer—that prayer means asking God for favors and 'things,' and that it has an objective effect by securing a special providence for the elect who resort to it or have it resorted to for them. For the right-minded man who resorted to prayer as communion with the Infinite and for the purpose of securing its subjective benefit of comfort, hope, and strength, there was no confusion, but this lofty doctrine had not been taught to the masses."

Dissatisfaction with the Church is declared to be the most apparent religious feature of the social attitude of Europe:

"This is particularly true in England, where the discontent lies against the Establishment rather than with the dissenters. There is no dissatisfaction with religion, not even with the doctrines of Christianity. The man in the street speaks reverently and fondly of religion, but he criticizes the Church unmercifully.

"On one occasion I was going to the British headquarters with a company of correspondents, under the escort of officers detailed for that task. Not one of the company knew me for a clergyman, and I purposely avoided referring to religious matters. But I was surprized to find that the subject was brought up time after time.

"The officers, all of whom, apparently, were communicants of the Established Church, were most outspoken against it. One of them referred to the Archbishop of Canterbury as a 'Victorian relic,' and when another was telling of the games and sports indulged in by the enlisted men, a laugh was caused by the question, 'Have the bishops interfered with you yet?' They freely predicted the disestablishment of the Church, but there was general agreement when one said, 'But we must take care that religion does not suffer.'

"This attitude toward the Church, as nearly as I am able to determine, is caused by three things: The first is the exemption clause, which enables young clergymen and licentiates to keep out of the Army. . . . Another thing is the fact that the clergy are so clearly out of touch with the people. . . . A British officer told me that he went to church on Easter to hear his own pastor, and the *padre* preached on 'I go a-fishing.' The officer was just out of the trenches, and he complained bitterly that this Easter sermon, delivered to the banner crowd of the year, *did not touch the heart of events.*

"The third reason I discern for the discontent with the Church is a feeling in some quarters that the Church is not really and whole-heartedly behind the war. Not that the Church opposes the war, for this is in no way true.

"'There is a ground,' said an army officer to me, 'on which the Church might oppose this war and all wars, and if she took that ground we would respect her loyalty to her ideals, even tho we would condemn her interpretation of the Gospel, but if, as in the present case, she takes the position that war may be just and righteous and that to wage it is a duty under God, then we may condemn her as inconsistent unless she gives it her entire support.'"

Absolute Sovereign of the American Speedway

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THIS country has seen in the last swift year what is easily one of the most magnificent tributes ever paid an automobile tire.

It has seen the motor racing fraternity of America—drivers, mechanics, enthusiasts and all—swing over to Goodyear Cord Tires almost in a body.

This action appears all the more remarkable when it is remembered that prior to fifteen months ago a Goodyear Cord racing tire had not been seen upon a track.

Their overwhelming popularity in this field sprang into life with their first appearance in a race, and has carried steadily onward ever since.

This year, *every major race driven on the speedways and tracks of America* has been won on Goodyear Cord Tires.

More than that, *every place of importance in every officially recognized race* has been won by a car wearing Goodyear Cord Tires.

Most important of all, *the cars of almost every driver in every major race held in the country this year* have been shod with Goodyear Cord Tires.

Goodyear Cords' dominance of the speedways of America is absolute and unrivaled.

* * *

Victories necessarily have piled up for Goodyear Cords this year, in view of the number of drivers using these tires.

It is not alone of these victories that we wish to speak here, nor even of the dominance of Goodyear Cords in this field.

We wish to point out an even more important factor, which bears directly on your own tire problem.

That is the universally remarkable service delivered by Goodyear Cords in all the races in which they have taken part.

In the majority of the races won by Goodyear Cord Tires, the winning car has finished without a tire change.

Race followers tell us that such consistency of performance has never been duplicated by any other tire.

Against the heat and grief of a hundred miles an hour or better, Goodyear Cords repeatedly have gone the whole distance without faltering.

Back in 1916, when Goodyear Cords were beginners on the track, this element in their performance was conspicuous.

The annals of past-season racing bristle with instances, and the results this season are equally spectacular.

When Billy Taylor outstripped the field at Uniontown in the initial 1917 speedway event, he did not change a tire.

When Louis Chevrolet took first honors in the International Sweepstakes at Cincinnati on Memorial Day, he had finished the terrific 250 miles without a change.

When Earl Cooper drove to victory in the Chicago Auto Derby a few weeks later, he too flashed home without a change.

And various other drivers in the same races stormed across the finish wires likewise without tire trouble.

Independence Day races this year were a veritable carnival for Goodyear Cord Tires.

In the 150-mile race at Tacoma, the first four places went to Goodyear Cords, with Patterson leading in a Goodyear-Cord-equipped Hudson at 90.4 miles an hour, a new track record, made without a stop.

In the 150-mile race at Omaha, won by Mulford in a Goodyear-Cord-equipped Hudson, the first seven places went to Goodyear Cords, with Milton, Thomas and Taylor, in second, third and fifth places, respectively, finishing without a stop.

In the Uniontown contests, Goodyear Cords took first in the dealers' and in the championship match races both.

And in the Fourth of July match races at Detroit, Goodyear Cord Tires sped to a non-stop victory on Ralph DePalma's aviation-motored Packard.

* * *

The master automobile drivers of the world prefer Goodyear Cord Tires.

They prefer them for their spring, which aids speed; for their stamina, which withstands hardship; for their athletic vitality, which survives under the most drastic and unsparing punishment.

These are the qualities in Goodyear Cord Tires which make them the preferable tires for *your* car.

These are the qualities which make Goodyear Cords higher-priced—and *better.*

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON
CORD TIRES

CURRENT POETRY

RECENTLY, Robert Underwood Johnson has been giving us war-poems, poems inspired by his devotion to our nation in this hour of valiant endeavor. We have need of poets to stir our hearts to greater love of country, and Mr. Johnson's services in this work are valuable indeed. Yet, it is pleasant to find him, in a distinguished contribution to a recent issue of *Scribner's Magazine*, turning from the war-wracked present to the peaceful past, writing reminiscently and gently. The poem we quote suggests to us the pleasantest passages in what is, in its most intelligible parts, a charming book—Henry James's "A Small Boy and Others." The memories of childish reading are delightful, and in the second part of the poem the thought is interestingly developed.

THE LITTLE ROOM OF DREAMS

By Robert Underwood Johnson

I

Next to the shelving roof it stood—
My boyhood's cozy bed;
So near I felt the serried storm
Go charging o'er my head.
'Tis fifty summers, yet I hear
The branch against the pane,
The midnight owl, the thunder crash,
The rhythm of the rain.

The golden apples long desired
Fell thumping from the trees,
Till Dream transformed them to the fruit
Of fair Hesperides.
The owl within his chimney porch
Became Minerva's own.
The lightning was the bolt of Jove,
Each tree a dryad's groan.

From there the flames of Troy were seen,
There Salamis was won;
Now Hannibal would cross the Alps,
And now Napoleon.
On Valley Forge's scene of prayer
My winter window gave;
Red Jacket there was eloquent,
And Osceola brave.

Who could divine that from my sill
Fought wounded Ivanhoe?
That there I saw Sir Galahad
Gleam in the moon below?
Who knew that I was veteran
Of Bayard's noble strife?—
That there for many a hapless maid
I offered up my life?

There, too, I knew the midnight trance
Of not unwholesome grief
(Since tears for others' sorrow shed
Bring to our own relief);
I felt the lash on Uncle Tom,
And mourned Don Quixote's fall;
With David wept for Absalom,
With Dombey, Little Paul.

More oft a father's bedtime lore
So filled with joy the night,
I woke at dawn from rosy dreams
Expectant of delight.
For I had roamed the enchanted wood
With Puck or Rosalind,
Or shared with dainty Ariel
The visions of the wind.

II

Another little bed I know—
With dreams I never knew—
That holds a maid as brave and fair
As she Carpaccio drew.
Her fragrant pillow oft I seek
To find its magic power,
As one recalls a day of youth
By the perfume of a flower.

The beasts that did my sleep affright
Are from her fancy hid—
She finds the jungle full of friends,
As little Mowgli did—
For her the Æsop of our day
Summons his crafty clan.
The Bluebird is her happy goal,
Her hero, Peter Pan.

What visions of a spirit-world
About her slumber float,
Pure as the Swan whose Silver Knight
Glides in a silver boat!
There, too—most blessed of the dreams
That have the world beguiled—
An Angel with a lily kneels
To greet the Holy Child.

Far be the time when care and toil
Shall wrest these joys away,
Whereby this darling of my blood
Makes yesterday to-day.
For ah!—so near the things that be
Are to the things that seem—
Soon I to her, as Youth to me,
Shall be a thing of dream.

. . . .

O Thou, the Father of us all,
Whose many mansions wait,
To whose dear welcome each must come
A child at Heaven's gate:
In that fair house not made with hands
Whatever splendor beams,
Out of Thy bounty keep for me
A little room of dreams.

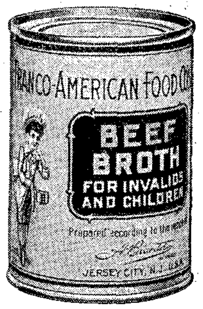
Here is a war-poem full of thought as well as of emotion, written by a poet who has a genuine understanding of the situation she interprets. The lines are thoughtful and majestic and have the swing of the great seas in them. But so serious a poem should have a title less inviting to the punster. We quote *The North American Review:*

THE BELL-BUOYS SPEAK

By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer

Ships! More ships! (cry the buoys a-swing
At the gates of the seaways). The message we bring
Is borne from the east by the storming wave,
As it tears at the hold of our anchoring chain,
From the stormy east, from the swaying grave
Of the dead who sleep
In their seaweed hammocks down deep, down deep,
Till again, again,
A brave halloo in the brave daylight,
A clang as of arms in the haunted night,
The soul of the sea and the souls of the dead,
Unrighteously sped,
Cry out to the land through our iron lips,
Ships! More Ships!

The smoking funnel, the tall pine-mast,
The great, the small,
The dragons of hell-fire are hunting them all,
The steel of the fighters their lure, they say,
But no less, no less,
The babe and its mother their lawful prey.
Ships! (cry the buoys). They drown so fast!
And the wheat that should succor a world's distress,—


FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.
BEEF BROTH
FOR INVALIDS AND CHILDREN
JERSEY CITY, N.J. U.S.A.

First "aides" to the physician

"Can't digest milk!"

How often the doctor and the nurse and the mother are confronted with this perplexing problem! A satisfactory substitute for milk must be found, one which will be both efficient and digestible. This is no easy matter, unless you prescribe the

Franco-American Broths
(*Sterilized*)
for Invalids and Children

The finest meats obtainable yield their stimulating, beneficial, appetizing juices to these broths (all-ready-to-serve). Every sanitary safeguard surrounds their making. They are so pure and clear that you can see to the bottom of the cup, so delicious that they are as eagerly accepted by the invalid as by the healthy person.

Being sterilized, they are absolutely safe. Sold by grocers, they are easy to obtain on instant notice.

Beef Chicken Mutton

May be taken hot or cold
Require no preparation
Sold by leading grocers

15 cents the can

HEALTH IN PURE SOUP

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Till the deep sea groans for the bounty it bore,
And the outraged waves shout out to the shore
Through the blood-stained foam on our iron lips,
Ships! More ships!

Ships! (cry the buoys). How else shall be
Outwitted the dragons that crouch in the sea?
How else, when the dragons are mastered and
dead,
Shall the world be fed? . . . . . .

Young land where the fields are untouched by
flame,
Where the river's flood
Is water, not blood,
Give ear as we cry in the old land's name
For the speeding sail and the hurrying screw,
Calling to you,
With your treasures of tree-trunks and iron and
gold
And your treasures of manhood, the Old World
stands,
Riven and blasted, starvèd, cold,
Bereft of its sons, its acres a-waste,
And reaches its hands for the help of your hands.
Haste! cry the living, the dead, make haste
With funnel and mast on the broad sea lane!
And again, again,
The need of the famished, the blood of the slain,
Cry out through the clang of our iron lips,
Ships! More ships!

To *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay contributes a group of poems marked by the freshness and insight which attracted the world to this writer's unforgetable "Renascence." We have selected two of these poems for quotation and would call especial attention to their simplicity of phrasing. Much of Miss Millay's strength is in her colloquial directness.

AFTERNOON ON A HILL

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

I will be the gladdest thing
Under the sun!
I will touch a hundred flowers
And not pick one!

I will look at cliffs and clouds
With quiet eyes,
Watch the wind bow down the grass
And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show
Up from the town
I will mark which must be mine,
And then start down!

THE LITTLE TAVERN

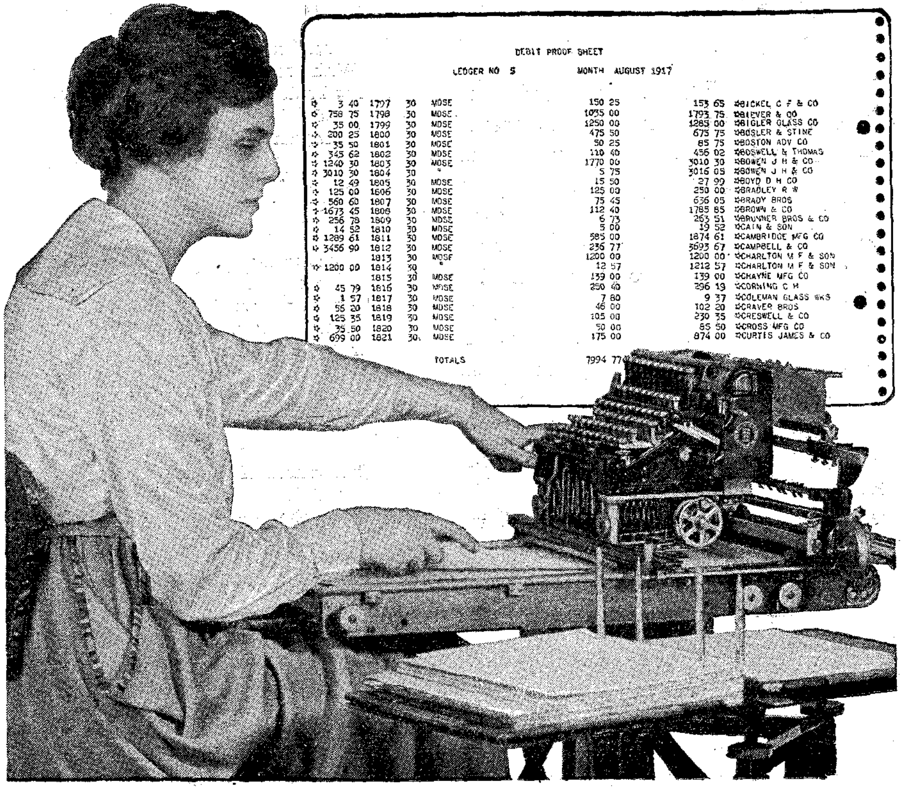
By Edna St. Vincent Millay

I'll keep a little tavern
Below the high hill's crest,
Wherein all gray-eyed people
May set them down and rest.

There shall be plates a-plenty,
And mugs to melt the chill
Of all the gray-eyed people
Who happen up the hill.

There sound will sleep the traveler,
And dream his journey's end,
But I will rouse at midnight
The falling fire to tend.

Ay, 'tis a curious fancy—
But all the good I know
Was taught me out of two gray eyes
A long time ago.



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These fellows smoke pipes.

On the other hand, there are men with whom the *tobacco* is the important thing.

They are satisfied with anything that will hold tobacco, but they must have their particular blend or mixture to put into it.

These fellows smoke tobacco.

Most pipe-smokers are betwixt and between these two extremes.

They have their favorite pipes and their favorite tobaccos and switch around from one to another.

But it is undoubtedly true that there are more men who smoke one kind of tobacco than men who smoke one kind of pipe, and that a man will switch from his pipe much more easily than he will from his tobacco.

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It's almost impossible to get an Edgeworth smoker to change to some other brand.

Of course we don't know whether you will like it.

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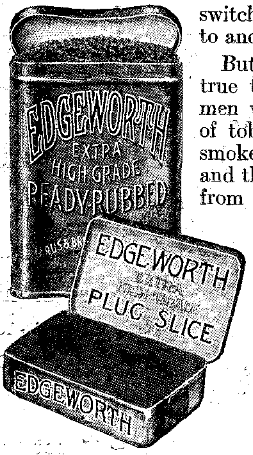

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

A WAR-TIME DAY WITH THE PRESIDENT

THE necessary isolation of the President of the United States has been accentuated since the beginning of the war. Upon the dismissal of von Bernstorff the gates of the White House grounds were closed and guarded, and the growing cares and problems of war have caused the President to withdraw from the gaze of the public, and to deny himself to the idly curious. No more visiting delegations are received whose only business is to shake the hand of the Executive. The ground floor of the White House is now barred to all visitors except those who have real business with the President, and the family has moved down from up-stairs. One of the rooms on the ground floor is reserved as the President's office where he holds important conferences instead of in his office in the west wing. Something of the immensity of the daily task of the President of the United States and the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy in war-time is thus told by a writer in the New York *Sun:*

> The comparative isolation of the man in the White House is not an entirely new thing. War has merely accentuated the normal enforced isolation of the Chief Executive. President Taft spoke of such isolation one day in a rather plaintive little speech before the Washington newspaper correspondents. More than three years ago, before Europe went to war, President Wilson, addressing these same correspondents, spoke of the stately restraints of the office of President.
>
> Mr. Taft regretted that "nobody drops in" at the White House. He missed neighborly visits, chats. Everybody comes by engagement, complained the jovial Mr. Taft.
>
> Practically all business with the President is now transacted in his study at the White House. Except on "Cabinet days" he does not use the executive offices. These offices were built by direction of Theodore Roosevelt so that the White House proper might be used only for living and social purposes.
>
> President Wilson began the steady use of the White-House library and study about the time of the breach with Germany, when war seemed but a question of weeks. It was then that the President began to tighten up on his engagements and to conserve his energy for the major problems of armed neutrality and impending war.

So far as it is possible, Secretary Tumulty acts as buffer, relieving the President of many matters of detail, and is of necessity a very busy man himself. Before the war the secretary saw "the Governor," as he still calls the President, several times a day. Now he sees him but two or three times a week, and to save the time of the President communication is now largely by memoranda written by Mr. Tumulty and dispatched to the Executive by special messenger. To all important communications requiring immediate attention red cards are attached. Here is an average war-time day of the President as described by the New York *Sun:*

> Arises 7 A.M.
>
> Eats breakfast at 8 A.M.
>
> Goes horseback riding with Dr. Cary T. Grayson, now a Rear-Admiral by the President's appointment, or golfing with Mrs. Wilson or Dr. Grayson.
>
> Returns to the White House after recreation of an hour or so.
>
> Dictates to Charles Swem, his personal stenographer, until Swem has a bookful.
>
> Fills an appointment or two before lunch.
>
> Takes lunch at 1 P.M.
>
> Fills other engagements and dictates again.
>
> Goes automobiling late in the afternoon.
>
> Attends a theater once or twice a week.

That might seem like an easy day to a man who plows from sunrise to sunset. But it's the "in-between" worries that count and cause the President to need every minute of rest he can take.

For instance, there was a time recently when the President had before him all these major troubles at once:

> The Goethals-Denman Shipping Board row that was halting the construction of ships.
>
> A reorganization of the purchasing and contracting system of the Council of National Defense.
>
> Insurrection in Congress against the Food-Control Bill.
>
> The determination of a policy regarding the exemption of Government clerks and others drafted for service in France.
>
> Price-fixing on steel, coal, and other articles to be used in great quantities by the United States while at war.
>
> Appointments to fill vacancies in the Interstate Commerce Commission.
>
> Complaints of questionable utterances of certain German-American and other publications concerning the raising of an army, conscription, and other Governmental policies.

Add to these troublesome questions of major importance the thousand and one little things that skip across the desk of a President of the United States—patronage rows, applications for executive clemency, requests for interviews, protests against pending legislation, factional wrangles within the party, demands for action concerning race-riots and industrial troubles, the worries of impending railroad strikes—and one may gain some idea of why there is no peace of mind for the Chief Executive.

One must remember, too, that in these war-times Congress has bestowed upon Woodrow Wilson powers and functions wider than those possest by any monarch. He is empowered to commandeer ships and shipyards, to take over industrial establishments and operate them, to construct a great merchant marine, to send millions of Americans to the trenches in France, to provide officers for an aviation service that is to expend $640,000,000, to administer the food-supply of an entire nation, and so on. There is little wonder then that Mr.

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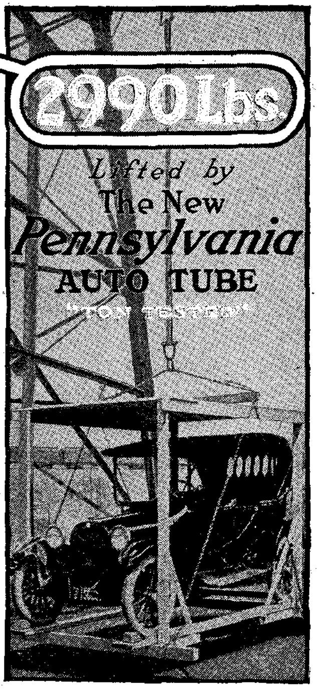

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Wilson has shut himself in and that matters which might engage him in times of peace now must be handled by assistants.

While it may be thought that as President Wilson has a Cabinet and others about him he can share his responsibilities with them, the fact is that the President is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy and the spokesman for this country in its war-time dealings with the outside world.

For the first time in the country's history the very exterior of the White House exhibits the seclusion of the President. In the daytime a policeman, perspiring under a big blue umbrella or shaded by a tree, stands guard at every gate. When night comes, soldiers with loaded guns and bayonets take places about fifty paces apart on the sidewalks surrounding the spacious White-House grounds. The soldiers have strict orders to make every one move on. There is no loitering whatever about the White House after sundown.

A copy of the President's daily engagement list is furnished the policemen at the gates. When a person who has an engagement with the President shows up afoot or in automobile the gates swing open and he is admitted to the grounds. The visitor is again "looked over" as he approaches the entrance to the Executive Mansion, where two or more policemen are always on duty.

No other persons are admitted to the grounds except at the west gate, immediately adjoining the executive offices. Here visitors having business with Secretary Tumulty may gain entrance upon the proper showing.

The police guard about the President when walking or riding has been doubled since the outbreak of war. Two motorcycle policemen clad in khaki pick up the President's automobile the moment it swings out of the grounds on to the street. They follow within five feet of his machine to and from the golf-links—or wherever else it may go. In a big automobile twenty to thirty feet to the rear ride half a dozen secret-service men.

So strict is the rule against admission to the White House that the "special-card" hours have been abolished. Heretofore it has been possible for a member of Congress or an official of the Government to obtain a card from Secretary Tumulty admitting a constituent or friend to the lower floors of the mansion. This is now absolutely forbidden, and there are no exceptions. Those surrounding the President will take no chances.

In consequence of these restrictions, the President and his family are spending more time on the lower floor of the White House; they are not confined so much to the bedrooms and rest-rooms above.

If President Taft felt the isolation of a man in the White House before the world went to war and our troubles were all domestic, it is reasonable to suppose that President Wilson, even with his temperamental reserve, feels at times a yearning for things outside and the daily diversions of the ordinary human being. In fact, he said so away back in 1914 when he spoke of his temptation to wear a wig and whiskers, attend a movie incognito, and get away from a public with its finger pointed, saying:

"Sh, there goes the President!"

Secretary Joseph P. Tumulty, the Presidential buffer, is unlike other secretaries to Presidents in many ways that have made him a favorite with the Washington correspondents. He is Irish and loves a good story or a practical joke. *The Sun* says of him:

Newspaper correspondents are perhaps more closely associated with the secretary to a President than any other class in Washington. Their contact with him is daily. When Joe Tumulty appeared on the news horizon his methods rather puzzled the writers. Preceding secretaries, most of them, had been as dignified as tho they had occupied the inner office. They were not infrequently hard to see and unsatisfactory when seen.

The door to Tumulty's office has never been closed to the newspaper man or to the general public if the public appeared to have any business within. Pat McKenna, the doorkeeper for the President and his secretary, can tell at a glance whether a visitor is a pest and is likely to waste a lot of time or whether it's safe to admit him.

Pat McKenna is one of the fixtures about the White House and a most capable citizen at keeping track of engagements and handling the public.

Anyway, Tumulty has ever been accessible. A timid cub reporter might ask him a question and receive an immediate and courteous answer—and a story, too, if it was possible.

Older newspaper men, including those regularly assigned to the White House, found Tumulty had news sense. It is a good thing, for since international affairs began to engage the President there has been little direct communication between Mr. Wilson and the correspondents. The semiweekly conferences were continued until the submarine crisis became acute. They were abandoned by the President because they became virtually verbal sparring matches with the President unable to answer half of the questions asked him. These conferences were renewed a little while last year. There has been none since the breaking of relations with Germany.

So Tumulty is the news source at the White House. Night and day he is asked about the Administration's attitude on matters of international and domestic moment. Sometimes he is privileged to talk; sometimes he can impart no information.

But Tumulty, even in trying times, hasn't been all dignity and reserve. It may be fairly stated that his reserve has not been that which would have been found in a Cortelyou, a Loeb, or a Lamont. Tumulty's ways are easier, but the efficiency is there, the business of the office is transacted, no official secrets are inopportunely revealed, and there is little or no complaint against Tumulty, the official.

"How about the Mexican situation, Joe?" one of the veteran newspaper men would ask in the days when Mexico was the big story.

"Say, did you hear that story about the Irishman who entered the police-station in Newark?" Secretary Tumulty was likely to start off. Then he'd tell the story and begin the day with a laugh. He didn't forget the question, however, and a moment later he'd go in and see the President about it or tell the questioner what he already knew.

Secretary Tumulty has had practically no vacation in three years. He was once out of touch with the White House for about five days. That's his longest vaca-

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tion since the burdens of office began to bear more heavily upon President Wilson and his staff.

In the ordinary run of things he is in touch with the White-House offices from 8 A.M. to 11 P.M. He has three telephones in his home, connected with the White House. If an important message comes to the White House any evening and the President is at the theater or a State dinner, Tumulty is advised. He dictates a note over the telephone to the President and a messenger takes it wherever the President may be.

If the President desires to issue an order, Tumulty will see that it reaches the proper official no matter what the hour may be.

White-House correspondence has increased heavily since war was declared. Manifestly the President can look through but a part of his mail. Here, again, Tumulty and his memorandum plan conserve the President's peace of mind and his strength. Now and then the White House is deluged with propaganda telegrams and letters—communications inspired by a central organization and sent in by its hundreds of members in all sections of the country. These are briefed by Mr. Tumulty, and the President is fully informed when he receives a memorandum saying:

"Two hundred telegrams received from firms protesting against the rate on ——— carried in the pending revenue bill."

The President is thus enabled to gage sentiment for or against a measure. If the matter is one in which he feels he should take a personal interest the correspondence is placed before him.

TIME-CLOCK WAR IRKS AMERICAN FIGHTERS

THE spirit of the American troops in training "Somewhere in France" revolts at the war-tactics they are forced to adopt. They want to get after the *Boches* in the open, and Indian methods of fighting from cover do not appeal to them at all. They abhor trench-fighting, and the necessary "digging in" is the one preparatory work at which they shy most vigorously. In fact, the most serious problem facing the officers is how to impress upon their men the need of learning the best ways of always keeping under cover. In a dispatch to the New York *Times*, a writer for the Associated Press says:

> One of the great reasons why the Germans are still in France and Belgium is their wonderful facility for digging themselves in. They have a perfect passion for it and an incentive as well, for the Allied artillery never ceases to pound them day and night.
>
> The German belief that they can dig faster than a modern army can advance is one of the principles of their defensive tactics. Notwithstanding all that has been told along this line, notwithstanding the heroic efforts to rouse his enthusiasm over the pick and shovel, the American soldier has remained decidedly lukewarm. He came to France to fight the Germans, he says, and not to dig a hole and look at them through a spy-glass. The French, Canadian, and Australian soldiers all resented the idea of digging in, and would not

admit the necessity of doing so until bitter losses taught them a dearly bought lesson.

It is purely a matter of temperament, and there seems to be little doubt now that only actual battle experience will convince American soldiers that the ability to take advantage of any bit of cover is one of the greatest assets the modern man-at-arms can have.

"It seems a shame to have to curb the first fine fighting spirit of our troops," said an American training-officer, "but the men must be made to understand as far as possible that impetuosity must be subordinated to steadiness. This has become a time-clock war. The men must advance in given time and go no further. Every step of infantry advance must first be worked out with the artillery, and when the plan is arranged it must be strictly adhered to.

"We realize that it will be difficult to hold our men to this plan. If they see a battle going on their first impulse will be to push on as fast as they can, and some are bound to do so, just as the Canadians did in the earlier stages. We will undoubtedly have big losses in this way, but the men who come through our first battles will be worth their weight in gold thereafter. They will learn quickly the value of steadiness and absolute discipline under fire, and they will be the steadying influence we can distribute through the newer units of our great Army as they get their final preparation for trial by fire."

The natural fighting man, it seems, has a natural antipathy to digging in. Even in these late months of war British Tommies would much rather remain above ground and stand chances of getting killed by shells than to dig the deep dugouts so adored by the Germans. In planning the battle of Messines ridge, which was a model of a clean-cut victory, the British Army commander took into account the fighting-man's point of view, and when the advance had reached a stage where it gave the British covered high ground the fighting men were directed to take a rest, while specially organized labor-battalions were rushed up from the rear to do the necessary digging and consolidating of new trenches so as to make them thoroughly proof against counter-attack.

The result was that the fighting men, unhampered and unworried by the necessity of digging, went forward later in the day and took objectives that were rather hoped for than actually expected. Those are the tactics the American fighting man would like to see. They appeal to him, but just now he is being put through a pretty stiff course of digging.

This does not apply to digging trenches alone. He is being taught how to dig himself in individually while lying flat on the ground in the face of enemy-fire, thus getting the temporary shelter and protection of a sort of grave-like excavation. It is not so often nowadays, however, that a man has actually to dig himself in on solid ground, for there is seldom an infantry advance made over anything but ground all pitted and torn with shell-craters.

Fighting from shell-holes is an art in itself, and one that Americans must learn before taking their place in the Allied line. German prisoners say that they would rather fight from shell-holes on an active part of the front than from a regularly organized trench system. The latter affords the artillery too good a target, while isolated shell-holes are difficult for the

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The New Osgood Lens is a one-piece lens with twelve selective prisms which direct all the light forward and downward—the twelve individual beams forming one mastershaft of light. No glare! 74% more light on the road! No need for dimming!

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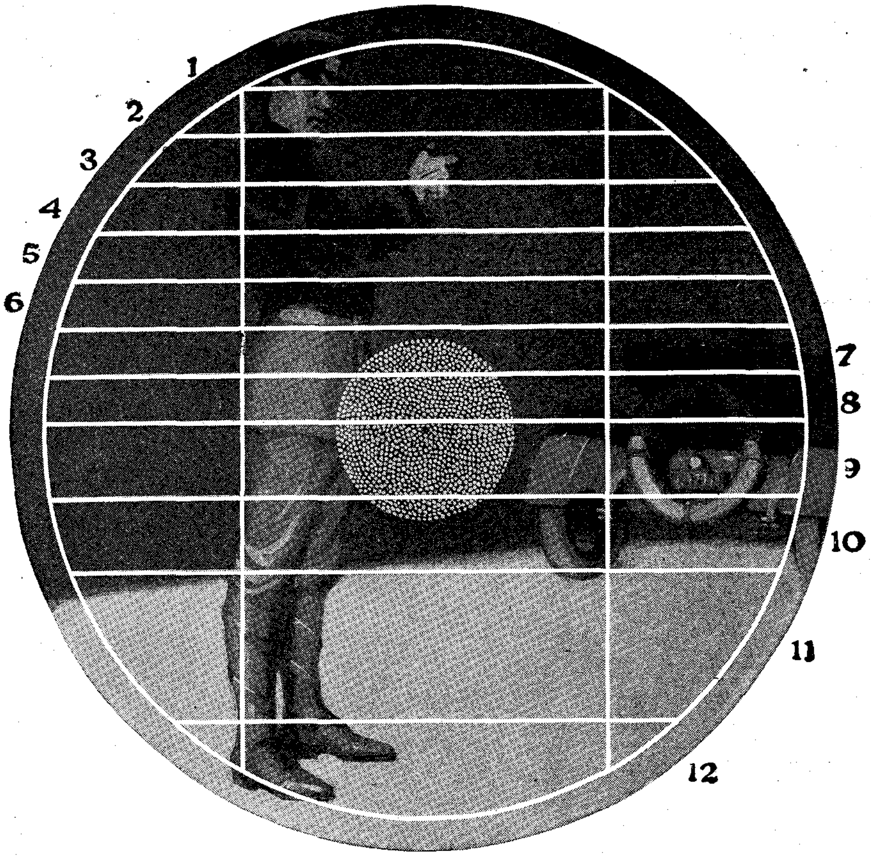

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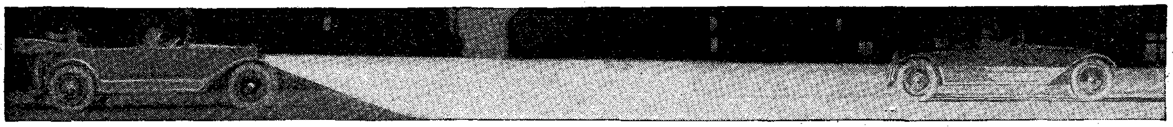

THE NEW
OSGOOD LENS
CRAVATH LONG DISTANCE TYPE

enemy guns to deal with. The Germans even conceal some of their shell-holes by putting brown water-proof sheets over them whenever an Allied airplane is seen approaching. The passion for digging in is so strong with the Germans that they have been known desperately to claw holes in the ground with their hands till the ends of their fingers were practically worn off. Thus some were found dead, and others, who had been taken prisoners, had to be sent to the hospital with all their fingernails gone.

EATING PIE WITH ROYALTY

THE man who ate American pie with the Crown Prince of Belgium tells an interesting story of the time—twenty years ago—when he escorted the young man who is now King Albert through the gold-mines at Butte, Montana, and dined at one of the twenty-five red-cloth covered tables in the public dining-room of the Mullins House with the Prince. John S. McGroarty is the man, and he describes the incident in the Los Angeles *Times:*

The Crown Prince of Belgium was accompanied to Butte by another young fellow who might also then have been regarded as a crown prince, for he was the son of "Jim" Hill—Louis, who has since succeeded his father as the head of that vast commercial dynasty which the wizard of the Northwest reared by his wonderful genius upon the American continent.

They were just boys then, both of them, apparently warm friends, stalwart and strong, handsome and good to look upon; the Belgian fair-haired and rosy-cheeked, young Hill dark and almost swarthy, showing the clean blood and alertness of the black Celts from whom his mother sprang.

We had a lot of fun with Jim Keegan, superintendent of the Mountain Con. and Green Mountain mines, that morning while awaiting the arrival of these notable guests. Keegan wanted to flunk and leave the honors to his foreman. He was quite sure he wouldn't know what to say to a crown prince, and all that sort of thing. Jim Keegan could boss 2,000 tough miners and hold his own with them at any kind of a game, but he was Irish and constitutionally opposed to royalty in any form. It was hard work, as a matter of fact, to get him to stick.

But it was all right when the Prince came. The way he smiled, boyishly and friendly, and the way he shook hands made Keegan feel in a minute as much at home with him as if he had rolled tenpins with him for years.

"Are you going to drop him down with a slack cable, the way you dropt me the first time I went down this mine?" I asked Keegan, aside.

"Oh, no," replied Jim. "This young fellow is valuable, and it won't do to take chances. There's a big job waiting for him. He will be a king, some day, and he's going to be a mighty good king, too."

There was no flaw in that prophecy. But Keegan did not live to see his words come true.

Well, it was some experience for a Prince, or for any other man—a day in that honeycombed labyrinth of caverns under the scarred and smoke-soddened surface of the Butte hill. It is the greatest four square miles of metal-bearing ground on earth. It had a pay-roll of a million dollars a month, even in my time, and it has produced a score of millionaires other than Marcus Daly, William A. Clark, and F. August Heinze, who are the best known. And it hasn't yet begun to show anything like signs of "petering out."

When, at last, we again saw daylight, we had walked more than fourteen miles underground and had worked up amazing appetites. It was just dinner-time at the "Mullins House"—the great brick barracks where 350 of Marcus Daly's 10,000 men ate and slept, day and night, as they took their turns at the eight-hour shifts.

We all went first into the washroom, where there was a long trough with running water, hot and cold. The Prince bared his strong arms, took off his wilted collar, bared his chest, and splashed himself to his heart's content. Then—and I don't know just how it happened—we got up to the bar in Jim Riley's saloon.

It seems that, by common courtesy, the drinks were on his Royal Highness. But, for the sake of history, it should be stated that only ourselves who accompanied him knew that he was a royal highness, or anything at all like that. The crowd that lounged perennially in Riley's saloon didn't even know that Jim Hill's son was in their midst at that fateful moment.

In the Mullins House there were about twenty-five long dining-room tables, and at one of these the Belgian heir and his party took seats. There were red table-cloths, and no napkins, but the food was clean and wholesome, fit for strong men, and plenty of it. The miners had their own vernacular concerning food, as well as for other things in life. Meat and potatoes were called "low grade" and pie was "high grade."

The Prince scored a triumph, when a little red-headed miner down the table called across to the royal guest:

"Hey, young feller, pass me over some of that high grade, will you?" and the Prince shot the pie at him without the slightest fumble.

It was a democratic crowd, there in the Mullins House on the Butte hill, that day, but there wasn't a more democratic human being among them than the heir to the throne of Belgium. He didn't go out of his way to "mix" with the crowd, but he didn't stand aloof by any means, or give the least indication of snobbishness. To the black-eyed girl who carried in his meal to him he gave back smile for smile, and he would doubtless take it as a compliment if he knew that the same girl, afterward, one day in the Mullins House, took the pains to ask:

"Who was that good-looking fellow you had with you here the other day?"

"You mean the dark-haired chap?" I asked.

"No," she said, "I mean the blond."

And, as I have told you, Louis Hill was a mighty good-looking young man, at that.

The last I saw of him—the only man I ever saw who is now a king, or who ever became a king—he was swinging down the scarred mountainside on the trail to the town.

But I have often since recalled him to mind, and, when he stood with his immortal legions barring the path of the Prussians on the road to France, felt a kind of exaltation in his glory, as tho he had been my friend.

"BEAUTIFUL BIRCH FOR BEAUTIFUL WOODWORK"

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"*The* Natural Trim *for the* American Home"

In great houses as well as modest little bungalows, "Beautiful **birch**" has come to be regarded as "The Natural Trim for the American Home." Nor is its use confined to the trim alone. "Beautiful **birch**" veneered doors, furniture and hardwood floors, are among the "added attractions" of this *all-purpose* hardwood.

Its extreme hardness and close grain permit of its forming a fine base for a great variety of finishes, from natural and silver gray to dark brown and Colonial dark red, while for white enamel it seems almost *made to order.*

These are by no means *all* of the reasons for the universal use of "Beautiful **birch**," by home builders. There are many more. *Low cost,* for example. The *economy* of "Beautiful **birch**" has had much to do with the widening of its circle of users.

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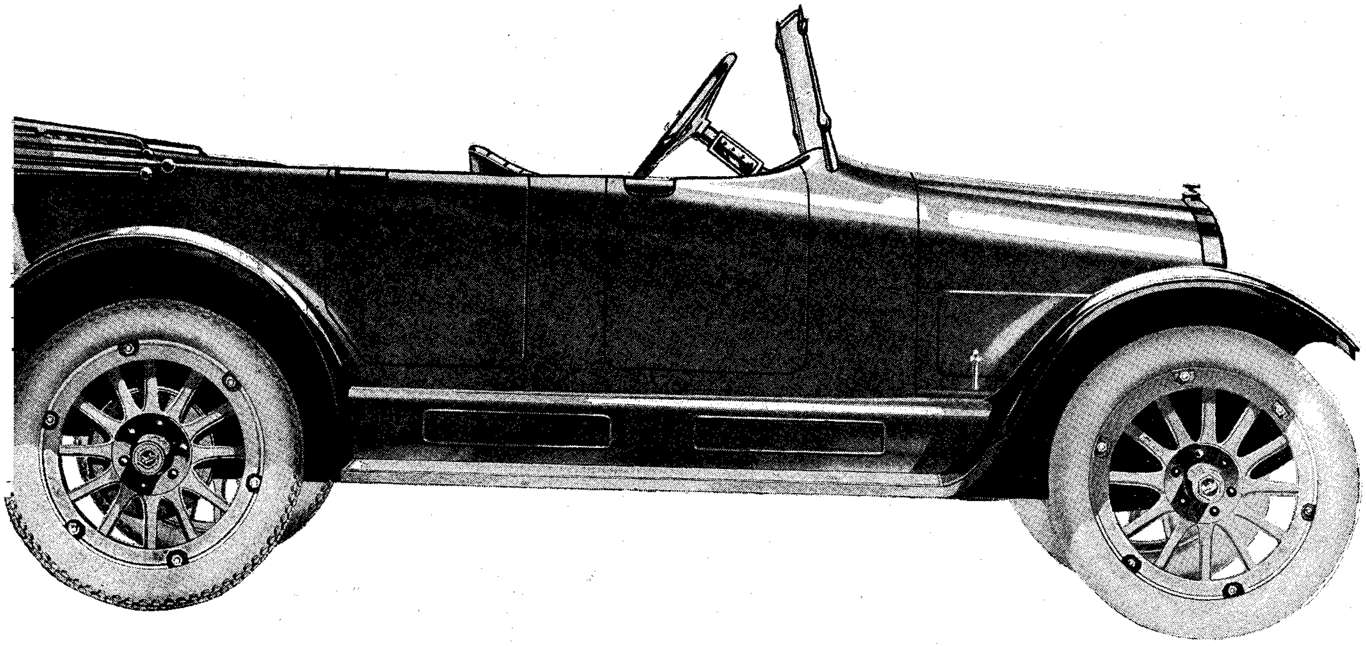

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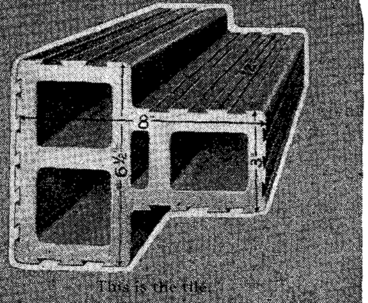

This is the tile.
The drawing below shows how it is built into the wall.

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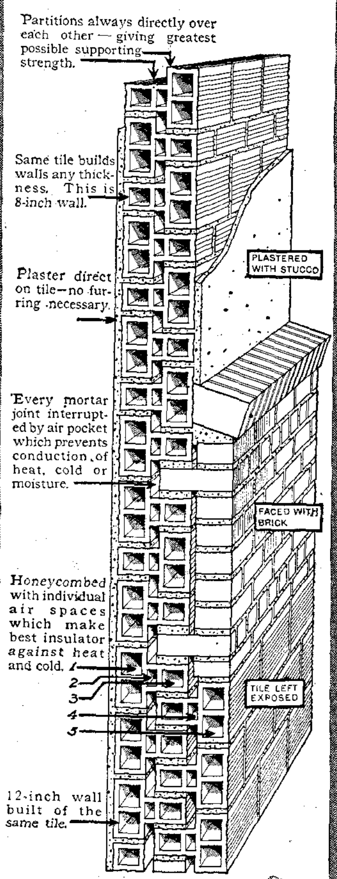
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3
4
5
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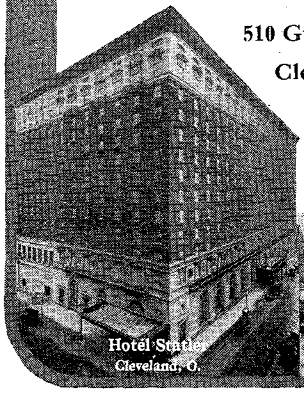
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FROM MACHINE-SHOP TO SHIPPING BOARD

To the gnarled knuckles of his Irish school-teacher grinding into his young skull, Edward N. Hurley attributes the formation of those characteristics that have made his a sharply outlined figure in the world of to-day.

"Those knuckles taught me thoroughness and a respect for authority," says Mr. Hurley, who is the chairman of the Federal Shipping Board. The St. Louis *Post Dispatch* tells the story of his boyhood dreams and his rise to fame and fortune from a machine-shop in Galesburg, Ill.:

For some years Mr. Hurley has been known as one of the foremost authorities on business in the United States. He is in addition an inventor, and to him belongs the distinction of originating and developing the pneumatic-tool industry in this country and Europe. This, however, is just a bare outline of what he has been and done. For the whole story one must go back some years to Galesburg, Ill., where Hurley was born, and where his father worked in the shops of the Burlington Railroad, and follow his career from his boyhood down to the present. It is the tale of a boy who saw visions and has all the elements of a drama.

The elder Hurley was a south of Ireland man. The mother, belonging to the same race and religion, was refined and ambitious. She sent her son to the private school of John Hennessy, a north of Ireland Presbyterian. Hennessy was a stern man. His hands had been burned and his fingers, immovable, twisted inward. He maintained discipline and his scholastic standards by jabbing his knuckles into the heads of his disobedient boy pupils. "Those knuckles, altho, of course, I didn't realize it at the time," Mr. Hurley said recently, "taught me thoroughness and respect for authority. I honor John Hennessy and the training I received at his hands."

The boy Hurley, small for his age among stalwart brothers, left Galesburg High School at the end of his second year. During the summers he had worked on his uncle's farm for $8 a month.

Jeremiah Hurley put his son at the machinists' trade in the Burlington shops. But the lad saw things afar off.

"I reprove no boy for building castles in the air," this son observed to an interviewer. "But such castles are unreal? Yes, most of them, but dreaming while at work, honestly done, develops the imagination and occasionally one of the castles comes out of the sky and gets a sound standing on earth. Anyway, several of mine did."

Time passed in the shops. An elder brother had gone to Louisville. His letters were like stories of adventure to the apprentice at Galesburg. Half through his trade, Edward Hurley himself decided to leave home and try his hand at something else. The foreman of the shop stated, in writing, gladly, "To whom it may concern," that the bearer was industrious and reliable.

The day before he left home for good, Edward Hurley received his month's pay from the Burlington—$35. He gave $30 to his mother. In the evening the father said to the mother: "Don't worry; he will soon return to Galesburg."

Young Hurley overheard the remark. When he departed next day for Chicago, his father's prophecy gave him determination never to return to Galesburg to live.

A freight conductor whom the boy knew let him ride part of the way in his caboose. When he arrived in Chicago on a passenger-train his cash assets totaled $3. The next day, showing the letter he carried, he obtained employment in a car-works. His duty, so long as he was there, was to screw large nuts on to long bolts.

Again showing his letter, he asked for a fireman's place on the Burlington Railroad. He was ordered to report at night for duty on a switching-engine. Ahead of time by an hour, he swept the deck of the engine, and, being handy with waste, wiped off the machinery in the cab and polished the brasses. When "Dutch" Koegel, the engineer, saw what had been done he looked pleased and surprized.

And so Hurley, by means of a broom and a handful of waste, was established in the good graces of "Dutch" Koegel.

"I owe much to Koegel," Mr. Hurley said. "The lessons he gave me were like money put out at interest for my future benefit."

By and by Hurley, still industrious and reliable, was transferred to a suburban train, running between Chicago and Downer's Grove. Hadlock was his engineer. He had trained "Dutch" Koegel, and Koegel spoke of Hurley after Hadlock had tried five firemen in five weeks.

Hurley, going from a switching-engine to a passenger-engine, was jumped over the heads of several hundred men. A man named Tyler succeeded Hadlock on the Downer's Grove local, which, having many stops and several hills to climb, was never on time.

One day when Hurley was sleeping there was a knock on his door. "Call," cried a boy in the hall. "You are to take out '73.'"

Hurley had been a fireman for one year and nine months. "Seventy-three" was the local to Downer's Grove. To take it out meant that he was to run the engine and not shovel its coal.

"Tyler broke his engine and was hurt," the boy explained.

Thus, at twenty-one, Hurley acted as engineer for the first time. On that day two stations, contrary to custom, showed no flag, and because of this the train for once reached the yards at the edge of Chicago on its almost forgotten schedule. There was glory for Hurley in this achievement and it was talked about at the crossings, signal-stations, and roundhouses up and down the tracks.

"But I never was on time again," he said. "It wasn't in the engine."

Hurley remained an engineer, being the youngest, perhaps, in years and service of any in the United States. He was running the Downer's Grove local when the great Burlington strike occurred in 1888. A member of the engineers' organization, he stopt work with the rest of the unionists. For several months he acted as the private secretary of Peter M. Arthur, Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Then the master mechanic of the Santa Fé, whom he had known when a boy at Galesburg, offered him a brand-new passenger-engine of a huge and novel type. Hurley accepted it.

The engine was stiff and its journals needed packing. Hurley, on his back

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Discussion Is the Most Necessary Element of Social Progress.

At the outbreak of war in 1793 between the new Republic of France *and* Great Britain and Holland, PRESIDENT WASHINGTON, foreseeing that the storm must soon reach the United States, assembled his Cabinet, and soon after issued his famous

Proclamation of Neutrality

This created heated discussions among the people and in the press. The most important debate took place in a series of articles between **Alexander Hamilton** (signed *Pacificus*) and **James Madison** (signed *Helvidius*).

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Address ....

under the wheels, saw the shadows of several men on the ground near where he was working.

"Hurley," said one of them, "we are a committee from the Brotherhood and have come to tell you that you are doing the boys no good by running an engine on another road."

"All right," Hurley said, still on his back in the ashes of the track. "Anyway, I have had enough of this."

So he crawled out, stood up, and ceased to be an engineer from that moment. His next job was selling metallic packing for a manufacturing company in Philadelphia. He traveled out of Chicago, East and West. In a few years his salary had been increased from $100 to $300 a month.

The packing was used for valves and pistons. Young Hurley, and he is youthful now, altho he is fifty-three years old, often walked in among the machinery, locomotives especially, and did the packing himself. He would lie on his back or his stomach in the dust and grease, and demonstrate to superintendents and master mechanics the good qualities of his product.

From talking with engineers and other mechanical men, Hurley, the salesman, turned out an invention now and then and negotiated it into the laboratory of his employers. But on one occasion he essayed to share the profits with his house. The device, a pneumatic cock operated by compress air, cleaned locomotive boilers of lime and sediment.

"I can sell the invention for $1,000," he told his employers, having gone to Philadelphia for the purpose, "but I'll let you have it if you will give me a small royalty."

"But you invented it while working for us," his employers said, "and in the time that belonged to the company. The invention, therefore, if purchased, is our property. We will pay the inventor a reasonable price, but we can't see that you have any rights in the matter."

This was the time Hurley quit.

Out of a job, he returned to Chicago. On the street he met a man who had formerly been his fireman. "My brother," the man said, "has invented a pneumatic boring-machine."

The next morning Hurley saw the machine and its inventor. A bargain was made and experimental work was begun in an old barn on the edge of Chicago. Hurley mortgaged his home to obtain capital with which to establish his first crude little factory. He also borrowed money with which to make a journey to England, where he disposed of a number of his patents. When he received the first payment for them, $30,000, he was loath to trust the money to the uncertainties of ocean-travel and cabled it to his wife.

Five years after he started his factory in Chicago he disposed of his interest in it for $1,257,000. Then he embarked into other branches of the pneumatic-tool industry and particularly helped to develop the pneumatic riveter, whose rat-tat-tat is so familiar to city-dwellers who are in proximity to sky-scrapers in course of construction. This and other inventions have since brought him an enormous fortune.

At the beginning of the war in Europe Mr. Hurley was chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, in which capacity he traveled over the United States lecturing to business men about cost accounting and other matters of importance. But he also was a director of banks, railroads, and manufactories, and a farmer at Wheaton, not far from Chicago, and felt that his personal affairs required attention. Therefore, he resigned his office.

But when the United States was drawn into the contest, Mr. Hurley was conscripted by the President and smilingly ordered to the War-Council of the Red Cross. Next, he was made chairman of the nation's Shipping Board. He is one of Mr. Wilson's chief counselors and is in daily conference with members of the Cabinet and with other masters of business.

A slender, rather elegant man, brown of hair and eyes, his grayish mustache clipt close to his face, Mr. Hurley is sincere and friendly.

The Hurley doctrine that workmen should be partners in the establishments that employ them has its roots in his experiences as a salesman.

"Let us look at two factories," he said. "In one of them the men who do the work are shareholders, or partners. This factory makes money. The man at the lathe is efficient. He knows he is working for himself. He gets wages and his share of the profits.

"In the other factory are uplifters, running around with hot-water bags. Labor there, social experts declare, ought to be coddled. 'We will shower-bath it,' they say, 'lunch it and give it magazines to read.' And the result is that this particular factory doesn't make money. It is inefficient.

"Suppose that the workers in a factory should say: 'Capital ought to be treated tenderly. We will give our employers bath-rooms, hot coffee, and sandwiches at cost, and ethical books to read when they go home at night!'"

HOOVER'S SILENT PARTNER

IN measuring up the deeds of a man the sustaining aid and comfort quietly exerted by a woman in his life-work are frequently overlooked. All the world knows the man behind the food-problem, but few know of the efficient help that he has had in his varied activities from the silent partner in the marital firm of H. C. Hoover & Company—the wife who stood beside him at the machine gun in the Boxer-beleaguered Legation in Tientsin, who aided and sustained him in his successful efforts to feed the starving Belgians, and who was the first one to whom he turned for assistance in his task of getting American tourists home when the war-cloud burst over Europe. Something of this helpmate of a famous husband is thus interestingly told by Nixola Greeley Smith in *The People's Home Journal:*

In August, 1914, when the world-war broke out, every American abroad had but one thought—to get back home as quickly as possible. From the first day of mobilization, thousands and thousands of men, women, and children began to pour into London from all parts of the continent, and all made for the same spot, the American Embassy.

Each had the same request to make of the American Ambassador—each asked him to arrange for his return to America by the first boat. Many of these American travelers had no money, no cash at least,

How a big bank executive won his way to success

John J. Arnold was born and reared on a farm and commenced his business career as bookkeeper and stenographer in the office of a furniture factory. In the years immediately following he filled a clerical position with a firm of attorneys and at the same time pursued the study of law.

Today he is Vice-President of the First National Bank of Chicago, Illinois, one of the largest and strongest banks in America. He holds many distinguished posts in bankers' associations and trade councils. He is a nationally quoted authority on international business problems. He has specialized in international banking, and is at the head of the International Banking Department of his institution.

What lies behind his career

When Mr. Arnold was in his teens a great railroad man said to him, "Never forget that the vital thing in business is fundamentals. Details you must dispose of. Fundamentals you must master." And on that advice he has built his career.

He has succeeded because he was always *prepared* when his opportunity came. He trained himself in advance for big executive work.

Men who know the big Chicago banker say that his fellow-clerks used to laugh at him for his industry in studying. They could not understand his eagerness to master business principles lying far beyond his immediate work.

The business course he selected

It was this same desire for broad business knowledge that led Mr. Arnold to enrol in the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

"A knowledge of fundamentals in business," Mr. Arnold wrote us recently, "is absolutely necessary to big business achievements. From personal knowledge of the Alexander Hamilton Institute Course, I am certain that every executive conscientiously pursuing it, will acquire important and valuable knowledge. This knowledge has greatly helped a goodly number of young business men, whom I know."

Based upon the actual experience of thousands of successful business men

The Institute collects, classifies and transmits thru the Modern Business Course and Service, the best thought and practice in modern business. It gives you a thoro and sound training in the fundamental principles underlying all departments of business.

In our national crisis today the need for this broad executive training is rapidly increasing. Men in all branches of business are being called upon to assume the work of others and to fill more responsible positions. This demand for trained executives will be even greater in the coming struggle for world markets. For men and for women who are prepared there will be more opportunities than ever before to succeed in a big way.

The kind of men enrolled

Presidents of big corporations are often enrolled for the Modern Business Course and Service along with ambitious young men in their employ. Among the 60,000 subscribers are such men as A. T. Hardin, Vice-President of the New York Central Lines; E. R. Behrend, President of the Hammermill Paper Co.; N. A. Hawkins, Manager of Sales, Ford Motor Co.; William C. D'Arcy, President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World; Melville W. Mix, President of the Dodge Mfg. Co., and scores of others equally prominent.

In the Standard Oil Co., 291 men are enrolled in the Alexander Hamilton Institute; in the U. S. Steel Corporation, 450; in the National Cash Register Co., 194; in the Pennsylvania Railroad, 108; in the General Electric Co., 300—and so on down the list of the biggest concerns in America.

Advisory Council

Business and educational authority of the highest standing is represented in the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. This Council includes Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York; Judge E. H. Gary, head of the U. S. Steel Corporation; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist; and Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce.

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A careful reading of the 135-page book, "Forging Ahead in Business," will show you how to prepare for the increasing number of business opportunities that are bound to come during the next few years. Every man or woman with either a business or a career to guide to bigger, surer success, should read this book. Simply fill out and send the coupon below.

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and letters of credit had become valueless over night. When Mr. Walter Hines Page, the American Ambassador, saw what was ahead of him, he had a flash of inspiration which he express in three words to a bewildered secretary.

"Telephone for Hoover!"

Hoover soon appeared, and within twenty-four hours, this quiet young American organized an American relief committee, telephoned to all the men he knew to bring him all the money they had, started hundreds of Americans back home, and arranged for transportation for thousands more. Before Herbert Clark Hoover finished the job to which the American Ambassador had summoned him every American in Europe who wanted to go home had started home.

And the first thing that Herbert Clark Hoover did, after he found out why the American Ambassador had telephoned him on August 2, was to telephone to somebody else.

The "somebody" was Mrs. Herbert Clark Hoover. She was playing with her two little sons in the high-walled garden of Red House, an old English manor in Kensington, when she got that momentous telephone call which was to change the whole routine of the Hoover family.

It had occurred to the highly systematic mind of her husband that there should be at once a Woman's Relief Committee to take charge of the American women and children who wanted to get home, and that Mrs. Herbert Hoover was just the woman he wanted to be at the head of it.

For Mrs. Hoover is Herbert Hoover's partner in the fullest sense of the word. She has shared her husband's life more completely perhaps than any other American wife. Before her marriage she was Miss Lou Henry. She was born in the quaint old town of Monterey, Cal. She went through the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Palo Alto, Cal., with her husband. She has accompanied him into all the remote corners of the earth where his work as a mining engineer has taken him. Side by side the Hoovers went through the Boxer rebellion in China. They participated in the defense of Tientsin in 1900. For six weeks Mr. and Mrs. Hoover and a handful of beleaguered Americans lived behind a barricade of sugar-barrels and rice-bags. Once when the supply of defenders fell short, Mr. Hoover enlisted to man a machine gun. And every afternoon at four o'clock Mrs. Hoover served tea behind the barricade, tapping one of the protecting sugar-bags to sweeten the beverage.

Mrs. Hoover's activities in suppressing the Boxer uprising were so energetic that her life was constantly in danger. The boldness and daring of the young American woman against the ruthless Chinese, who cared nothing for life, were eclipsed only by her strategy in escaping with her life. On several occasions the Chinese believed they had killed her, and, after her participation in the siege of Tientsin, she had the unusual experience of reading her own obituary in a Peking newspaper.

"There were three columns of it, too!" she said, telling of her experiences. "I was never so proud in my life!"

A few years after the Boxer rebellion the Hoovers were living in London. Mr. Hoover was the head of several mining companies situated all over the world, and the Hoovers' home in Kensington was the headquarters of most of the interesting Americans visiting Europe. The writer in *The Home Journal* continues:

Meantime, two little sons had come into the Hoover family. But this fact—these two facts, with capital letters—did not prevent Mrs. Herbert Hoover from helping her husband in the accomplishment of a work of which he had dreamed even when he was prospecting in New South Wales, developing mines in the interior of China, or manning a machine gun in Tientsin. Mrs. Hoover had specialized in geology at the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, and ever since their marriage, in 1899, she and "Bert," as Hoover's family and friends know him, had discust his desire to translate the first work ever written on mining and metals—a life-work by a German scholar, George Bauer, who wrote in Latin and signed his manuscript "Agricola." This quarto volume, "De Re Metallica," was written in a medieval Latin, and until the Hoovers undertook the task no scholar has ever been able to translate it. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hoover are Latin experts. Mrs. Hoover was the leading geologist of her class—Stanford '96. Mr. Hoover ranked among the great mining experts of the world.

Together the Hoovers turned this huge work into English. In March, 1914, at a dinner in the Biltmore Hotel, New York, a gold medal for the most distinguished achievement in mining and metallurgy, offered by the Mining and Metallurgical Society of America, was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover for their joint accomplishment. Together they had an equipment which no translators had ever possest, and with the foot-notes which they added to the original text they made their book a complete history of mining and metals down to the beginning of modern science.

In everything that Herbert Hoover has undertaken since, Mrs. Hoover has been his ablest collaborator. She was an active assistant in Belgian relief-work and she will be his "right-hand" and adviser in the business of organizing the food-supplies of this country.

In appearance, Mrs. Hoover is of medium height, of slender yet soft outlines. She has brown hair slightly touched with gray, and the youngest, merriest blue eyes. Her eyebrows are strongly marked, her nose is beautifully straight, and her mouth is full and ripe and generally parted in a humorous smile.

For Mrs. Hoover smiles very often, oftenest of all at her Quaker husband. It has been said of Herbert Hoover that he was born a Quaker and became an earth-quaker.

"If you want to get the gloomiest view of any subject on earth, ask Bert about it," she said once.

Herbert Hoover can be so silent that it hurts. Mrs. Hoover does the talking for the family, but not very much talking save by contrast with her taciturn husband.

The Hoover idea of a really good time is to pack a picnic basket, take the two little boys, motor into the country, and eat by the roadside. Mrs. Hoover became quite famous in London for the surprizes provided at her picnic luncheons.

For sometimes a handful of friends were allowed to share the family excursions into the country, and all came back telling marvelous tales of the sandwiches and

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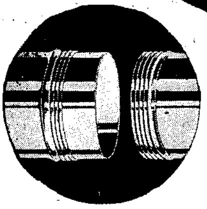
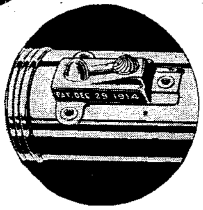


Telescopic Construction



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Kwiklite is far superior to the ordinary flashlight in design, construction and finish. The Telescopic Joint, Self-Locking Switch and Improved Reflector insure longer and more efficient service. Demand Kwiklite; the cost is no more and your satisfaction is much greater.

Seamless Batteries

Kwiklite Seamless Batteries are guaranteed for 25% longer service. They are an achievement attained after years of experimenting.

Each cell is encased in a one-piece seamless shell drawn from sheet zinc by special process. (No soldering whatever.) This and the specially compounded ingredients enable us to guarantee 25% longer burning life than any other flashlight battery of same size. Renew flashlights—any make—with Kwiklite Seamless Batteries.

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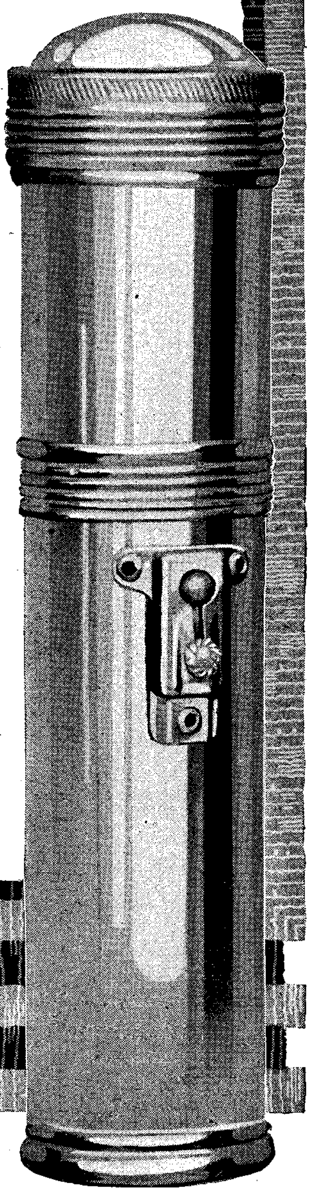
Telescopic Construction — another Kwiklite feature that sets it apart from the ordinary flashlight and protects you against substitution. The threaded joint strengthens the case and permits easy renewal or inspection of the battery.



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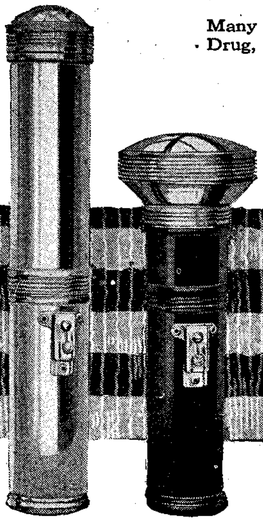

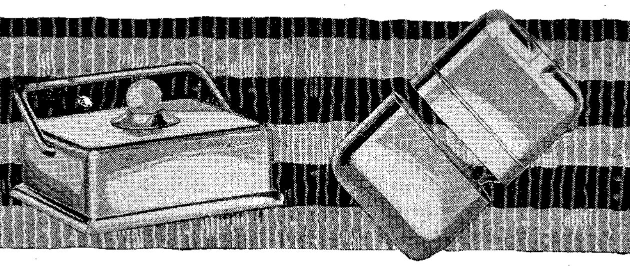

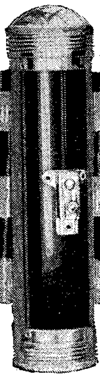

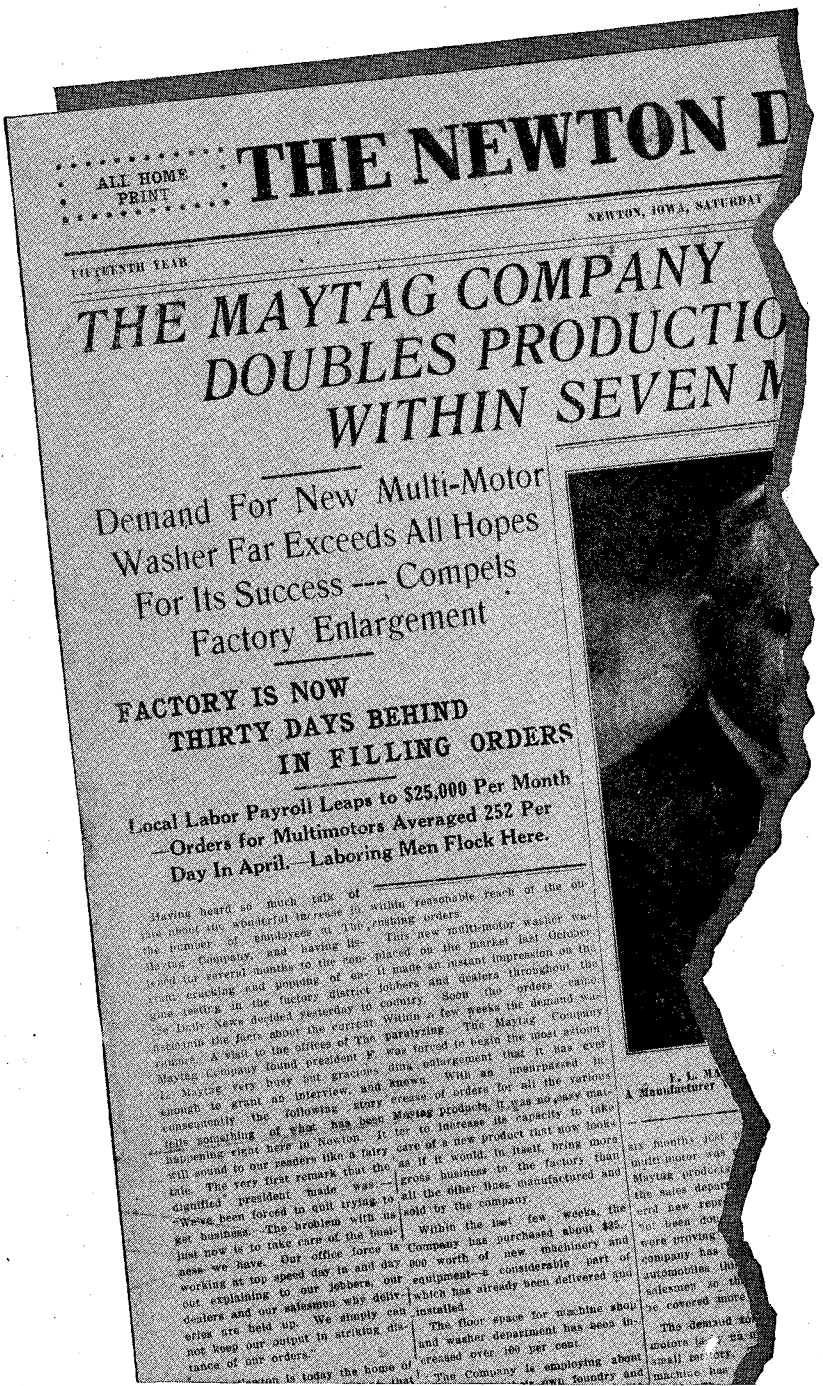

ALL HOME PRINT

THE NEWTON D

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Demand For New Multi-Motor Washer Far Exceeds All Hopes For Its Success --- Compels Factory Enlargement

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A Manufacturer

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Burroughs Direct-to-Ledger Posting arrived just in time to save them from being swamped.

Production more than doubled in seven months. Factory force increased nearly 150%. Floor space in two departments increased 100%. Orders pouring in from all over the world and the factory swamped.

And yet in the bookkeeping department the old force—two bookkeepers—handled this huge rush without inconvenience, without worry, without error.

When the Maytag Company was just about to be swamped by the rising flood of business, Mr. Maytag had Burroughs Direct-to-Ledger Posting Machines installed.

The accounts were transferred, and in less than a week the operator—who had never used a bookkeeping machine before—was operating the Burroughs with absolute efficiency.

The ledgers are now models of neatness and legibility. Every account is always balanced, and daily proof of posting is obtained in a few minutes.

It is Always Right Because Each Day's Posting is Right

Statements no longer make a steep peak of work at the month-end. The Burroughs is posting statements and ledgers *at the same time* through the month, so that once the trial balance is struck, there is nothing to do with the statements but fold them and mail them out.

Finally, to quote Mr. T. A. Moler, the secretary: "More than anything else, the bookkeepers appreciate the painless trial balance which the machine makes possible."

98 Burroughs Models

There are 98 different Burroughs machines—ranging from the small calculator to the big bookkeeping machine—a Burroughs for every business.

Your banker or telephone book will give you the address of the nearest of the 170 Burroughs offices in the United States and Canada.

Burroughs offices are also maintained in other principal cities of the world.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS—SAVE VALUABLE TIME

Burroughs

PRICED AS
LOW AS $125

The Maytag Company's bookkeeping team that kept ahead of the flood of new business.

stuffed eggs prepared by the brown-haired, laughing hostess who is not only a Latin scholar, a geologist, an author, and a mother, but one of the best housekeepers in the world.

You would know the Hoovers for Americans anywhere in the world. Notwithstanding the fact that they have lived most of their married life in England or in English colonies in the Orient, neither has a trace of the accent which some of our fellow citizens find it so easy to acquire after a fortnight in England and which they prize so highly among their possessions that they would like to mention it in their wills.

Until Mr. Hoover impoverished himself a second time by his work for Belgium, the Hoovers were wealthy. After he undertook the stupendous job of organizing Belgian relief, he did not have time to make money as an engineer, and his work for the Belgian Commission was, of course, entirely without compensation. When President Wilson asked him to take control of the food-situation in this country his first stipulation was that he should work for nothing and that all his assistants should be unpaid volunteers.

There are many women who might object if their husbands suddenly gave up a profession bringing in $150,000 a year to do relief-work for nothing—or, rather at great personal expense. There are wives who would have said: "Now, Bert, Belgian relief is all very well, and conserving the food-supply of America so that we can feed our Allies as well as ourselves is very fine, but what about me and the children? It is your duty to think of us first."

But Mrs. Hoover is not of that type. She could go out any time and make a living for herself and the children if the necessity should arise, and, to-day, her one idea about everything which concerns Herbert Hoover is that she is ready to give her heart and soul and mind to whatever he considers his most important work.

The Hoovers have been something of a puzzle to Washington, where every newcomer is supposed to have some ax to grind or a string to pull. The old-timers have asked one another the usual question, "What is he after?" without getting any satisfactory answer. But they feel quite sure that it was not money that he came for, since his salary and that of his assistants, is fixt at $1 per year. The fact that he has taken a job that is sure to make him many enemies and few friends would indicate that he has no political ambitions. But they are not content with the obvious answer that Hoover is in Washington to help the nation in a time of need. As to any possible social aspirations that the Hoovers may have, a writer in the New York *Tribune* says:

> They have no idea that Mr. Hoover is in search of social prestige, for they have learned that no man is more careless of social conventions.
>
> In British social circles Hoover was known as "the rudest man in London." Here in Washington, even when he has guests at dinner, he is likely to leave the table suddenly to telephone, and he not infrequently quits a party of guests without explanations in order to write down something that has occurred to him as worth recording.
>
> But the best proof of all is found in the fact that his great abilities as an organizer being well recognized in Great Britain in the early days of the war, he was offered a post of great responsibility by the British Government, which would have necessitated his giving up his American citizenship. He declined the offer without the slightest hesitation. To have accepted it would have meant a certain "Sir" before his name, and the probability of a peerage after the war.

FERDINAND THE MYSTERIOUS

CZAR FERDINAND of Bulgaria is a man of peace, who much prefers art and beauty to the horrors of war. He dislikes the sight of blood extremely, and battle-fields must be carefully cleaned up before he visits them; and that this may not happen frequently he has developed a habit of disappearing from the ken of his subjects—in fact, for the greater part of the year few know where he is hiding. His people call him "Ferdinand Tainstveni," which in plain English means "Ferdinand the Mysterious." He longs for the end of the war that he may return to the life on his farm or the studios. A Philadelphia *Public Ledger* correspondent thus wrote of the Balkan monarch in the latter part of May:

> For nine months of the year few know where he is. Sometimes, for a few days, he stays with the Army, well at the rear; sometimes he drives headlong down Sofia's boulevard of the Czar Liberator, and Sofiotes discover that he is at his palace, and sometimes newspapers record that he has sent congratulatory telegrams to Vienna or Berlin. Once, of late, he has seen Kaiser Wilhelm and once Kaiser Karl. But most of the time Ferdinand so keeps out of sight that legends spread about his death, and Sofia swears that a dummy drest up as Ferdinand is doing Ferdinand's work.
>
> Ferdinand lately visited the Dobrudja, and through a quarrel with his own General Kutintcheff revealed why he keeps in the background. Ferdinand is a man of peace and diplomacy, he has a particular distaste for blood and ugly sights, and an overpowering passion for making war as clean, pleasant, and nerve-restful as war could conceivably be. So, before he visits an army that has been fighting or a battle-field that has seen slaughter, he insists that all signs of human passion, cruelty, and disorder shall be decently swept away. And Ferdinand went to Dobritch. At Dobritch a German-Bulgarian Army had been locked in desperate struggle with a Russo-Bulgarian; the German-Bulgarians in the fight and the battle-field showed the usual ugly war-relics and residues.
>
> When Ferdinand reached Schumla fortress, thirty miles off, his military secretary telegraphed to General Kutintcheff saying that he would come along when the mess had been cleared up—when the dead were buried, when the wounded, if not sent to the rear, had been drest and washed. Ferdinand was anxious to see the Russian trenches. The reply from the front said that things would be in order by the

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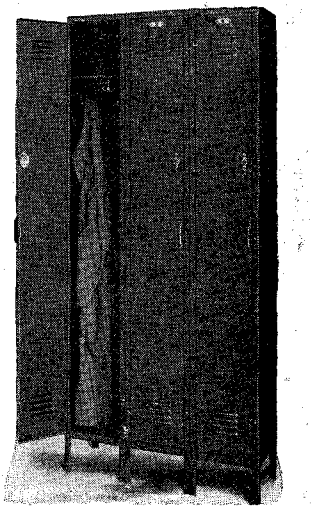

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It was a Fountain Pen that made the CZAR of RUSSIA just plain Mr. Romanoff.

From Isaac F. Marcosson's article "The Rebirth of Russia" in Everybody's Magazine for July, 1917.

"The Duma representatives found him in a dimly lit carriage of the royal train. He was pale, nervous, and care-worn. The real facts of this memorable occasion do not disclose the heroic renunciation that has been credited to it. The Emperor of all the Russias was alone—deserted by all the creatures he had raised to base eminence. He did the only thing that was left to do.

"'Tell me the truth,' he asked.

"'All the troops in Petrograd are on our side,' replied Gutchoff. 'It is useless to send more regiments. They will go over as soon as they reach the city.'

"'I know it,' replied the Czar. After a pause he continued: 'What do you want me to do?'

"'Your Majesty must abdicate in favor of the Heir Apparent under the regency of Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch. Such is the will of the new government we are forming under Prince Lvoff,' was Gutchoff's command.

"'I can not part with my boy,' spoke the monarch with the only emotion that the scene had evoked. 'I will hand the throne to my brother.'

"The man who had been a godhead looked helplessly around, and then, speaking in the most matter-of-fact way, said: 'Have you a sheet of paper?'

"A blank sheet was produced and with a fountain pen lent by Gutchoff was written the manifesto that signed away the most complete power that any modern ruler has known."

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WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN
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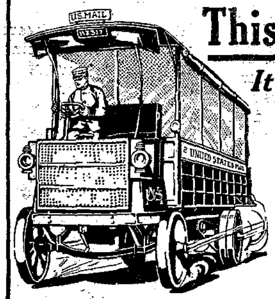

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The United States Post-Office

By DANIEL C. ROPER, Vice-Chairman, United States Tariff Commission, First Assistant Postmaster-General, 1913-1916.

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because it tells the story of the great Government department that is most vitally concerned with your welfare, whether you merely write and receive letters or are yourself a cog in the machinery that whisks them by thousands from point to point—a story alive with interest, replete with information, and as fascinatingly written as a romance, which indeed it is.

It is a Study in Efficiency

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morning. When Ferdinand arrived in the morning things seemed to be in order; all the wounded had been put out of sight, and all the dead slept under neat, white crosses. But when Ferdinand descended into the first Russian dugout a disgraceful sight struck him. It was an unburied corpse.

Disgusted, Ferdinand rushed up, entered his motor-car and left Dobritch for the rear. Kutintcheff was so sharply reproved for letting a dead man irritate Ferdinand's nerves that he sent in his resignation, and took it back only when Commander-in-Chief Geschoff intervened and promised that no dead man or other ugly sights should be left on any battle-field in future. Slanderers affirm that Ferdinand avoids battle-fields because he fears for his own safety. Ferdinand's friends say that his real motive is delicacy and dread of the ugly and unesthetic. Friends and enemies agree that he is a diplomat first and a man of war last. For nearly a year he has been trying secret diplomacy with the aim of making a comfortable separate peace, and getting the Allies to recognize enough of his conquest of Macedonia to satisfy his by no means moderate subjects.

In the cotton-spinning town of Jamboli there is a young man named Yuzhoff who has strong revolutionary tendencies. In 1916 he took to the hills and cried, "Down with Ferdinand!" Hunger drove him back to Jamboli, and Ferdinand, disliking violence, overlooked his little revolt. The *Ledger's* correspondent writes:

Yuzhoff says that Ferdinand sent his envoy, Grekoff, to Stockholm solely in order to plan a separate peace. Bulgaria has no interests or policy in Stockholm, but Stockholm is the nearest capital to Petrograd, and Ferdinand dreams of propitiating Russia. In the early summer of 1916, when Bulgaria's chances looked black, owing to Brussiloff's successful offensive against Austria and Germany, Ferdinand was willing to accept the Lower Vardar Valley in southeast Servia, and for that he was ready to turn his back on Germany, Austria, and Turkey. Last January Bulgaria's position was stronger, owing to Roumania's defeat, and the Ferdinand had made a speech proclaiming that he intended to keep the Roumanian Dobrudja, he tried to negotiate on the basis of giving all Roumanian territory back. But he wanted all of Servian Macedonia. Yuzhoff declares that Ferdinand changes his conditions for a separate peace every day and even every hour, according as fortune frowns or smiles upon him and his Allies.

"Czar Ferdinand," says Yuzhoff, "is an accurate barometer of the war. His policy toward the different alternatives of peace, war, or compromise oscillates without ceasing. When the smallest advantage is gained by his Army or by the Germans, Austrians, or Turks, he immediately sends up his terms, and he lets his envoy, Grekoff, know them by cable. If the Bulgarians take ten prisoners, Ferdinand within ten minutes demands ten square miles extra of Servian land; if Bulgaria loses a trench his terms next day fall a little; if England breaks through a wire-entanglement on the Somme, he grows sweetly reasonable; if Italy loses a transport-ship in the Mediterranean he demands an extra town or a new mountain pass. Any one who follows closely Ferdinand's negotiations could, without any further knowledge, write a history of the ups and downs of the war."

Ferdinand's intrigues for peace and treason are a prime cause of his mysterious disappearances. The wonderful tale circulates in Sofia that he disappeared last August, on a visit to Czar Nicholas II. in Kief. When Ferdinand is away his women-folk run the country's civil affairs. Crown Prince Boris is always with the Army, and his brother Cyril is uncommonly stupid and idle. As Ferdinand's second wife, Princess Eleonora of Reuss-Strelitz, who was a nurse before her marriage, is nothing but a nurse still, the real work has to be done by Ferdinand's eldest daughter, Eudoxia, aged nineteen.

Eudoxia is the cleverest member of Ferdinand's family. She manages the Sofia palace, receives ministers and envoys and apologizes to them for Ferdinand's mysterious absences; runs Ferdinand's farm at Vitosch when Ferdinand is not hiding there; directs his business speculations and his enormous private wealth, and, in particular, runs his big land-development scheme around Chaskovo, near the Turkish frontier. Eudoxia is black-eyed, lively, and pretty, with an ambition, Sofia declares, to be married quickly, and cynics add that Ferdinand chose the German side instead of the Allies' because Germany has vast supplies of bridegrooms of royal, princely, and ducal blood. In Sofia, Eudoxia is known as "Balkanska Dieva"—the Maid of the Balkans. In summer she makes solitary tours in the hills, puts up in shepherds' huts, and shocks Ferdinand, who is a timid man with a sharp distrust of his subjects, and a faith, inherited from a thousand years of Bourbon ancestors, that women, like men, of royal blood are three times sacred.

Ferdinand and Prime Minister Radoslavoff are on bad terms because Ferdinand never speaks his mind to ministers and tries to run Bulgaria through men who have no political qualifications. Such are Ferdinand's present two advisers, Schopoff, former prefect of Sofia, and Alexis Kara-Alexeyeff. Schopoff is Ferdinand's most devoted friend. He gained Ferdinand's friendship during the last Balkan War by the splendid way in which within three days of the expulsion of the Turks from Kirk-Kilisseh he cleansed the town from blood and ugliness and turned it into a paradise for Ferdinand. Ferdinand then discovered for the first time how agreeable and restful war can be made.

Kara-Alexeyeff is a half-Bulgarian, half-Turk. As head of the bodyguard he draws a bigger salary than the Premier. He is a shady individual who first gained fame by inventing evidence against ex-Foreign Minister Gennadieff, whom Ferdinand put on trial on the charge of taking bribes from the Allies. Schopoff and Kara-Alexeyeff go with Ferdinand everywhere on his mystic flittings. They play cards with him at night, see that the streets are well swept wherever he goes, and take care that no corpses or other ugly war-products shall be in sight.

Among the passions which keep Ferdinand away from the Army are art and farming. He is trying to improve the Bulgarian stage, and he was very angry when he heard that the army conscript authorities had kidnaped all the best actors of the National Theater. Sofia's greatest artist, Ivan Wulpe, who plays the part of *Mephistopheles*, was at the front.

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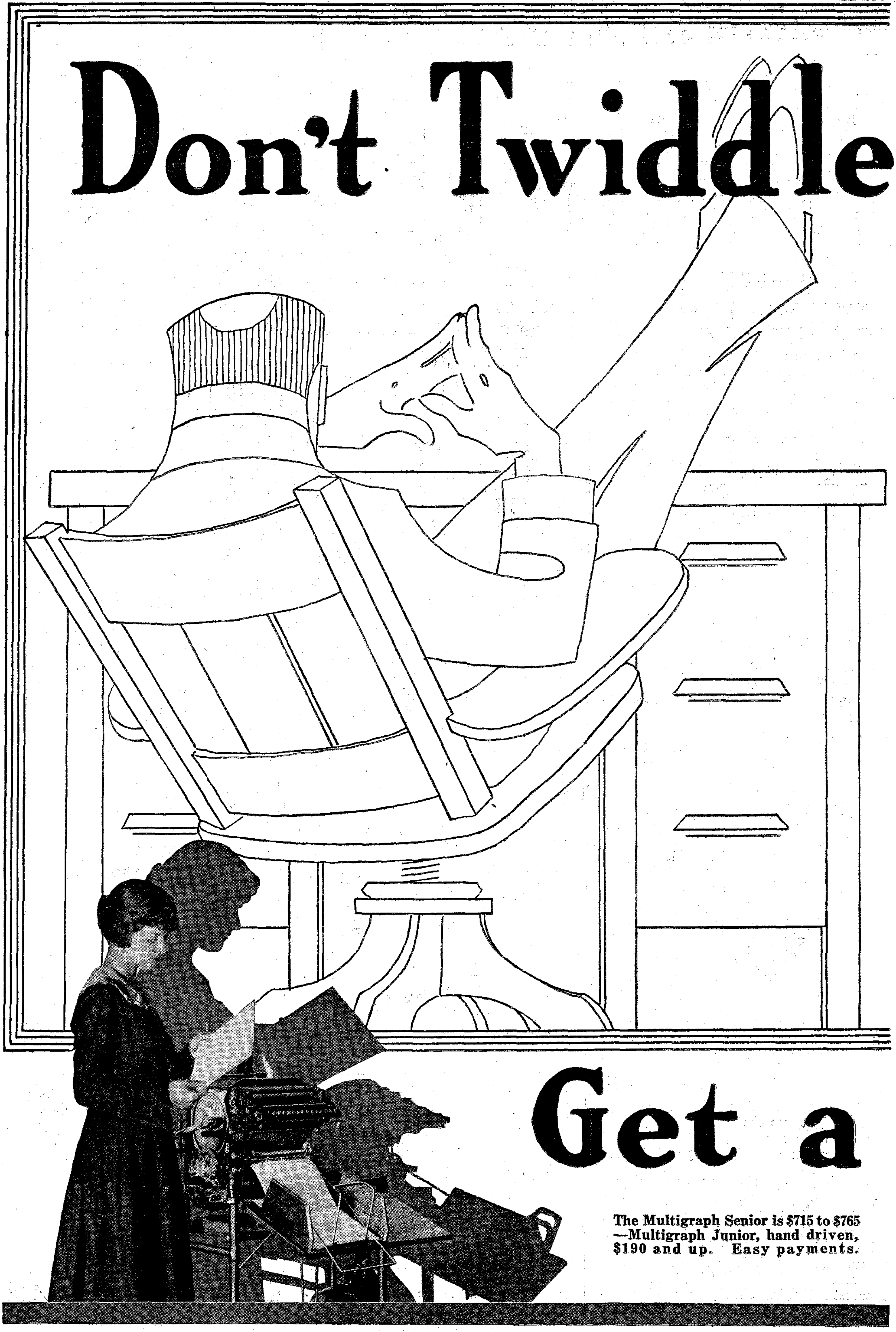

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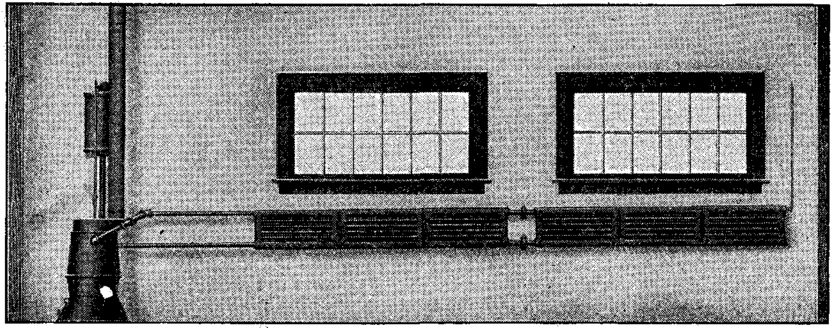

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In dread lest he should be killed, Ferdinand had him turned into a Red-Cross bearer.

When Ferdinand is not hiding or inspecting neatly swept battle-fields he is mostly with Schopoff and Kara-Alexeyeff at Vitosch. Vitosch is a seven-thousand-foot-high mountain overhanging Sofia city, and there Ferdinand has a farm. It is a big farm which employs in peace-time two hundred men, and on it Ferdinand breeds cattle and tries to grow new plants. When aged seventeen he traveled with his brother through Brazil, and on the results he wrote a book called "Itinera Principum S. Coburgi." Months before the war he invited to Vitosch the botanist, Lepsius, of Halle, and bade him lay out a botanical garden of plants that would flourish in Vitosch's high climate. When Lepsius went home to fight, Ferdinand laid out the garden himself. He prefers plants to war. When his Bulgarians are fighting Servians on the Czerna, Roumanians in Wallachia, and Russians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Italians all over the map, serene Ferdinand is at Vitosch, peering at winter blossoms under glass and speculating as to why *Campanula rotundifolia* likes dry meadows; why *Centaurea cyanus* grows in corn-fields, and why *Rosa rubiginosa* is red.

Ferdinand has many interests. The late Stambuloff said that his many interests would bring him to ruin. He does not concentrate his mind, even when fighting for his throne—or maybe for his life, for Bulgarians are a dour, ugly, and tough race, who remember their defeat of 1913, and will give Ferdinand short shrift as an adventurer if he loses the game a second time.

THE WORLD'S SUPERBUYER

WALL STREET was not greatly surprized when Bernard M. Baruch sold his seat on the Stock Exchange recently, and severed his connection with the financial district. The close friends of one of the most spectacular operators in the "Street" since the day of James R. Keene had known for some time that Mr. Baruch desired to give all of his attention to the war-work of the nation. He is not only a member of the Council of National Defense, but also has been appointed by President Wilson to supervise all purchases of food, munitions, and supplies to be made in this country by the Entente Governments as well as those of the United States, which in the aggregate will amount to $10,000,000,000 during the current year. "Barney" Baruch, as his friends call him, is forty-seven years old. Twenty years ago he was working as a clerk in a Wall Street office. To-day he is estimated to be worth "between $10,000,000 and $20,000,000." The New York *Annalist* says of him:

> His name is not in "Who's Who in America," nor even in "Who's Who in New York"; he does not hold a line in the "Directory of Directors." He has never been called a captain of industry nor a genius in organization, because he has not had any considerable amount of experience in that line. All the world at large knows of him is that he used to be

a big speculator in stocks; a gambler, most people called him.

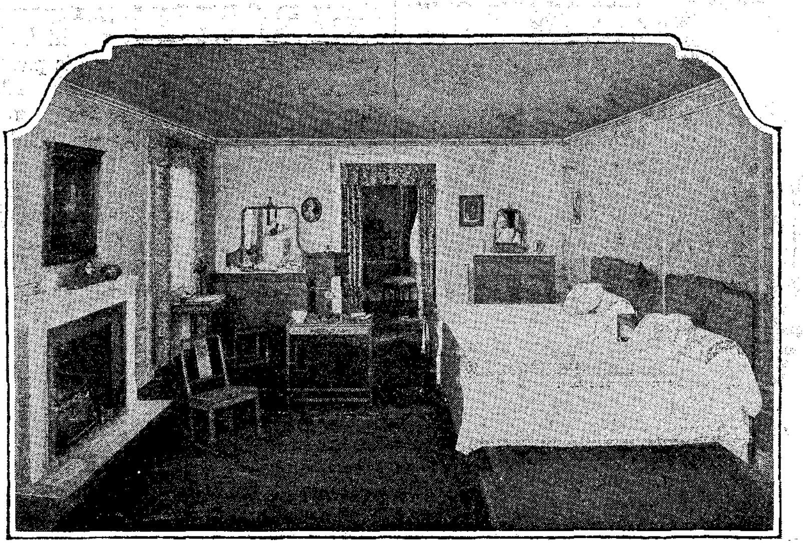
The rapid shift in the fortunes of Bernard M. Baruch would have been impossible in any other day. It would have been impossible in the case of almost any other man. With Baruch almost anything is possible, because he is an opportunist by trade and training. He wears no shackles such as bind the ordinary middle-aged, successful man.

When he was summoned to Washington to serve as a member of the Advisory Council of National Defense, he did not have to call half a dozen board meetings to arrange for the appointment of a successor nor spend a week in frenzied efforts to readjust his business to fit his absence. That is not Baruch's way. He prest a button that summoned a secretary, told her where he was going, and left. With just as much fuss, and no more, he has slipt away many times for a week or a fortnight's shooting on his South Carolina estate.

The work that he has been doing with the Advisory Council is the first really serious job Baruch has had. He has worked seriously at other things, because what he does he does earnestly, but it has made little difference to any one but Baruch before whether the work was well done. When he started his business experience, after being graduated from the College of the City of New York, he went into a brokerage office, where he spent so much time delving into industrial and railroad manuals that his employer predicted he would never make a trader. Baruch proved him wrong by piling up a million dollars in record time, according to legend in the Street. Having made that, he discovered that there was no easier way in the world to get a living than to trade in stocks and bonds. He became a member of the Exchange, and soon piled another million on top of his first. He did it by using his brain more and his ears less than his fellow traders. He played the speculative game as much for the fun he got out of it as anything. When he took losses he did not let them worry him.

Baruch is tall—he stands over six feet—spare, and quick-moving. His hair is black, with broad streaks of gray. He has an engaging personality, talks emphatically and interestingly on any subject, and speaks his mind freely. He numbers some of the biggest men in New York among his close friends, and lunches with them every day when down-town. His offices on the seventh floor of the Trinity Building are characteristic of the man. The main room, looking out over Broadway and the old churchyard, is filled with trophies of the hunt. The hallway is lined with mounted specimens of big fish. He has no customers but himself, and nearly all of his work is handled by two women secretaries, in both of whom he puts absolute confidence. There is no ticker in the room in which he works.

"Barney" Baruch enjoys as high a reputation for scrupulous honesty as any man in the Street. His conception of honesty sometimes puzzles Wall Street. Two years ago he was allotted a large block of stock in a new industrial company at the underwriting price. When he got his notice the stock showed him a profit of nearly half a million. He returned the stock, with the explanation that as a member of the Advisory Council he could have nothing to do with it.



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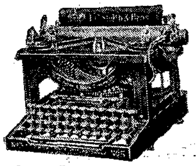

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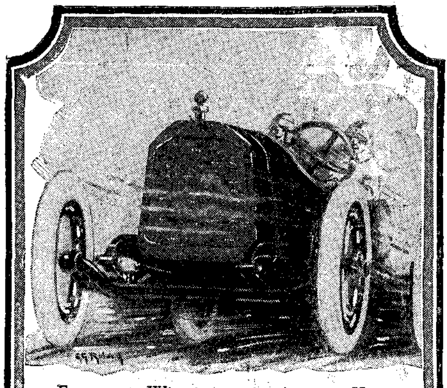

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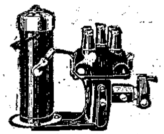

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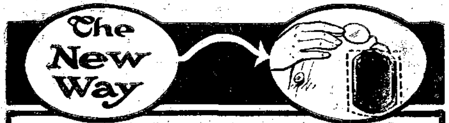

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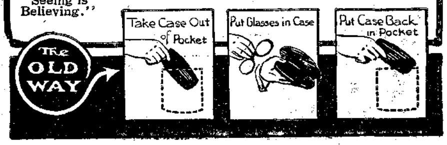

Take Case Out of Pocket
Put Glasses in Case
Put Case Back in Pocket
The OLD WAY

It is odd that a man of his antecedents should be chosen for such important and confidential work, or it would be in any other country but this, for his parents are German. His father is Dr. Simon Baruch, one of the most famous surgeons in the United States, who was wounded in the Civil War.

Baruch dropt out of the market the instant word came from Washington that the Advisory Council was needed there. He had previously resigned as Governor of the Stock Exchange. He engaged quarters in the Munsey Building in Washington, and has not only served without pay, but has met all expenses out of his own pocket.

As a member of the Advisory Council it was arranged that Baruch should have charge of mining and metals in the defense program. In that capacity he persuaded copper producers to sell 45,000,000 pounds of the metal to the Government at 16⅝ cents a pound when the prevailing price was above 30 cents. Afterward he obtained steel at about half the market price, under a similar arrangement. Since that time, according to popular report, he has championed the metal men's cause in a fight Secretary Daniels has made to have all needs, both for this Government and the Allies, supplied on the same basis.

Baruch has demonstrated a wonderful ability for getting things done expeditiously without becoming ensnarled in red tape, and as this quality is essential above all others at this critical time, it is likely that he will justify the expectations which the Administration has of him.

It was not until the "leak" inquiry by Congress into the charge that advance information of the President's peace-note had reached Washington that the general public became aware that "Barney" Baruch was many times a millionaire. For so spectacular an operator he had escaped personal publicity to an unusual degree. Of the Congressional incident, the New York *Sun* says:

> Mr. Baruch's name was prominently mentioned among the group of financial men who had cleaned up fortunes just at the time. Mr. Baruch willingly appeared at the inquisition. He testified frankly that he had made more than half a million dollars on the short side of the market when the peace-note was published, but denied he had had the slightest foreknowledge that the note was forthcoming.
>
> An evidence of Mr. Baruch's amazing financial acumen was displayed when he testified before the Rules Committee why he had begun his short-selling operations almost a week before the President's peace-note was made public. The single word "but" included in a cabled speech of Lloyd George meant nothing to the rest of Wall Street or the country as it came off the ticker, but it had much to do with Mr. Baruch's success during the next few days, inasmuch as the "but" in the interview caused him to believe that the way was being left open for peace-negotiations.
>
> "The thing that affected the market," Mr. Baruch explained to the Congressional investigators listening with rapt attention, "was the von Bethmann-Hollweg peace-offer. That was followed by the Lloyd George speech, which gave the opening for peace-negotiations. It was natural after these that men's minds would be turned toward the possibility of peace and its effects.
>
> "Lloyd George's speech was notice that the door was not closed. Seeing this, I sold the market short on Tuesday before the speech was made, and during the speech, particularly when he said the word 'but.' "
>
> That was Mr. Baruch's last spectacular plunge in the Street. With the gathering of the war-clouds over our own country he gave more and more of his time to our war-preparations. Upon the formation of the National Council of Defense, Mr. Baruch was asked to accept a place on the advisory commission of the Council, and did so at great financial loss to himself.

NEW YORK'S "FIGHTING MAYOR"

THE duty of a mayor is to be right and speak out—so reads the catechism of John Purroy Mitchel, who has the largest job of city-fathering in the country. Indeed, some people consider that his job is a more difficult one than is that of being President of the United States, yet this simple formula suffices. Mr. Julian Street in *Collier's* says that he asked Mayor Mitchel:

> "No matter how straight and clean a man may wish to be, doesn't he have to compromise a little bit now and then if he's in politics? Doesn't he have to trim and be artful, sometimes?"
>
> "No," returned the Mayor promptly. "A man in public office has to associate sometimes with men he doesn't like to associate with, but the idea of being 'slick,' of 'playing the game,' is the old idea—the Tammany idea. I don't believe a man has to stoop to such devices. To my mind there is only one course to pursue: *Be right and speak out.*"
>
> On being told that Mr. Street had come to get material for a story, the Mayor asked:
>
> "What sort of story do you want?"
>
> "I want to find out what kind of a man you are," Mr. Street explained cheerfully. The Mayor smiled. "Well," he said, "if it will be of any use to you to have the run of my office, just make yourself at home."

Accordingly the writer sat down, and one of the interesting results is the following clean-cut portrait:

> The Mayor was seated at the Duncan Fyffe table he uses as a desk. The top of it was almost entirely clear of papers, and there was no desk telephone. A man was sitting in a chair beside his desk, talking. Evidently he had a long story to tell. The Mayor listened intently. Every now and then he put in a brief question which made me think, somehow, of a long and very sharp instrument, like a rapier, which found its way between the bones and muscles of the story and touched a vital spot. I don't remember what they were talking about, but I recall very definitely the way the Mayor's questions flashed in, through the bulk of the visitor's volubility, reaching always an essential point. But perhaps his questions were, after all, less like rapier-thrusts than skilful manipulations of a scalpel. A rapier-thrust suggests combat, and the Mayor was, in fact, trying to help his

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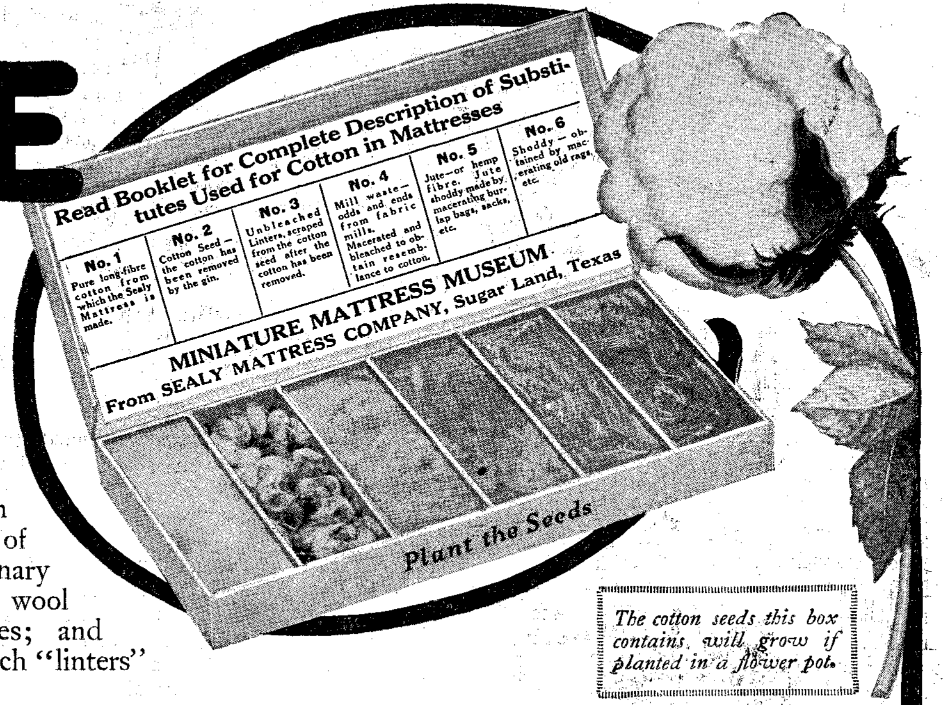
This Little Box Tells the Truth About Mattress Values—

Look into it and you will find why the Sealy is better than any other mattress.

This box contains a sample of the long-fibre air-woven cotton used in the Sealy—a sample of the short cotton used in ordinary mattresses; mill waste and wool shoddy used in felt mattresses; and samples of cotton seed from which "linters" are scraped.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No. 1 Pure long-fibre cotton from which the Sealy Mattress is made.
No. 2 Cotton Seed — the cotton has been removed by the gin.
No. 3 Unbleached Linters, scraped from the cotton seed after the cotton has been removed.
No. 4 Mill waste — odds and ends from fabric mills. Macerated and bleached to obtain resemblance to cotton.
No. 5 Jute—or hemp fibre. Jute shoddy made by macerating burlap bags, sacks, etc.
No. 6 Shoddy — obtained by macerating old rags, etc.
MINIATURE MATTRESS MUSEUM
From SEALY MATTRESS COMPANY, Sugar Land, Texas
Plant the Seeds

The cotton seeds this box contains will grow if planted in a flower pot.

Mail the coupon at the bottom and we will send you one of these interesting miniature mattress museums. See for yourself why "Sleeping on a Sealy is like sleeping on a cloud."

The Sealy Sanitary Tuftless Mattress

You Sleep Soundly on a Sealy — ask any alarmclock

Triple Guarantee

1. **We Guarantee** the Sealy to be made of Pure Long-Fibre Cotton, without Linters or Mill-Waste.
2. **We Guarantee** the Sealy for Twenty Years against becoming Lumpy or Bunchy.
3. **We Guarantee** that after Sixty Nights Trial you will pronounce the Sealy the most Comfortable Mattress you have ever used, or your money back.

Should the Mattress fail in any one of these conditions, when subjected to ordinary use, on presenting this Contract, we will replace the Mattress or refund the purchase price.

Sealy Mattress Co.

Luxuriously Comfortable—Economical

FILLED with a single five-foot batt of pure, new, long-fibre cotton. Air-woven into a single inseparable unit by our special process. The smooth surface gives soft, even support to every part of the body. Guaranteed for 20 years against packing, spreading or becoming lumpy. It never has to be remade.

No tufts break the smooth oval of the Sealy surface—hence no leather tabs to catch dirt and no stitch holes to permit the entrance of foreign matter. The Sealy Pillow, also made by the Sealy Process, is a sweet, clean, odorless head rest.

SEALY MATTRESS CO., Sugar Land, Texas

"Sleeping on a Sealy

like sleeping on a cloud"

This slogan and the trade mark stand for the best in mattress values. For thirty-five years we have been making the SEALY MATTRESS exactly as it is today.

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Send me free and without obligation on my part, box containing samples of cotton and cotton seeds.

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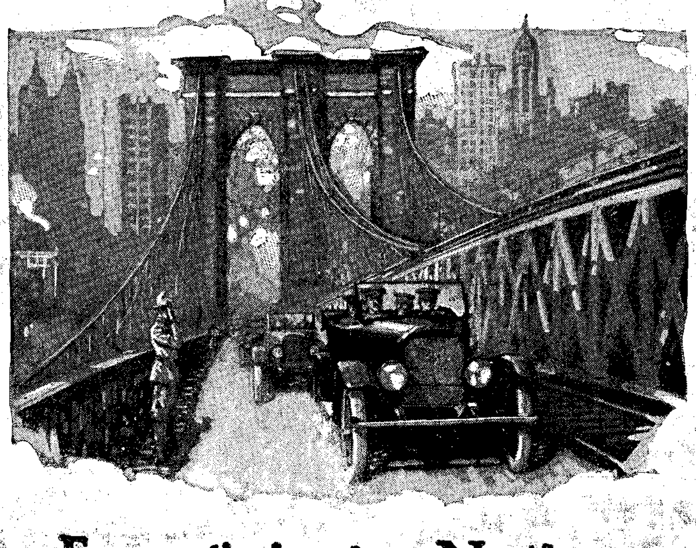

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The great Continental army of pleasure cars and motor trucks is in motion. In war as in peace the Continental Motor is energizing America—moving its burdens, carrying its people, gearing the nation to higher speed. Now as always, it serves—efficiently, loyally. More than ever, it justifies its proud title of America's standard motor.

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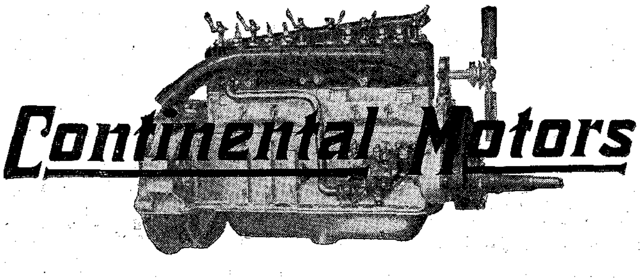

Are You Prolonging or Shortening Your Life?

THIS is a supremely important question for every one of us, but how many can answer it intelligently? You, for instance, may be unconsciously shortening your days at this moment. There is a new knowledge, the product of modern scientific research, by following which you can prolong your life. It is clearly and practically set forth in ***"How to Live,"*** by Professor Irving Fisher and Eugene Lyman Fisk, M.D., of the Life Extension Institute, with a Foreword by William Howard Taft. It is the best and cheapest life insurance policy ever issued. Invest in it to-day. It will cost you $1.00; by mail, $1.12.

Do You Know the Effect of Alcohol and Tobacco on Your System?

Do you realize what effective measures the excessive smoker or drinker is taking to cut down his period of usefulness, how he lowers his vitality and undermines his powers of resisting disease? Have you read the life insurance statistics on the subject? They are illuminating. This book gives you the cold facts, makes clear the probable physical cost of indulgence, and leaves you to decide for yourself.

Are You Aware What Intelligent Eating and Drinking Can Do to Prolong Life?

Have you ever studied the nutrition problem from this point of view? Do you know which foods are wholesome and which harmful? Are you informed as to the quantity and the variety your system needs? This book will show you how to get real vital value out of every dollar you spend on food and how to avoid poisoning your system by improper feeding.

Do You Understand the Relation of Right Breathing and Right Exercise to Health?

Have you ever learned to breathe properly, so as to energize and refresh your whole body? Do you take sufficient exercise of the sort that meets your particular requirements? Are you helping your body to eliminate waste products? In this book you will find recommendations that will make you over physically, if properly followed. It will go far towards making and keeping you young.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

caller say what he had to say. Each question that he asked cut away unessentials. Without the questions the operation might have lasted half an hour. With them it was over in five minutes.

The lines upon which the Mayor is built are those of speed. He doesn't fumble—mentally or physically. His mind and his muscles are perfectly coordinated. When he reaches out his hand for anything his long fingers take it up cleanly. He doesn't spill tobacco when he fills his pipe. And in the same way his brain reaches out for things and takes them without spilling.

Having seen him only at a distance, or sitting, I had not realized his height. He must stand six feet. He carries his shoulders back, and his head is finely poised. When, at the age of thirty-four, he was elected—the youngest of New York's ninety-seven mayors—his hair was brown. Now, after four years, it is sprinkled with gray. At the middle of his high forehead the hair grows down to one of those picturesque points called a "widow's peak," which accentuates his look of quick intelligence.

Mayor Mitchel isn't one of those silk-hat-and-frock-coat mayors. He doesn't go in for "front." He is just a nice, slim, clean, human-looking, and exceedingly magnetic fellow, too taken up with real things to bother with self-consciousness or self-importance. The more you are with him the more absolutely certain you become that he is genuine all through, with that kind of genuineness which is born in some men and is as much a part of them as their hide.

Perhaps the most typical application cited of Mayor Mitchel's "be right and speak out" principle is the incident of his appearance before the legislative committee under State Senator Thompson which was investigating the matter of wire-tapping in the charities scandal. It will be remembered that Charities Commissioner Kingsbury, becoming convinced that a conspiracy existed, presented to the Mayor the information upon which his suspicions were based. Mr. Street goes on:

> At this time a legislative committee, headed by State Senator Thompson, was sitting in New York, ostensibly investigating the Public Service Commission. It had run out of material, and, in order to keep on the front page of the newspapers, had started to look into the matter of wire-tapping. The committee announced publicly that it would summon the Mayor and other city officials to give the name of every telephone subscriber whose wire had ever been tapped, and what had been learned upon it, regardless of the effect that such exposure might have upon the detection and punishment of crime.
>
> When the Mayor took the stand he attempted to put into the record the conversation of certain priests heard over the telephone. Senator Thompson tried to stop him. He did not succeed. The Mayor insisted that, inasmuch as the committee had chosen to take up the matter, he would lay all the facts before it. If the members of the committee did not care to hear what he had to say, they could retire, and he would continue to read to the roomful of spectators. The

chairman invited the Mayor to go with the committee into executive session behind closed doors. The Mayor refused, saying that he had nothing to hide. The committee did then retire into executive session, without the Mayor, but finally came out and—"under protest"—permitted the Mayor to give the conversations taken over the wires.

This he did, and the remarkable story of the conspiracy, as revealed by telephonic conversations between its participants, was made public.

The Mayor's action in this matter, more perhaps than in any other, has caught the popular fancy, and has caused him to be spoken of as the "Fighting Mayor." I am informed that among his supporters are thousands of Roman Catholics who resent the insinuation that their votes can be delivered *en bloc* against him, and for such a reason.

The story of how Mayor Mitchel got his start is as interesting as it is characteristic. He was a young man of twenty-four when he laid the foundation of his reputation. The Bureau of Municipal Research had made a study of the methods of the Tammany Borough President, "Johnny" Ahearn, and had pointed out some rotten spots to Mayor McClellan, who told William B. Ellison, then corporation counsel, to assign one of his assistants to conduct the investigation. Ellison's office was pretty busy, so instead of assigning one of his regular assistants, he appointed a young man from outside. Robert Adamson, now Fire Commissioner, then a newspaper reporter, went to see the Mayor about the appointment. Mr. Street thus quotes Mr. Adamson:

"'He's a young friend of mine,' he said to me, 'a nephew of Henry D. Purroy, who used to be Fire Commissioner. He's just a kid. Why don't you go down and see him?'

"Well, I went down to Mitchel's little law office somewhere off Nassau Street, to have a talk with him and find out what he was likely to do. He *was* a kid, all right——he was like a gosling with the fuzz on him—lean, lank, long-necked, and embarrassed at having to talk to a newspaper man. The interview I published next day was the first one anybody ever had with him. As a matter of fact, I wasn't very much imprest with him—that is, before Mitchel began his investigation.

"But you ought to have seen him pitch in! He has a great gift of imagination, as well as courage and industry, and he saw this as a God-sent opportunity. Instead of the expected perfunctory investigation he made it a real one, and in spite of his inexperience he was so frank and simple and boyish and busy that any one could see he was on the level. Every day he got more pep and confidence. And in that connection I want to say that he is growing still. If I don't see him for a few weeks I can detect the signs of development in him, even in that short space of time.

"To make a long story short, Ahearn was removed on the strength of Mitchel's report. Then he went ahead and investigated other borough presidents, and they were removed. After that it was the Water Board which was building the new Catskill system. That investigation

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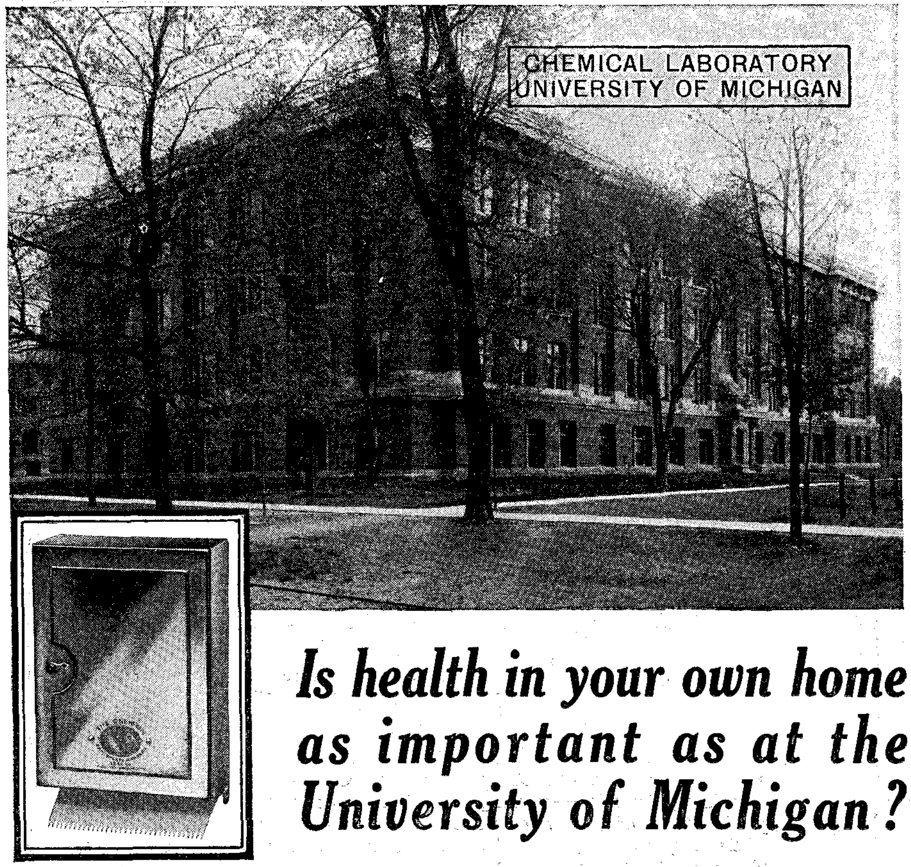

Is health in your own home as important as at the University of Michigan?

Efficient sanitation and hygiene are given most careful consideration these days by our leading educational institutions, sanitariums, hospitals, efficient factories and model office buildings.

In such institutions every modern improvement is used to safeguard the individual against infection and disease. The precautions taken are specially stringent when they have to do with toilet room equipment.

The sanitary system now in use by thousands of these modern institutions is

THE ONLIWON HYGIENE

The ONLIWON System is the improved toilet paper dispensed by means of the ONLIWON protecting cabinet.

ONLIWON paper is made from the very best grade of new materials—soft, firm sheets—cut and folded by machinery—delivered for use in packages of 1000 sheets.

The ONLIWON cabinet protects these sheets from dust and other contaminating influences—serves the sanitary sheets to you, two at time, from the simple hygienic cabinet which never gets out of order—which prevents waste and is the attractive toilet room fixture.

These nickel-plated fixtures cost but $1.00 each, or porcelain $1.50; eight 1000 sheets of tissue $1.35; cartons of sixteen 1000 sheets $2.70. Why don't you improve the hygiene of your toilet room and reduce your expenses by installing ONLIWON?

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

If you will give us the name of your druggist we will send you 8, 1000-sheet packages of ONLIWON and your choice of the above handsome nickel-plated or porcelain cabinet, delivery charges prepaid, on receipt of $1.85.

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This timely book, which also contains descriptions of the reception accorded to the distinguished visitors in various cities, serves admirably to crystallize the enthusiasm aroused in this country at the time of their coming and to preserve for reference the eloquent addresses made by them upon this important historic occasion.

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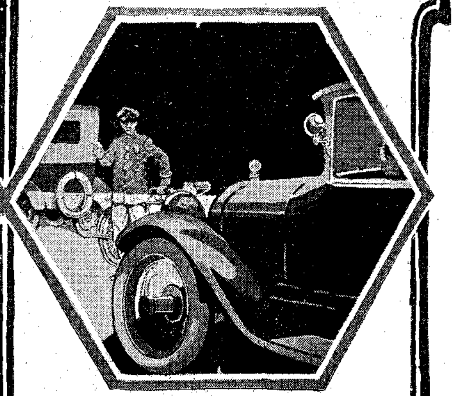

for "Peace of Mind" Motoring

YOU can make your motoring more efficient, you can "Stop Punctures from Stopping You," by using Crew Levick Tire Seal. It defeats the onslaughts of nails, tacks, glass, etc.

Tire Seal "films out" inside the tube, taking up but 5% of the air space. It seals punctures instantly—keeps tires always airtight and thus prevents ruinous under-inflation while riding. Tire Seal does not affect vulcanizing and positively is not injurious to rubber.

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An instructive, interesting booklet, "Certified Test No. 34," gives extracts from the report of a public investigation made for motorists by the highest authority in the motoring world. Every motorist should read it; it shows the way to Tire Economy.

Motorists can have complete confidence in Tire Seal. Not only is it backed by one of the oldest and largest concerns of its kind, not only are thousands using it, but it has successfully met the severe tests of the

Automobile Club of America
Their test o.k'd Tire Seal

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TIRE SEAL
5½
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Sold in single tube quantities.

Try it in one tube.

$1.50

$2.00 and $2.50 a tube.

Write today

for Safe and Lawful Driving Light

THE law demands that headlights do not blind approaching persons—that objects far down the road be readily and clearly discernible.

Fractors make your lamps comply with the law—they provide a broad far-reaching "path of daylight" that removes the dread of accident out of night driving, but the light does not blind.

Fractors do not change the lamp's appearance. They are not front glasses or lenses, but

Scientifically Designed Glass Cups

that fit under the lamp bulb and definitely control the light rays.

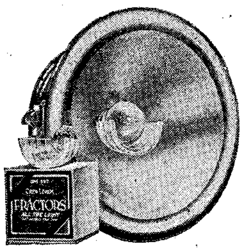
Fractors have been officially approved by states where headlight laws are most strict. Motorists who have hesitated how best to meet the legal and safety requirements, are now assured "All the Light but Within the Law."

Fractors are backed and sold by one of the largest concerns of its kind. Attachment is easily and quickly made by anyone. One size fits all lamps. Fit your headlamps properly—use Fractors.

At your dealer

$2.75 a pair.

Write for illustrated booklet



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Oldest and one of the largest producers and refiners of oils and manufacturers of petroleum products.

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PRODUCING COMPANIES: Muir Oil Co., Pa.; Combination Oil Co., Pa.; Pembrick Oil Co., Pa.; Lawrence Oil Co., Pa.; Warren Co., Ill., Okla.
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Grease-in-Tubes, easiest way for you. **$1.50** a kit | **Mistokleen,** the modern cleanser, **$1.25** filled | **Motor Oils** and **Greases** from Finest Crude | **Mistokloths,** handy Kloths in boxes. **25c** and **50c**

resulted in the reorganization of the board. It was, from the beginning, the old story of the man who is big enough to seize his opportunity when it comes. Mitchel has always been a fighter. He comes of fighting stock."

Altho he is himself a Democrat in national politics, he believes that running a city is not a matter of politics, but of business, and in appointing the heads of his departments he acted precisely as the president of a great corporation would act, trying only to find the best person for the job, and often making an appointment without knowing the political faith of the appointee. For this attitude he receives the admiration of sound, clean, sane men of all parties, says *Collier's*, and no Mayor of New York has been able to command the services of citizens of such high standing as he has rallied about him, eminent men who do not merely lend their names, but who do splendid work for the city without compensation. In the words of Colonel Roosevelt, an admirer of the Mayor:

> His broad sympathy, his vision, his hard-headed common sense, and his entire fearlessness and disinterestedness make a very extraordinary combination. I have never known a mayor who was so emphatically the mayor of the plain people, and yet there isn't a touch of the demagog in him. He possesses the invaluable quality of choosing and of being able to command the services of the finest and best men in the city. I wish to Heaven that it were possible to say of all national administrations that they would get, and could get, men of the kind that John Purroy Mitchel puts into high places.

PROPHETIC PICTURE OF THE KAISER AT THIRTY

TWENTY-NINE years ago Harold Frederic, the novelist, read in the face of the young Crown Prince—now Emperor William of Germany—the blood-lust that all the world knows to-day. William was only thirty years old when Mr. Frederic, then the Berlin correspondent of the New York *Times*, wrote of him:

"This young man suggests the notion of a perfectly bred sleuth-hound, under whose smooth, delicately soft coat lie the muscles of steel, and in whose mouth—sinister legacy of nature—is the inherent taste of human blood."

Here is Mr. Frederic's remarkable pen-picture of the Kaiser as he appeared to him in 1888 when he wrote this article, almost prophetic of the war-wracked world of to-day, and which the Spokane *Spokesman-Review* reproduces:

> Picture to yourself a young man in his thirtieth year, six feet in height, straight as an ash sapling, with finely formed, slender limbs, narrow hips, swelling chest, and square, broad shoulders, with a smallish head on a long, full-throated neck, held proudly upright, and an oval face, with an aquiline effect of profile, clear-cut, strong

chin, bended nose, prominent tho not high cheek-bones, and good, open forehead—all as regular in ensemble as a Greek triumphal arch—with clear, sharp, cold, gray-blue eyes, light-brown hair, close cut behind but longer on the crown, and rising from the temples to form a sort of ridge from the parting across the brow, and a yellowish mustache loosely curled up at the ends, and you have such a portrait as words can paint of William, Crown Prince of Prussia and coming German Emperor.

All Europe, with its thousand sons of royal houses, does not present another such regal figure. The Kaiser who is dead and the Kaiser who is dying have by their photographs familiarized all the civilized world with two striking and splendid physical ideas of a soldier who looked every inch a king. But each gained much by the effects of beard, of lines of care in the face, and of imposing corporeal bulk. They were impressive in the sense of a noble old mastiff or of a huge, honest, shaggy, deep-chested boarhound. This young man suggests, instead, the notion of a perfectly bred sleuth-hound, under whose smooth, delicately soft coat lie the muscles of steel, and in whose mouth—sinister legacy of nature—is the inherent taste of human blood. Not that his face is sullen or savage in its expression. Its habitual cast in repose is calm, self-possest, somewhat meditative, without wrinkles either on the brow or at the ends of the mouth. The eyes, too, are grave, intent, without being severe. And I saw this face light up the other night when William, after bidding the English princess good-by at the station, turned and walked down the space cleared through the cheering crowds to his carriage with a sweet and winning smile. Nothing could have been more gracious or kindly than his blond countenance as William glanced along the rows of faces as he walked and lifted his finger to his cap in easy, pleased recognition of the cheers.

One shudders as one pats the mild, contemplative head of the bloodhound solely because of the stories that have been told of the terrific ferocity which lurks under this sleek and gentle exterior. In the same way you look into the face of this young heir of the Hohenzollerns and remember with wondering reservations the malignant tales which have been told of his inner nature by those who knew it best.

Apparently all the women—at least all the Englishwomen—who have had to do with the bringing up of Prince William hold him in horror and detestation. I have had numerous proofs of this, altho I have never been able to fasten upon any specific reasons for it. Their dislike for him is based on a general conception of his character. This view is that he is utterly cold, entirely selfish, wantonly cruel; a young man without conscience or compassion, or any softening virtues whatever.

That he has great abilities they all admit, but they stop there. Heart he has none, upon their reckoning. And I am bound to say that if you look into his face with this preconceived notion of the young man's character you can find plenty of signs which seem to substantiate it.

Of course, the root of this profound antagonism to him to be found among the little group of English and Anglo-German ladies in the court circles here in Berlin is his unfilial attitude toward his mother. He has, apparently, never

"No smelly cooking odors in this kitchen"

Husband and wife are looking for an apartment. Being up-to-date they insist that the same standards of healthfulness and convenience be maintained in kitchen, bathroom, and toilet as in the other rooms.

"No smelly cooking odors in this kitchen," explains the owner. "A positive mechanical system of ventilation exhausts cooking odors and overheated air, and insures a kitchen free from the nuisance of stifling hot air filled with strong cooking odors. Bathroom and toilet also are ventilated." They signed the lease.

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Ventilating, Heating and Air-Washing System

Sturtevant Systems furnish local ventilation in kitchen and toilets in many of the finest apartment houses.

Make sure before you rent an apartment that kitchen and toilets are positively ventilated. You can get such apartments. Once you learn the blessings of living in quarters flooded with healthy, life-giving air you will prefer the ventilated apartment every time.

Send for Booklet, "Getting Dividends Out of Air," telling the advantages of positive ventilation.

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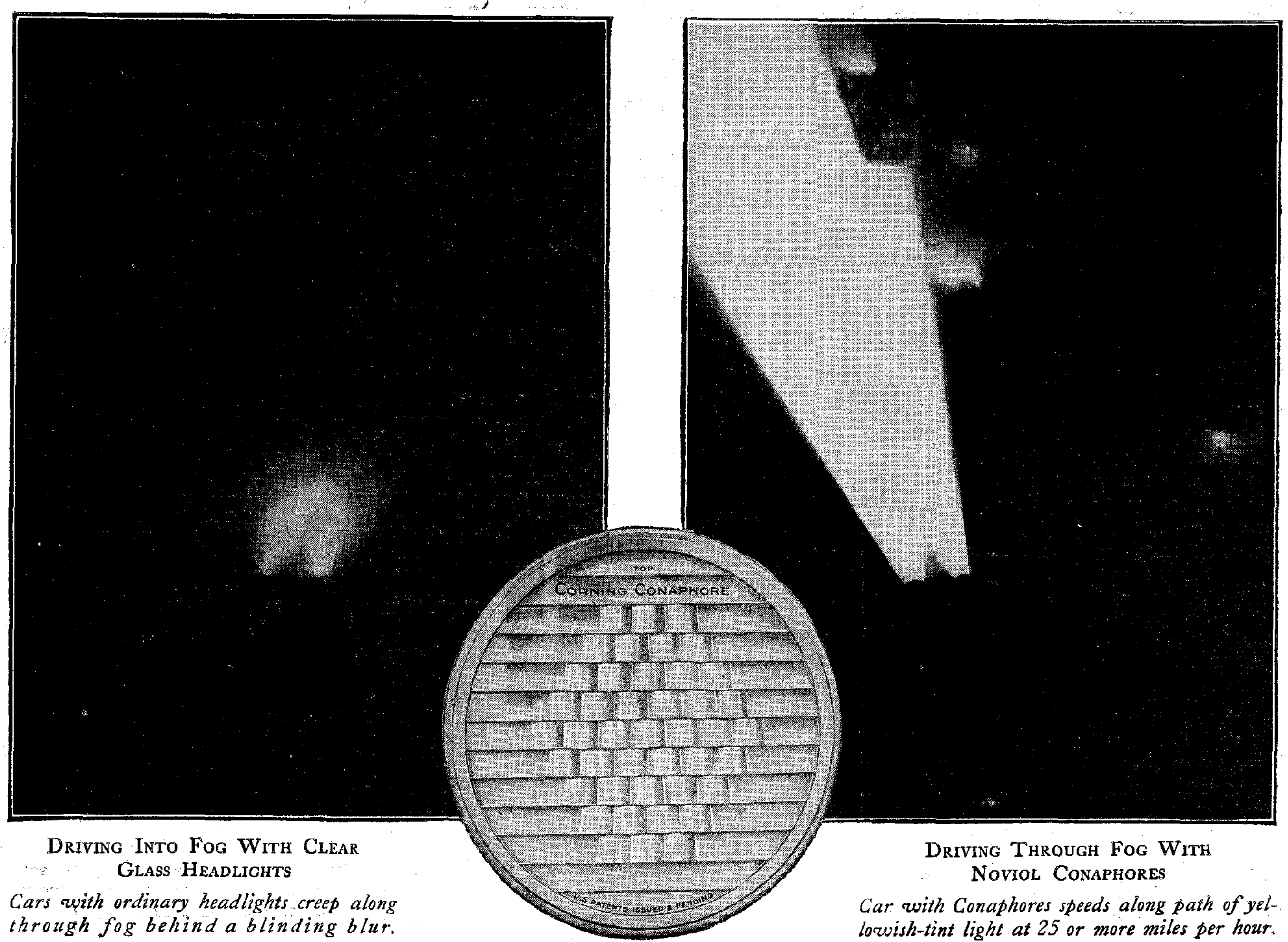

DRIVING INTO FOG WITH CLEAR GLASS HEADLIGHTS

Cars with ordinary headlights creep along through fog behind a blinding blur.

DRIVING THROUGH FOG WITH NOVIOL CONAPHORES

Car with Conaphores speeds along path of yellowish-tint light at 25 or more miles per hour.

THE CONAPHORE

Smooth front surface. Easily cleaned. Does not clog with dust or mud.

Shoots Right Through Fog

How yellowish-tint Noviol Glass pierces fog and dust

Notice the difference the headlight glass makes.

On the left you see a car equipped with ordinary headlight glasses. It is a foggy night. The car has to creep along behind a *blinding blur*. The driver is nervous. He cannot see through the fog. All he can see is his own light, reflected back into his eyes. He is in constant danger of hitting something.

The car on the right is equipped with *Conaphores*—made of Noviol Glass. The yellowish-tint light from these new automobile headlight glasses shoots right through the fog. The Noviol Glass makes a bright path along which you can drive safely at 25 miles per hour or faster if you wish.

Fog-piercing feature exclusive

No other headlight glass has this fog-piercing feature. It is due to the Noviol Glass *(patented)* of which the Conaphore is made. This remarkable glass was developed in the laboratories of the Corning Glass Works, makers of the Conaphore.

The Noviol Conaphores cause light to pierce fog and dust because they absorb the short blue and violet light-rays that blur your vision.

Only those who have ridden behind Conaphores can realize fully what this advantage means.

In clear weather the yellowish-tint light from the Conaphore gives the motorist more than 500 feet of brilliant road illumination. This range makes night driving a fascinating sport—and a safe one.

Absolutely no glare

Yet there is absolutely no glare. The light is bent down by the patented design of the Conaphore, and shot out in a long, low beam. Road and roadside get all the light. The eyes of pedestrians and other motorists get none of it. So all state and city no-glare ordinances are complied with. Indeed, several state legislatures are so impressed with the efficiency of the Conaphore that they are considering making yellowish-tint glass the standard headlight glass for all cars.

Conaphores are also made in clear glass. Clear glass Conaphores comply with all no-glare laws, and give wonderful range but lack the ability to pierce fog.

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You will find the Conaphore easy to install on your car. Sizes are made to fit all cars. Simply take out the glass now in your headlight and put the Conaphore in its place. Be sure the lamp bulbs are in focus. In ordering give name, model and year of your car and diameter of your present headlight glass.

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Put a pair on your car today. You will then find night motoring a new and wonderful experience.

Price List

Noviol Glass	Per Pair	Clear Glass	Per Pair
3 to 4⅞ inches incl. . .	$1.30	3 to 4⅞ inches incl. . .	$0.80
5 to 6⅞ inches incl. . .	2.40	5 to 6⅞ inches incl. . .	1.60
7 to 8½ inches incl. . .	3.50	7 to 8½ inches incl. . .	2.50
8⅝ to 10 inches incl. .	4.50	8⅝ to 10 inches incl. .	3.00
10⅛ to 11½ inches incl.	6.00	10⅛ to 11½ inches incl.	4.00

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liked her—at least since he has attained manhood. The inner reasons for this estrangement it is naturally impossible to discover or determine. The outer causes—or are they effects?—are more obvious. William is very deeply and thoroughly Prussian. He is a living, breathing embodiment of all the qualities and lack of qualities which, through precisely two centuries, have brought the little mark of Brandenburg up from a puny fief, with a poor, scattered population of a million and a half, to the state of a great kingdom ruling nearly fifty millions of people and giving the law to all Europe.

He is saturated with all the instincts and ideas which have raised this parvenu Prussia to its present eminence, and his character is the crown and flower of these two centuries of might and ruthlessness and spoliation exalted into a creed.

On the other hand, his mother is the best royal product of a totally and fundamentally different civilization. Victoria Adelaide is unquestionably the broadest, most liberal, and most lovable of all the Guelfs who have been born since Elector George first landed in England. When I say that she is the only one of her family who at present sympathizes wholly with Mr. Gladstone I have most simply and fully indicated her disposition and bent of mind. Obviously she can have but little in common with a son who would handle Gladstone offhand, and who avowedly hates England as the country whence has come all the constitutional nonsense which nowadays hampers kingship.

Out of this wide political difference between mother and son has grown a personal estrangement which everybody in Berlin knows more or less about, and which no doubt strongly colors the opinions of the English circle here which have been quoted. This feud is not rendered the less bitter by the fact that the new Kaiser sides with his wife rather than with his son and heir. Prince William habitually speaks of his mother to his associates and familiars as "the Englishwoman." He ostentatiously addresses her in German, altho he knows English perfectly, and she has always made a point of having her children speak English in the family circle.

An old acquaintance of mine here who was at San Remo a fortnight ago told me something which he saw with his own eyes. It was Sunday morning, and the Imperial family were starting from the front door of the little English villa Zirio to go to the chapel on the esplanade to attend Anglican service. Prince William and his mother came out of the door together ahead of the others. As they stept outside she made a movement as if to take his arm. He drew away, said something to her in a low tone of voice, and walked down the broad, graveled path alone in front of her and the rest.

It transpired later in the day that what he said to her was in substance this: "I am here as the personal representative of my grandfather, the German Kaiser. That being the case, it is fitting that I should take precedence. There is nobody who could properly walk beside me except my grandmother, the Kaiserin Augusta."

This anecdote does not reveal a nice boy. But, after all, when a young man stands upon the threshold of an imperial career, and we all know that it is a mere matter of months before he will be the autocratic master of 2,000,000 armed men, it is not of so much importance whether he is nice or not. The real question is, What will he do?

The most common answer is that he will overrun Europe. One of the really great essays of the decade, Taine's recent study of Napoleon, has its basis in the idea that the Corsican marvel was a freak of heredity—a strange, posthumous brother of the medieval mercenary soldier of Italy. It seems very probable that some future Taine a century hence, perhaps, will write to show that William II. of Prussia and the German Empire was a mysterious belated survival of the antemedieval Goths and Vandals—an Attila born a thousand and more years after his time. The young man is practically all German in blood. It is true that his mother is called English, but as a matter of fact one has to go back among her ancestors to Shakespeare's time to find a strain of anything but Teutonic blood in the Guelfs. It is true also that his great-grandmother was a daughter of the Czar Paul. But it happens that the Romanofs have scarcely a trace of Tatar blood in their veins, so steadily have all the males for ten generations married German wives.

Prince William is, in truth, as purely North German by heredity, as wholly a product of Wend and Saxon, and Goth and Borussian intermixture as can be found. One may call him, indeed, a culmination of the Hohenzollern type of soldier-statesman, reached, curiously enough, by the same crossing of blood which produced Frederick the Great. The mother of that wonderful warrior was also a Guelf — Sophie Dorothea—a sister of George I.

It is passing strange that when a century and a half later a Hohenzollern crown prince next again takes a wife from the Brunswick house, the eldest son should again be marked by nature for a world-fighter. Why this result should follow is not clear. Whatever else the Guelfs may be, they distinctly are not a military family. With the doubtful exceptions of the Dukes of York and Cumberland, the race has never produced a soldier who could do more than avoid tripping over his saber and falling off the saddle at a trot. Yet when a Sophie Dorothea or a Victoria Adelaide is wedded by a Frederick William of Hohenzollern, lo, and behold! the issue is a born captain of men.

But even a Frederick or Napoleon cannot stand Europe on its head, it may be urged, unless he has a great, compact, and unanimous mass of people at his back who are willing to place their fortunes, their peace, and their lives unreservedly in his hands; and Prince Bismarck has insisted all along upon nothing more tenaciously than that the German nation wants peace. This is all true enough. Bismarck is a patriot in the truest European sense of the word. He does want peace. His dearest wish is to live to see the Empire which he so greatly helped to form grow homogeneous and self-sustaining, expand its manufactures and its commerce, develop resources at home and markets abroad, and be able to comfortably bear the vast burden imposed upon it by the necessity of being hourly ready to defend its existence.

Ever since 1871—since its foundation, in fact—the German Empire has made all sorts of sacrifices, some of them difficult and repugnant, in the interest of peace. Bismarck has gone on adding to the

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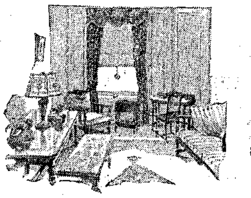

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German Army year after year, until to-day it numbers more than twice the armed host represented here in the historic victorious review of 1871; yet he has never been insincere in his declarations that this increase of military force was made solely as an end to peace. Not only was he sincere, but he was right. Under the Kaiser who was buried last week the Germany Army was in its magnitude a guaranty of peace—and it is no less so to-day under the noble, broad, and enlightened Kaiser, who is so painfully and manfully striving to do his duty to the German nation and the world from within his sick chamber at Charlottenburg.

But nobody with eyes in his head could have passed the week just ended in Berlin without recognizing that if a firebrand comes to the throne the materials are close-crowded upon him for a terrible conflagration. Altho the great bulk of the military visitors who thronged to the funeral have gone home again or back to their posts, I still have the sensation of being a lonesome civilian in the center of a gigantic armed camp. Even now, when I go down-stairs in this hotel to eat my dinner one-half of the men at the tables are officers in uniform. The elevator boy touches his cap to me with a military salute. The waiters, when they receive my order, turn on their heels like fusileers under the eye of a drill-sergeant.

The military spirit pervades everything and everybody. The stranger in Berlin insensibly finds himself memorizing the significance of the various colors in collars, epaulet-straps, and cap-bands, instead of the species of trees, the different kinds of beer, or the good restaurants, as he would in London, Vienna, or Paris. The soldier in Berlin is as familiar and commonplace and ubiquitous a fact as the negro in Charleston. The officer is as plentiful and as easily masterful in his assumption of proprietorship over all things as the politician in front of the Delevan House in Albany during the legislative season.

What this means is that the army here in Germany will utterly swamp what organized pacific instincts there are in the empire the moment a young fighting Kaiser draws his sword and cries out: "Who will follow me?" The fact of the existence of Bismarck's colossal army will magnify itself in the popular mind; the spirit in which he built it up, the peaceful intent, the patriotic aim, will all vanish like steam in a lamp-chimney.

The Iron Chancellor has done marvels toward creating a manufacturing, trading, money-making Germany, with new great vested interests in peace and a new large business class whose concern is to promote commerce and preserve quiet. But to do this he has had side by side to create a much more numerous and important class whose profession is to fight and whose entire material concern it is to promote warfare and to open a swift current of promotion and honor. This second class —this military class—is all-powerful in all the upper, middle, and higher grades of society. Little of provocation, of the popular appeals to national feeling, would make it master of nine-tenths of the German people.

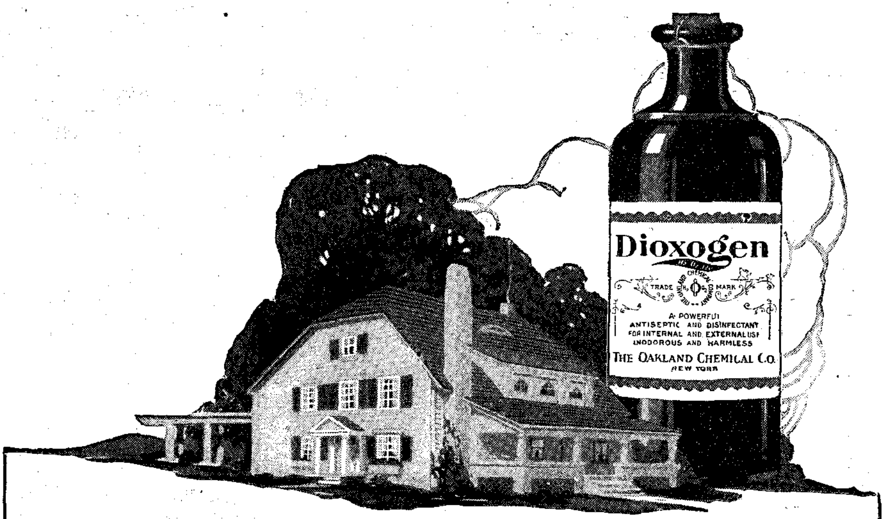
Kaiser William II., in the glamor of his youthful distinction of face and figure, of his deep Teutonic prejudices, of his all-controlling belief in himself and his race, and his destiny, could hurl a practically united Germany east, west, or south a month after he had ascended the Hohenzollern throne. The whole German nation, from Basle to Königsberg, would rise to his enthusiastic support. Every young man from Thorn to Coblenz would burn to ride with him for conquest and glory.

This is not a pleasant or humane conclusion, but it is a necessary one. The lesson taught by Prussia's success—by the rise of the Hohenzollern dynasty—is an object-lesson in blood and iron which has not been lost on any German mind. Every youth, from the humblest field-laborer in Thuringia to the Crown Prince, who waits upon the door-sill of imperial power, has that lesson ingrained in every fiber of his being. That is why this young heir to the German imperial dignity has seemed to me better worth studying than anything else in Berlin.

"SLEEPERS" IN NEW YORK BANKS

A STORY was persistently circulated after the Civil War that immense sums of money, deposited by soldiers and sailors who were later killed in battle, were held by savings-banks throughout the country. One financial institution was accused of putting up a new bank building with unclaimed funds. Such accounts are known in bank parlance as "sleepers," and, according to the latest reports, there are in New York State savings-banks to-day 5,000 dormant accounts representing more than a million and a half in money. The largest amount held by any one bank in "sleeping" accounts is $500,000. The New York *World* says on this subject:

> Neither the State Banking Department nor the savings-banks print much information, tho, under a law which took effect in 1914, it is made the duty of the banks to seek diligently for the owners of all accounts of more than $10 that have been dormant for twenty years or more. It is a search that is quietly conducted and concerning which the general public hears but little.
>
> The banks hand over to their attorneys the names of the "dormants" and such other data as they have, and the lawyers dig up the present owners of the money if they can. It is usually a long and tedious job, ending in failure in a considerable proportion of instances.
>
> The result is that the number of these dormant accounts is increasing rather than diminishing, it is said.
>
> Early in 1917, James H. Manning, president of the National Savings-Bank at Albany, collected data on the subject and embodied it in a chapter of his historical work on savings-banks in this State. From his figures it appears there are at least 5,000 such accounts, aggregating over $1,500,000.
>
> At the head of the list stands the Seamen's Bank for Savings at No. 74 Wall Street. In banking circles it has been commonly credited with $800,000 in dormants, but it was stated a few days ago by an officer of the Board of Trustees that $500,000 would be a closer approximation.
>
> The story that the savings-banks have appropriated the "forgotten fortunes" and used them in erecting costly buildings persists to the present day, but it has no foundation in law or in fact. Under the law the title to the money in a dormant or



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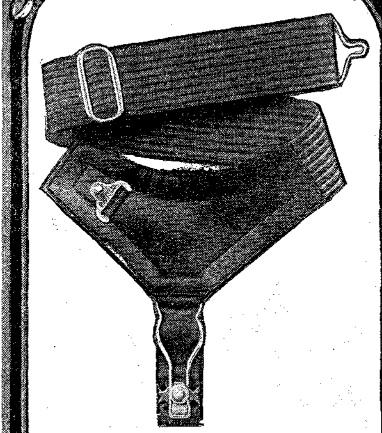

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A book of vital instruction on the care of children a little older. Explains the need of the right kind of vacation; the proper feeding, bathing and clothing; care during vaccination; the treatment of all diseases including Typhoid Fever, Malaria, Insect Bites, Measles, Diphtheria Mumps, etc. Describes the preventive hygiene that should be practised in the home. Illustrated by colored plates which help the Mother to diagnose her child's trouble. *Cloth, $1.25; by mail, $1.37.*

"Just the book for the everyday use of anxious Parents."—*Child Life*, Philadelphia, Pa.

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inactive account never lapses, and anybody who can prove ownership can get it. The accounts are carried in a "dormant ledger." In Pennsylvania and Massachusetts the dormant accounts are turned into the State treasury after thirty years, but are ever after subject to the possession of legal claimants.

In New York City and State some of the savings-banks keep on crediting interest to sleeping accounts indefinitely, until a possessor is discovered, while other banks close the interest account after twenty years. In conforming to the law the banks follow the custom of publishing, once a year, simply the names in which the dormant accounts are carried. Some of the banks publish only the names of such depositors as have become dormant in the year previous. This practise helps to bury deeper and deeper, year by year, the older dormants.

Many other persons besides soldiers and sailors have given rise to dormant accounts. Sudden death, shipwreck, insanity, forgetfulness, and absolute ignorance contribute. Even nowadays many sailing-ships and tramp steamships carry persons whose names are not registered in any public office ashore; so that the identity of an individual lost in the sinking of such a craft may never be disclosed. Many persons carry their pass-books with them when they travel, and in this way the clue to the existence of the account is lost when the owner of the account is lost. This is particularly true of emigrants who move from one country to another, settling in a new land, or returning to spend declining years in the land of birth. In such cases only the bank knows of the existence of the deposit, and it may be a year before the bank's attention is directed to the dormancy. This is owing to the fact that many depositors do not put in money oftener than once a year, nor do they call to collect or get credit for the interest.

Old people have a habit of putting in bank a fund to be used for their burial and then paying no further attention to the account. A depositor is likely, in drawing out the principal, to forget to draw the interest. When he draws the principal the interest may not have been credited, and even if he realizes that fact he does not stop to bother the clerk to enter the interest, leaving that for some other time. Depositors lose their pass-books and never have them replaced, because of the bother, in case the balance on deposit is small.

A wife will sometimes carry an account without the knowledge of the husband—or it may be the husband who carries the secret hoard. A widow may keep secret the existence of her savings-bank fund in order that her children may have no excuse for failing to support her. Some persons forget all about a savings-bank balance, especially if they are carrying, as is often the case, a number of such accounts. Then, when the dormant account is brought to their attention by the bank, they sometimes, out of pride, deny ownership, saying it must have been somebody else of the same name. There is at least one such case on record, where the forgetter was a wealthy man. He stuck to his denial, and went so far as to repudiate his own signature on the bank's general identification book. But when he was finally informed that the despised balance had grown to more than $1,000 he said he guessed his memory was at fault—and then he signed for the money and took it.

Many hidden or long-forgotten chapters of family history come to light through tracing owners or heirs of dormant savings-bank accounts. A prosperous pipe-manufacturer of this city, who opened an account in a local institution in 1861, was entered on the bank's books simply as a "turner." He dropt dead, his widow went insane, and the children were sent to Randall's Island, and subsequently they were adopted by strangers in widely scattered localities. To pick up these tangled skeins and find the legal heirs to the deposited accumulation, including interest, took many months of patient search through police and charities records. It was finally accomplished in 1916. The spelling of the family's name had undergone several changes during the half-century and more, and this increased the difficulties of the search.

The pass-books of "sleepers" are sometimes found in old trunks in garrets; children get hold of pass-books and use them for scribbling. One "dormant," when found, showed his ancient pass-book with the advertisement for his whereabouts pinned in it.

"I knew the bank was all right, so I didn't bother to answer the ad," he said.

A clerk in the Greenwich Savings-Bank noticed in the list of dormants the names of two old ladies of his acquaintance, and he informed them. They had forgotten all about the accounts and were delighted to receive $1,500 apiece.

The Bank for Savings finally traced one of its dormants to Ireland, where he was living in poverty. The money proved a fortune to him. There are savings-bank attorneys who make a specialty of seeking dormants. They consult old directories and public records, go over deeds, pore among the books of the charities, and corrections departments, and police-station blotters, and morgue books, and cemetery records.

PUTTING "REAL" INTO THE "REEL"

WHEN something went wrong with the rehearsal of a film-drama in which he was playing a part, one of the actors approached the producing director and modestly made a suggestion. It was quickly adopted and successfully untangled the complication. The grateful director turned to the actor and said half jokingly, "Why don't you try producing?"

"I wouldn't mind having a chance to work out a few little ideas," said the actor.

"Work them out, then," said an officer of the company who was present.

That was seven years ago. To-day David Wark Griffith, who was the actor with "a few little ideas," is probably the greatest producer of moving-picture spectacles in the world. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* tells how Mr. Griffith has come so near to making "real" and "reel" synonymous in the moving-picture world:

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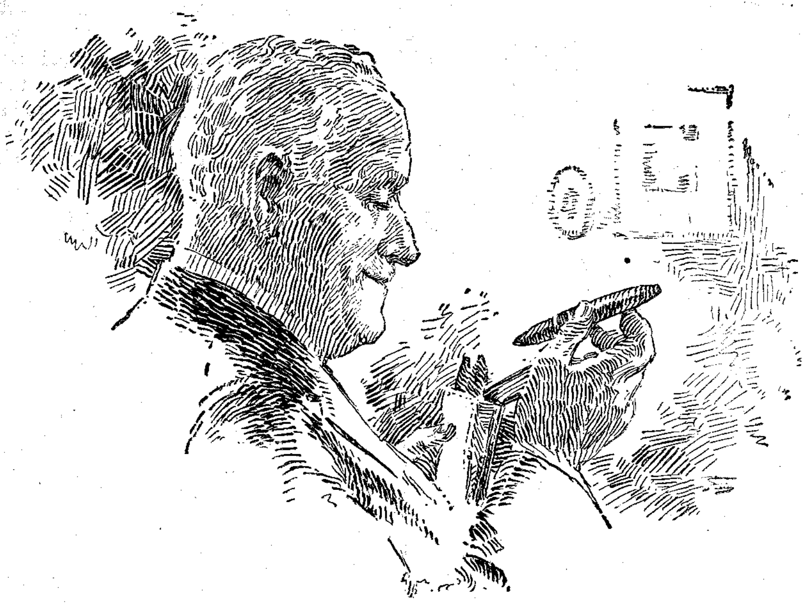
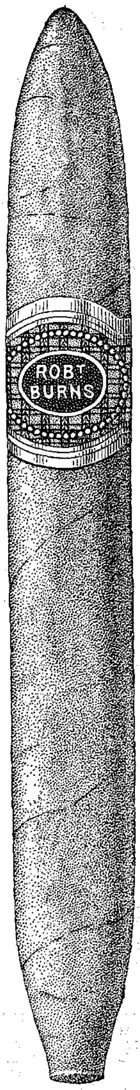


On coming home—
to Robert Burns



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But always I return to ROBERT BURNS, *good* ROBERT BURNS, so *zestful*, yet so *mild*.

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Remember that Little Bobbie is a pocket edition of ROBERT BURNS himself. Price 5c straight.

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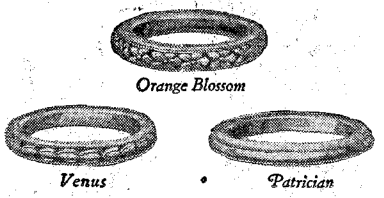
ROBT BURNS
Invincible 10¢
(Exact Size)

TRAUB DECORATED WEDDING RINGS



THE CENTURY OLD QUEST for a truly symbolic token of the marriage vow has found delightful expression in Traub decorated wedding rings.

Where her mother wore the plain gold band, the modern bride wears a circlet of purest metal delicately chased with a beautiful and significant design.

Traub Decorated Wedding Rings—accepted by smart society everywhere—are sold only through established jewelers in four exquisite patterns: the Orange Blossom, the Venus, the Patrician, and the Regal.
(Either plain or diamond set in gold or platinum.)

"Wedding Ring Sentiment"—a richly illustrated brochure tracing the development of the wedding ring clear down through the ages, will interest brides of both yesterday and tomorrow.

WEDDING RING SENTIMENT

For your copy address

The Traub Mfg. Company
864-878 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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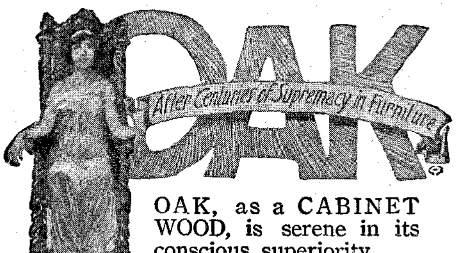
to sell **HOW TO LIVE,** the wonderful new book on health that has taken the country by storm. 30,000 sold in the past few months. Written by America's greatest physicians—Wiley, Blue, Gorgas, Chittenden, Gulick, etc. Cloth, $1.00 net; special discount to agents. Address MR. HADLEY, FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, New York City, N. Y.


OAK
After Centuries of Supremacy in Furniture

OAK, as a CABINET WOOD, is serene in its conscious superiority.

From the aristocratic dignity of the chateau to the sweet homey-ness of the cottage or apartment—and from the earliest middle ages to the present discriminative moment OAK, "that sturdy friend of Art" and "the world's premier hardwood," has remained the first choice of those who combine a knowledge of truly *permanent values* with a sense of the highest artistic adaptability.

Responsive alike to the best skill of the artisan and the artist, OAK combines all the qualities which contribute most to a home whose FURNITURE must (because of the little folks) at the same time impart ideas of beauty, dignity, poise and permanence—and good-naturedly repel the onslaughts of buoyant youth.

"There is no finer heirloom than good OAK furniture." There is no more *safe* and *enduring* investment—none better worth *insisting* upon. *Have you tried INSISTING?*

AMERICAN OAK MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
write personal letters worth getting. Tell us your special problems.
ADDRESS ROOM 1415, 14 MAIN ST., MEMPHIS, TENN.
ASK FOR BOOKLETS

at Washington, using artillery, cavalry, and infantry as they were used in a real battle of the Civil War.

His artillery-duels were real artillery-duels, his cavalry-charges were passed upon by the men who participated in such a charge fifty years before. His men died as men had died in the trenches of the South, and they suffered just as the men who did suffer said they had. He built, or caused to be built, no fewer than five complete Southern towns, faithful to the last architectural detail, and he burned three of them.

He massed and handled great mobs as history said the real mobs acted. He reproduced one theater exactly life-size and delineated the great national tragedy of the assassination of President Lincoln just as history says it occurred.

He built the legislative halls of a Southern State, and with an actual still photograph as a model brought back to life a scene in that chamber fifty years ago.

In a recent interview, Mr. Griffith was asked four questions:

"Who are you?"

"Where did you learn how?"

"How did you do this?"

"What will come after?"

Mr. Griffith told how he was born in Kentucky some thirty odd years ago, the son of David Wark Griffith, a brevet brigadier-general of the Confederate Army. His family comes near to being eligible for about all the patriotic societies, for his grandfather was Capt. Daniel Griffith of the War of 1812. In the generation further back there was a great-grandfather in the Revolutionary War. Before that time there were Griffiths in Virginia.

After the war, of course, the Griffiths of Kentucky had, like many other families, mainly their memories to live on—memories and the products of a farm on the edge of the blue grass. The boy was born in that situation and received his education at the near-by country school.

The wander year came to the boy at twenty. In the meantime he had always liked to act in the dialogs at school Friday afternoons and a little later when they gave plays at the Literary Society. In any event, when he went out into the world he gravitated to Louisville and very promptly applied for a position with a modest little stock company which was giving everything from Shakespeare to Charles Hoyt at a local theater. Something else happened. In an odd moment on the road the young actor had written a short story or two and some verses. He went to New York and sent them to a magazine, which promptly accepted them. Then he wrote a play, "The Fool and the Girl," and James J. Hackett took it. Another great romantic drama was begun and its acceptance promised. This was in the latter part of 1906 and the early part of 1907.

"That ended the stage for me," Mr. Griffith explained. "No more of the hardships. I was going to be an author and draw down royalties. I woke up in about five months. The Hackett play failed and I came back from the country, and found the moving-picture game growing."

He began writing moving-picture scenarios then at $5 and $10 apiece. He went into the company, studied the game as it was then, saw that it might be made an art, and bided his time until he was heard to make the suggestion to the producing director.

"Just about that time," he put in, "it came to me that a wonderful thing could be done with 'The Life of Christ.' The divine tragedy has a universal appeal, and adequately done with reverence it could not fail of approval." He laughed. "I submitted my idea, and it was approved, but when I got to talking about details, Palestine and Jerusalem, a great cast, for I had chosen two of the foremost actors in the world—an initial expenditure of thousands—the thermometer dropt."

By this time it is apparent Griffith had swung into his stride, and a year ago or a little more came "Judith," using about 2,000 people, where they built forty-foot concrete walls, wide enough to have a battle on.

Mr. Griffith then changed from one company to another, and, according to reports, he did so at a salary that would pay the President's yearly salary of $75,000 or more. He wouldn't talk about that. In any event, he had not worked long before he had "The Clansman" handed over to him to read. He read it and lost interest in about everything else.

"I read the book," he says, "and I saw it. Not the book entirely, but an opportunity for me to set forth, first the birth of the South following the travail of Civil War. I saw a chance to tell the story of how they suffered from what I believed to be the most dramatic period in the history of the country—reconstruction."

Taking the book, reading it and dreaming about it, however, did not do the work. There were eight months of incubation. First three men, and they were professors of colleges, were asked to work out the correct historical data. There were interviews with veterans of the Civil War on most important points, recourse to maps and reports at Washington, and finally a patient county-by-county tour of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and North Carolina until Piedmont was discovered.

Then came the location of the battlefield, after which the veterans with their maps went forth to lay out a battle-field just as it was at Petersburg and just as it was in part during the march of Sherman's Army from Atlanta to the sea. Where approved territory was found the experts went to work upon it.

If a road should wind this way, if there should be a brook or a house or a barn, the road, brook, house, and barn were found or put in. If a town was needed, along came an architect with his corps of builders, and they put it up just as some gray-haired old man remembered it.

One man remembered the burning of a town by night. Something must be done about that. A fireworks man said he could build bombs which, exploding in the air, would give enough light for the camera to work at night. Incidentally, the bombs cost $80 apiece, but they did the work.

"Was it difficult to get the actors?"

"No," replied Mr. Griffith, "not difficult, but tedious. You see, we advertised in the newspapers that we wanted so many persons, men, women, and children. We established employment bureaus and made our selections."

"How about the negroes?"

"They were the easiest. The negro is a natural actor, and I do not mind saying that among the 4,500 of them we took out of the fields, out of the shops, and from every other place we found some with remarkable talent. A producer some day

Overalls *and* Uniforms

Canada did not stop work to fight.

WHEN Jack Canuck put on his uniform, he did not discard his overalls. Business, trade, industry in Canada have not been allowed to suffer because 450,000 young men went to war. Those at home work harder. Canada's imports, exports, savings production, trade, are growing every month. And in addition to fighting, Canada has some big undertakings under way. We outline a few as evidence—

¶ The Canadian Government is spending millions of dollars on wharves and terminals on both oceans in an effort to properly accommodate Canadian rapidly expanding overseas trade.

¶ The inland waterways, terminals, canals of Canada, are being improved and enlarged by the expenditure of millions of dollars to better facilitate and cheapen inland transportation.

¶ The only refinery in the world treating five kinds of minerals is located in Canada. The variety and extent of Canada's mineral resources can hardly be estimated and the development is greater than ever before.

¶ The largest flour mill in the British Empire is in Canada. It has a capacity of 12,000 bbls. per day. Five hundred flour mills in Canada are working to capacity, turning Canadian wheat into Canadian flour.

¶ One Oil concern is spending between seven and eight million dollars in refineries and pipe lines in Canada.

¶ Canada is on the way to becoming the world's greatest Paper-making country. The Pulp and Paper Mills in Canada have only one problem—constantly to increase their capacity.

¶ The Steel and Iron industries of Canada are striving to keep pace with the demands of war and industry in the shape of munitions, ship plates, iron rails, etc.

¶ Canada, primarily an agricultural country, has pressed every available man and woman into service to reap an abundant and valuable crop.

AND the people who are doing these things and being paid for them read Canadian Newspapers. They buy the articles advertised therein—in fact no "foreign" market in the world is so easy of access—so profitable—so satisfactory—as YOU will find the Canadian market to be.

You should regard the development of your export trade as a war measure.

Write to these papers. Ask them to tell you in detail why you should advertise in their pages—*and why you should advertise NOW.*

NOTE.—This series, consisting of 12 advertisements, many of which contain valuable data on Canada under war conditions, have been prepared in portfolio form. Any of the Newspapers named below will be pleased to send you this portfolio free upon application. Write for it.

City of Publication	Name of Paper	City of Publication	Name of Paper	City of Publication	Name of Paper
Halifax ..	HERALD & MAIL	Toronto ..	GLOBE	Saskatoon ..	PHOENIX
St. John ..	STANDARD	Toronto ..	MAIL & EMPIRE	Saskatoon ..	STAR
St. John ..	TELEGRAPH & TIMES	Toronto ..	NEWS	Calgary ..	ALBERTAN
Quebec ..	TELEGRAPH	Toronto ..	STAR	Calgary ..	HERALD
Montreal ..	GAZETTE	London ..	ADVERTISER	Edmonton ..	BULLETIN
Montreal ..	STAR	London ..	FREE PRESS	Edmonton ..	JOURNAL
Ottawa ..	CITIZEN	Winnipeg ..	FREE PRESS	Vancouver ..	WORLD
Ottawa ..	JOURNAL	Winnipeg ..	TELEGRAM	Victoria ..	COLONIST
		Winnipeg ..	TRIBUNE		
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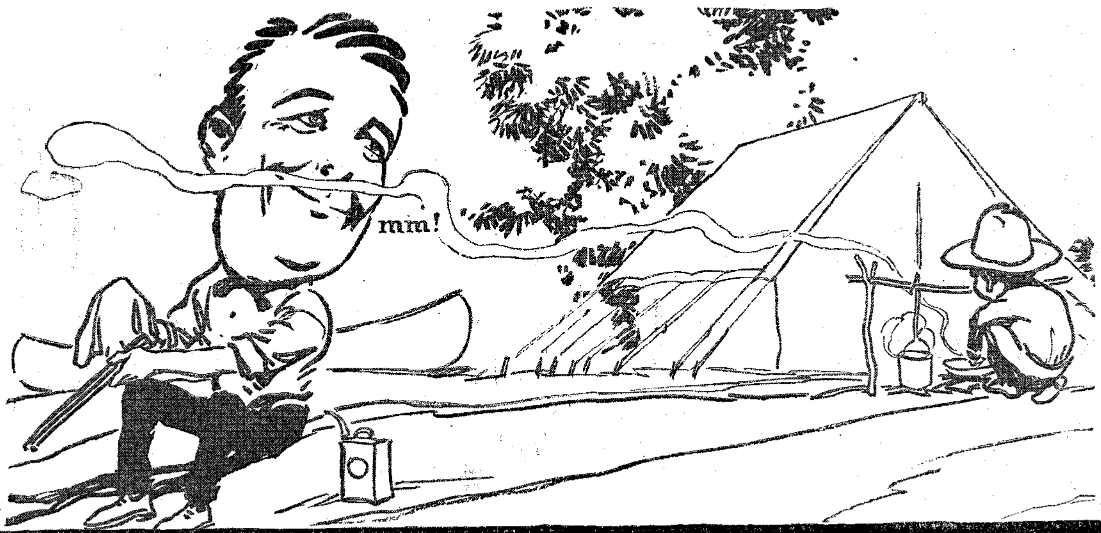


HOW do you know it's Dinner Time?

"Your Nose Knows"

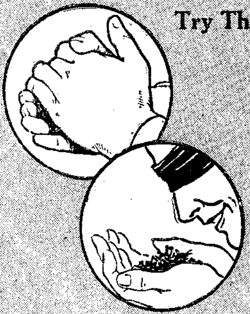
By the *fragrance!* How the frying bacon whets your hungry appetite and promises a keen delight to come. Just so the *pure fragrance* of a good tobacco promises absolute smoke satisfaction. No sense on earth is so dependable as that of *pure fragrance*—"Your Nose Knows."

Such a promise you will find in

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco

Made of the most *fragrant* leaves of the tobacco plant—the tender, Burley leaves, ripened in the Blue Grass sunshine of Old Kentucky, mellowed and carefully blended—Tuxedo has a *pure fragrance* all its own—"Your Nose Knows."



Try This Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.

INCORPORATED

GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR YOUR MONEY BACK
PATTERSON'S
Tuxedo
TOBACCO
SPECIALLY PREPARED
Tuxedo
TOBACCO

5 cent BAGS
10 cent TINS
HALF and FULL POUND GLASS HUMIDORS

may put the tragedy of the negro on the film—he will find men and women of that race fully competent."

Of course, it was explained, they did not use the 18,000 persons all the five or six months they were actually photographing the drama. While it is true that by the time he had finished his long term of study, Mr. Griffith did not use a scrap of paper, a book, or scenario, yet he had arranged it all in his mind.

The great multitude for the flight from Atlanta and the town scenes were not actually under employment longer than two weeks. Then the expenses ran far up into the thousands every day.

"The only way we could handle them was by military discipline," said Mr. Griffith. "We laid out a camp for the whites and a camp for the blacks. We set up two commissaries. Then we divided our forces into sections, each section commanded by a captain, who had his staff under him. That is how the picture was worked out.

"Every section leader in the big battle scenes or the town scenes kept his section, rehearsed it, and looked after it. Complete telephone systems were installed for every section, and the orders delivered from headquarters were megaphoned by the captains to their commands."

The headquarters in the battle scenes was a sixty-foot tower in front of the whole scene. It was there that George W. Bitzer, "best camera man in the world," Mr. Griffith says, and five assistants set their cameras. Every scene was taken six times.

Finally, when every move of every section had been gone over again and again in rehearsal, when the soldiers knew when to charge or fall back, when to die or drop, even when the artillery knew the exact second when to wheel into action and the cavalry had its time schedule perfect, even to the exact place where a horse must stumble or fall, the section leaders came to headquarters.

Back in the hills the thousands were waiting. Word came that all was ready, and to the tick of a watch under telephone orders the action began. The air filled with smoke and the soldiers appeared as if in a real fight. Trains of panic-stricken refugees wound over the hills in flight.

"Men who lived in the old days were besieged," said Mr. Griffith. "How did this man walk; how did he gesture; how did he wear his clothes; did he have any mannerisms? I tell you it kept a great many people awake nights. We took the famous painting of the surrender of Lee, and we never laid it down until I believe that every man in it had an exact double before our cameras."

Thus it all came out. There were more months as the film was perfected and made ready for the public. But at last it was done. "Now what is the future of the moving-picture?" The master mind said: "Why, there are no limits to its possibilities in artistic work. This is only child's play."

The Rebuke Courteous.—A nervous man at the opera sat behind a pair of those persons who explain the plot until his endurance was exhausted. Then he leaned forward and said:

"Excuse me, will you speak a little louder? Sometimes the music prevents my hearing what you say?"—*Chicago Herald.*

SPICE OF LIFE

Prolonging the War.—Two English workmen were discussing the war.

"It'll be an awful long job, Sam," said one.

"It will," replied the other.

"You see, these Germans is takin' thousands and thousands of Russians prisoners, and the Russians is takin' thousands and thousands of German prisoners. If it keeps on, all the Russians will be in Germany and all the Germans in Russia. And then they'll start all over again, fightin' to get back their 'omes."—*Tit-Bits.*

New Language for Soldiers.—One of the minor tasks of the British soldier is to learn the language of initials. All departments, offices, and suboffices are, of course, known by their initials, and as these departments and offices are added to, and necessarily call for more precise definition, the mystic titles steadily increase in number and complexity.

One of the latest achievements is the A. D. I. M. D. S. F. P. D. B. A. F., or, in other words, the Assistant Director, Implements and Machinery Department Section, Food Production Department, Board of Agriculture and Fisheries.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

How Mary Lost a Tip.—Soon after a certain judge of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island had been appointed he went down into one of the southern counties to sit for a week. He was well satisfied with himself.

"Mary," he said to the Irish waitress at the hotel where he was stopping, "you've been in this country how long?"

"Two years, sir," she said.

"Do you like it?"

"Sure, it's well enough," answered Mary.

"But, Mary," the judge continued, "you have many privileges in this country which you'd not have in Ireland. Now at home you would never be in a room with a justice of the supreme court, and chatting familiarly with him."

"But, sure, sir," said Mary, quite in earnest, "you'd never be a judge at home."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

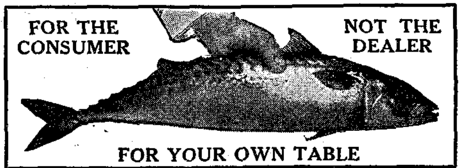
True to Local Talent.—Then came the contest of solos. Miss Bessie Farrier, of Plainville, rendered in a most beautiful manner that classical solo, "Sing On." She displayed remarkable power and training, and she is possest of a wonderful voice, which will some day make her famous. One of the judges, a specialist in music, ranked her first. The decision of a specialist in music counts far, far more than the decision of a judge who knows nothing about music. She was followed by Miss Ruth Kackly, of Hill City, who sang a little sentimental love-song, "All that I Want in This Wide, Wide World is You, You, You." This song is old and by no means classical. Two of the judges, moved by this love-song, ranked her first. Apparently they could not appreciate really good music. We deem their decision of little value, for they are very ignorant of music. Plainville is ready at any time to meet Hill City again in vocal music, providing we can have competent judges. As it was, many people of Hill City said Miss Farrier should have had all firsts.—*Plainville (Ky.) Gazette.*

Salt Mackerel

CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER

FOR THE CONSUMER

NOT THE DEALER



FOR YOUR OWN TABLE

FAMILIES who are fond of **FISH** can be supplied **DIRECT** from **GLOUCESTER, MASS.,** by the **FRANK E. DAVIS COMPANY,** with newly caught, **KEEPABLE OCEAN FISH,** choicer than any inland dealer could possibly furnish.

We sell **ONLY TO THE CONSUMER DIRECT,** sending by **EXPRESS RIGHT TO YOUR HOME.** We **PREPAY** express on all orders east of Kansas. Our fish are pure, appetizing and economical and we want **YOU** to try some, payment subject to your approval.

SALT MACKEREL, fat, meaty, juicy fish, are delicious for breakfast. They are freshly packed in brine and will not spoil on your hands.

CODFISH, as we salt it, is white, boneless and ready for instant use. It makes a substantial meal, a fine change from meat, at a much lower cost.

FRESH LOBSTER is the best thing known for salads. Right fresh from the water, our lobsters simply are boiled and packed in **PARCHMENT-LINED CANS.** They come to you as the purest and safest lobsters you can buy and the meat is as crisp and natural as if you took it from the shell yourself.

FRIED CLAMS is a relishable, hearty dish, that your whole family will enjoy. No other flavor is just like that of clams, whether fried or in a chowder.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, **SHRIMP** to cream on toast, **CRABMEAT** for Newburg or deviled, **SALMON** ready to serve, **SARDINES** of all kinds, **TUNNY** for salad, **SANDWICH FILLINGS** and every good thing packed here or abroad you can get direct from us and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or emergency use.

With every order we send **BOOK OF RECIPES** for preparing all our products. *Write for it.* Our list tells how each kind of fish is put up, with the delivered price, so you can choose just what you will enjoy most. Send the coupon for it now.

FRANK E. DAVIS CO.
242 Central Wharf
Gloucester Mass.

Frank E. Davis Co.
242 Central Wharf
Gloucester, Mass.

Please send me your latest **Fish Price List.**

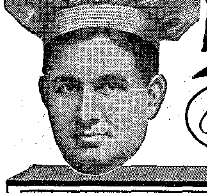
Name ....

Street ....

City.......................*State*..................

EAT SKINNER'S

THE BEST MACARONI



MY SIGNATURE

Paul F. Skinner

ON EVERY PACKAGE

SKINNER'S
MADE ONLY BY SKINNER MFG. CO. OMAHA, U.S.A.
MACARONI

Pétrole Hahn

For Beautiful Soft Hair

Ill-conditioned hair, no matter how stylishly coiffured, is a great disappointment. Pétrole Hahn with its natural Petroleum (daintily perfumed) will nourish and stimulate your hair—cleanse it, keep it soft, wavy and of silky sheen. Sizes $1.50 and $1 at dealers or by parcel post.

PARK & TILFORD
Sole Agents New York

"The Crowning Clory"—a fascinating little brochure, sent free on request.

QUAYLE

Quayle & Son
STEEL ENGRAVERS & JEWELRYMEN
TO AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES
Albany, N.Y.

Liberty Gold
Class Jewelry

Correct Forms in
Wedding Stationery

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants command big salaries. Thousands of firms need them. Only 2,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many are earning $3,000 to $10,000 a year. We train you thoroly by mail in spare time for C. P. A. Examinations or executive accounting positions. Knowledge of Bookkeeping unnecessary to begin—we prepare *you* from the ground up. Course personally supervised by Wm. A. Chase, LL.M., C. P. A. (ex-Secretary Illinois State Board of Examiners in Accountancy), and large staff of C. P. A's. Low tuition fee—easy terms. Write now for free book of Accountancy facts.

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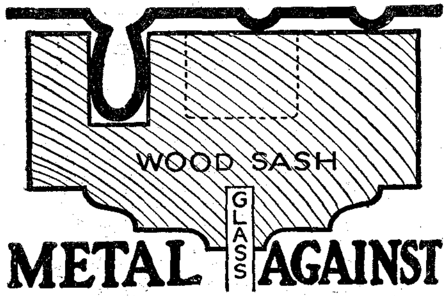
"The World's Greatest Extension University"

CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIP



METAL AGAINST WOOD-NO WEAR

13 years ago *metal-against-metal* strip proved itself short-lived. Warping or shrinking sash also affected it.
Time has shown that only *wood-against-metal*, with metal tongue shaped as above, and metal bearing rails, is proof against wear, sticking or binding. Likewise it alone insures a weather-proof fit always. That is why you should

Buy
CHAMBERLIN
METAL WEATHER STRIPS
"THE STANDARD FOR 25 YEARS"

are *Guaranteed 10 Years*—but outlast your building. We equip windows, doors, casements or transoms—wood or metal—in new or old buildings.
WRITE for illustrated, descriptive book and list of users in your vicinity.
CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIP CO.
Headquarters: 109 Dinan Building, Detroit, Mich.

RAT CORN
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off
Kills Rats and Mice Harmless to Humans
No Odors SEED, HARDWARE, DRUG, GENERAL STORES

MEN

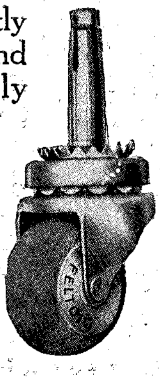
For $15.00 we hand tailor to your measure and deliver, **express charges prepaid,** a high grade all wool suit or overcoat, **absolutely guaranteed to fit** and delight you or you don't pay us one cent. Our new FALL-WINTER STYLE BOOK and about 50 samples mailed **free** on request.

THE RUBY TAILORS, Dept. 47, CHICAGO, ILL.

One Way to Save
—is to end needless floor repair expense by using
FELTOID
CASTERS AND CHAIR TIPS

They move silently —never scratch and wear indefinitely

Ask for Feltoids at department, hardware and furniture stores —or write us for Feltoid Book No. 9 giving prices and styles.



THE BURNS & BASSICK COMPANY
Dept. C Bridgeport, Conn.

New Kind of Office-Holder.—There is an official in Georgia—or there was, he died recently—who went nearly two years without collecting his salary. This revelation came in the House of Representatives lately when a resolution was introduced, providing that there shall be appropriated the sum of $2,000 to pay the uncollected salary of the late Amos Fox, Superintendent of the Old Soldiers' Home, who had not collected his salary for nearly two years prior to his death.—*Macon Telegraph.*

A Child of Fortune.—"Sir, I have no home," began the seedy-looking man, "and—"

"No taxes to pay, no rent, no coal-bills, no worry over the rise in milk-prices! Permit me to congratulate you."

"I have no job, and—"

"Lucky chap! No danger of being sacked."

"But I am serious. I have no money, and—"

"No temptations to spend it foolishly on able-bodied beggars. Why, you're a veritable child of fortune. Good day!"
—*Tit-Bits.*

Too Expensive to Stutter.—There is a certain member of Congress who stutters except when he makes a speech or talks over the telephone. Recently he had occasion to call up a friend in Seattle on a matter of personal importance. When the transcontinental connection had been made the man in Seattle shouted through the phone:

"Who is talking?"

"This is 'Tom Smith,'" answered the Congressman at the capital end of the wire.

"No, it is not 'Tom Smith,'" snapt the man in Seattle.

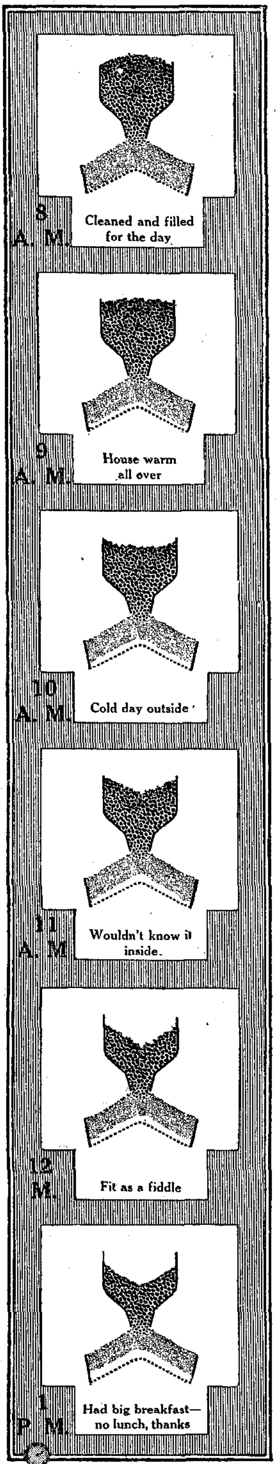
"Yes, it is 'Tom Smith,' I tell you," the Congressman fairly bellowed. "Why do you doubt it?"

"Why, 'Tom Smith' stutters."

"Darn it, do you think I am going to stutter at a dollar a word?" the Congressman retorted as he banged down the phone in disgust.—*Nebraska Legal News.*

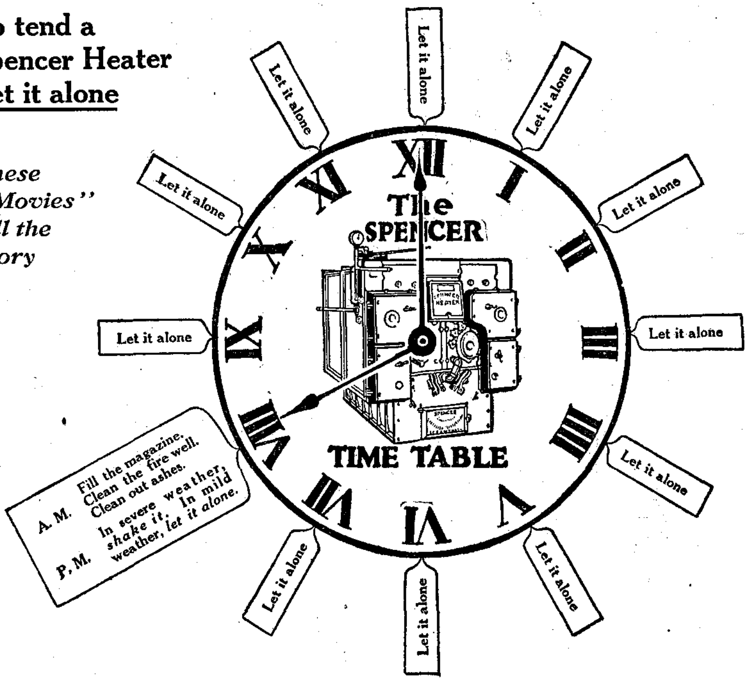
The Pooh-Bah of Russia

The Slavs seem to be about done for, and, thensky,
We hear from the camp of the dashing Kerensky.
He meets up with trouble—reviver Krakokoff,
And promptly proceeds to knock that party's block off.
He talks to the rebels and they shoutovitch
And call him a sport and good scoutovitch.
They swarm to the colors and once more they bowski,
And that is the end of another Russ rowski.
He's here and he's there patching up the old fences;
And where'er he travels the fighting commences.
And now he is Premier succeeding Lvoff,
And wields as much power as Nick Romanof.
He's Pooh-Bah of Russia and holds every post;
They toast him serenely, for he is some host.
He's doing more work than fifteen common mensky.
'Twould be "taps" for Russia without Mr. Kerensky.
—*New York Evening Mail.*


8 A. M.
Cleaned and filled for the day
9 A. M.
House warm all over
10 A. M.
Cold day outside
11 A. M.
Wouldn't know it inside.
12 M.
Fit as a fiddle
1 P. M.
Had big breakfast—no lunch, thanks

To tend a Spencer Heater Let it alone

These "Movies" tell the Story


Let it alone
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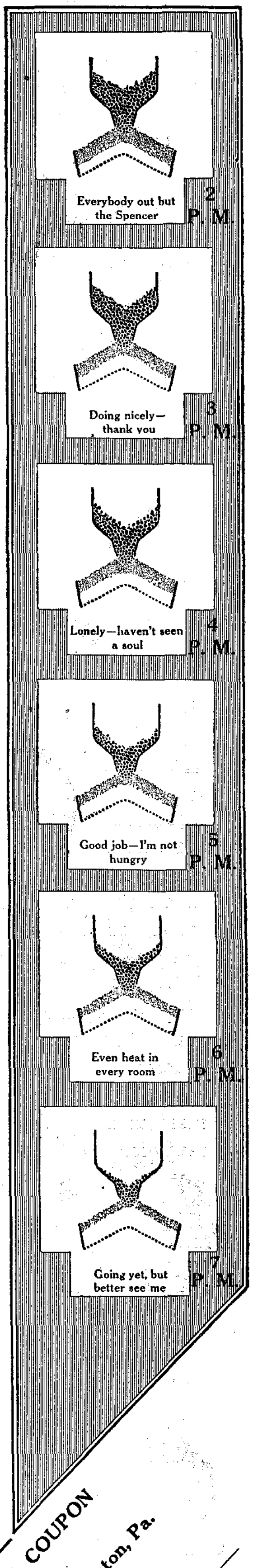
Let it alone
Let it alone
Let it alone
Let it alone
Let it alone
Let it alone
The SPENCER
TIME TABLE
A. M. Fill the magazine. Clean the fire well. Clean out ashes. In severe weather, shake it; in mild weather, let it alone. P. M.


2 P. M.
Everybody out but the Spencer
3 P. M.
Doing nicely—thank you
4 P. M.
Lonely—haven't seen a soul
5 P. M.
Good job—I'm not hungry
6 P. M.
Even heat in every room
7 P. M.
Going yet, but better see me

The Spencer Heater Saves Work and Money

If you haven't already a Spencer in your cellar, pull out your old money-wasting, hard-work heater, and put in a money-saving, work-saving Spencer Super-Standard Heater.

Do it this Fall—it will pay in cash and labor.

The "Movies" on this page (explained by the "cut-out" below) show the Spencer's Day's Work in saving. They show the Spencer's Magazine-feed and Sloping Grates. They show how it burns very small and very cheap coal. They show how it tends itself while you do nothing.

8 A. M.—Top Movie—You fill the Magazine for all day. Hour by hour the coal feeds down. Never mind the growing ash—for just as long as there's fire *above the ash* the heat stays just the same; *the automatic draft-control takes full care of that.*

There is its Difference

In the *ordinary heater* (with surface-feed and flat grate), the ash accumulates just as fast, but you have to *keep shoveling and shaking* to beat it. In the *Spencer* the Magazine does the feeding, the Sloping Grates do the distributing, and the automatic draft-control keeps the heat at 100 per cent. as long as any coal lasts on top of the ash.

The WORK it Saves

You coal a Spencer once in 12 hours in zero weather, once in 24 in mild weather. Clean it night and morning and *forget it the rest of the day.*

The MONEY it Saves

You can use the very cheap, small coal, costing *from 25 to 40 per cent.* less than you pay now, because of its Magazine-feed and Sloping Grates.

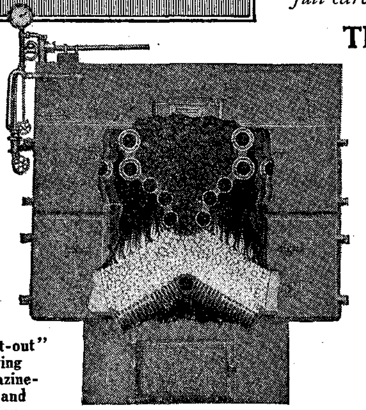
You can run it at Half-Action in mild weather, because its grates are double and you can let one side go out of commission and so *save tons a season* which you waste now.

You save enough in Running Cost to pay the Spencer's entire price in 3 or 4 years.

This is the Time to Save

War-time requires a big cut in your living cost. The Spencer makes a mighty cut in that cost, while giving you the greater comfort of Even Heat and 75 per cent. less Work. Pull out your money-wasting, hard-work heater and put in a Spencer **NOW.**

SEND THIS COUPON. The new Spencer Book tells the whole story. Take it up with your Architect, his Engineer and Heating Contractor.



"Cut-out" showing Magazine-feed and Sloping Grates

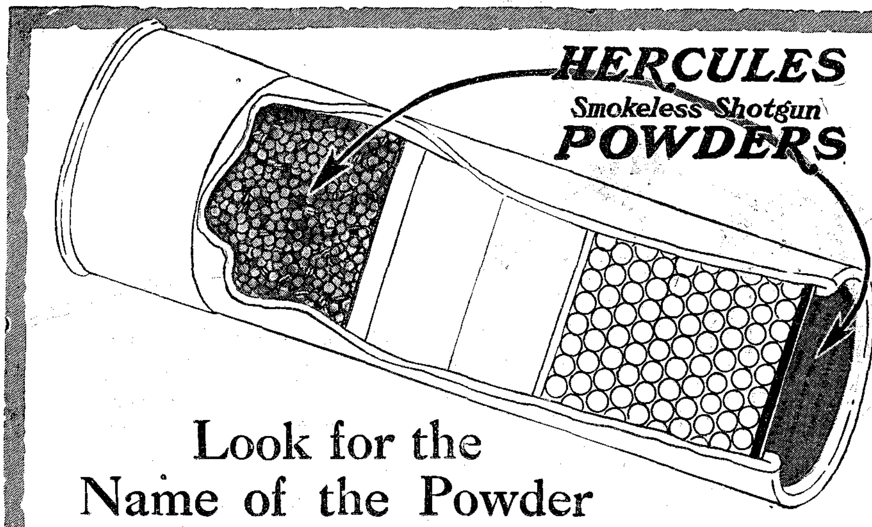
For Steam, Vapor or Hot Water, in any size of Building

THE SPENCER HEATER COMPANY
600 Trader's National Bank Building, Scranton, Pa.

BRANCHES: New York, 101 Park Ave.; *Chicago*, Railway Exchange; *Philadelphia*, Otis Bldg.; *Boston*, 136 Federal St.; *St. Louis*, Chemical Bldg.; *Detroit*, Ford Bldg.; *Buffalo*, 1377 Main St.; *Denver*, 230 Fifteenth St.; *Minneapolis*, Plymouth Bldg.; *Des Moines*, Observatory Bldg. *CANADA:* SPENCER HEATER CO. OF CANADA, Limited, Successor to The Waldon Co.: *Toronto*, 68 Adelaide St., E.; *Montreal*, 71 St. James St.; *Winnipeg*, 185 Portage Ave., E.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

Spencer Heater Co.,
600 Trader's National Bank Bldg., Scranton, Pa.
Send me the Spencer Super-Standard Book
Name
Address
My heating contractor is



Look for the Name of the Powder

ANY sportsman who gives the matter a moment's thought will agree that the powder contained in the shotgun shells he uses is a factor of prime importance to him when shooting either in the field or at the traps.

This being so it is a matter of ordinary prudence when buying loaded shotgun shells to specify that they be loaded with a powder with which you are familiar—a powder upon which you can depend under all circumstances.

You get such a powder when you specify either Infallible or "E. C."—the two Hercules Smokeless Shotgun Powders.

Undoubtedly the name of your favorite make of shell is given in the list at the right. You can obtain either of these Hercules Powders in *that shell* by *asking your dealer for it.*

On the top wad of every shell, and on the cover of the box in which the shells are sold, is printed the name of the powder with which the shell is loaded. Look for this name when buying. See that it is either Infallible or "E. C."

These powders are of high quality and uniform quality. They give light recoil, even patterns, and high velocity. Write for a free booklet which describes them fully.

Infallible and "E. C." can be obtained in all of the following makes of shotgun shells.

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REMINGTON
SELBY
U. S.
WESTERN
WINCHESTER

HERCULES POWDER CO.
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Frank H. Vizetelly, Litt.D., LL.D.

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CURRENT EVENTS

THE GREAT WAR

AMERICAN OPERATIONS

August 23.—By a vote of 58 to 21 the Senate kills the La Follette amendment to the War-Revenue Bill, increasing the amount to be raised by taxes on individual incomes from $490,000,000 to $658,000,000.

Viscount Ishii, head of the Japanese mission to the United States, presents his credentials to President Wilson and welcomes America as an ally in the war.

Bernard M. Baruch, of the Council of National Defense, sells his seat on the Stock Exchange in order that he may give all his time to the Nation's war-work.

Paris dispatches state that American airmen are taking a prominent part in the battle of Verdun. Stephen Bigelow, while protecting a French bomber, is attacked by eight German fliers and his machine crippled. He escapes with a slight wound.

Twelve white men, civilians, police, and National Guardsmen, are killed, and more than a score of men, women, and children are injured during an outbreak of negro soldiers of the 24th United States Infantry, stationed at Houston, Texas.

August 24.—Chairman Hurley of the Shipping Board asks for $1,134,500,000, in addition to the money already appropriated, for the purchase of ships during the current year. The Board now desires to spend for construction, $719,500,000; for commandeering, $265,000,000; and for purchase, $150,000,000.

Secretary McAdoo announces that an additional credit of $100,000,000 has been granted to the Russian Government. Secretary Lansing expresses confidence in the military and political future of that country.

Bernard M. Baruch, Robert S. Lovett, and Robert S. Brookings, members of the War-Industries Board, are named a commission to handle the purchases of the Allies in this country.

Of the 125 negro soldiers involved in the rioting at Houston, Texas, all but eight have been accounted for and orders for their removal are received. Thirty-four are held in the Houston jail on a blanket charge of murder.

The Senate increases the corporation tax from 4 to 6 per cent. on net incomes.

August 25.—It is announced in Washington that the number of aeroplane motors to be built by the Government will be limited only by the amount of the appropriation by Congress. It is expected that $1,000,000,000 will be asked by the first of November. Models are now undergoing racking tests, which they are said to be successfully meeting.

The War Department makes public a bulletin by which local exemption boards are to be guided, and which incorporates the views of President Wilson in regard to married men with dependents, but makes it clear that the law must be followed.

The negro soldiers of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, thirty-four of whom are charged with murder, are entrained at Houston, Texas, and started toward Columbus, N. C. Indictments were returned against the men in the local court, but Major-General George Bell, Jr., declares that they will be tried by court martial.

With the arrival at Camp Mills, Long Island, of 300 men from the 14th

Regiment of Brooklyn, the 165th Regiment is brought up to full war-strength of 3,605 men.

In a letter to Nathan B. Shapiro, Socialist member of the New York Assembly, Secretary of Commerce Redfield declares that to urge peace now gives aid and comfort to the Kaiser's cause.

Settlement of the New York shipbuilders' strike is expected to result from an agreement entered into between Government officials and Trade-Union heads.

The report of the Board of Inquiry finds that the explosion at the Mare Island Navy-Yard on July 9, by which five persons were killed, was the result of the deliberate act of some person or persons unknown, and not caused by negligence on the part of employees.

August 26.—Beginning on August 31, a survey of all the food-supplies in the hands of retailers in the City of New York is to be made as the basis of an estimate to be prepared by the Department of Agriculture of the total amount of food on hand in the country.

The Navy Department announces the death of George Henry Manley, of Baltimore, the first American flier to be killed in the war.

Practical assurance to President Wilson by Samuel Gompers that the American Federation of Labor will see that the shipyards are kept manned practically insures the successful carrying out of the Government's plans.

August 27.—Seeking to end the reexport to Germany by neutrals of shipments received from the United States the President issues a sweeping embargo-list. Hereafter neutrals must give strict guaranties that imports from America will not reach Germany.

Chairman Kitchin of the Ways and Means Committee of the House estimates that the total expenses of the United States for the year 1917–18 will reach $19,000,000,000. The war-cost is estimated at $10,000,000,000 and loans to the Allies $7,000,000,000.

Washington announces the proposed plan of the Government to issue $2,000,000,000 in war-savings certificates as an investment for the public. Total purchases to individuals will probably be limited to $1,000 in issues of $5 and $10 and possibly as low as $1. Interest probably will be fixt at 5 per cent.

President Wilson sends a message to the Russian National Council Assembly at Moscow, renewing assurances that the United States is ready to extend every possible material and moral aid to the country.

August 28.—President Wilson replies to the Pope's peace-message, declaring that his terms are impossible, and stating that the object of America is to free the world of the menace of the Kaiser without desire for reprisal on the German people.

Governor Burnquist issues a proclamation prohibiting the People's Council of America for Democracy and Peace from holding its proposed meeting in the State of Minnesota.

New York's two-day tribute to the men of the National Guard, who are departing for camp on their way to the battle-front in France, is inaugurated by a dinner given by citizens to Major-General O'Ryan and his staff.

WITH AMERICA'S ALLIES

August 23.—A dispatch from the American camp in France says that the famous Chasseurs Alpines, widely known as the "Blue Devils of France," have

This high-back wing chair, in the Chippendale period, is graceful in outline and artistic in carving, with Karpenesque cushions. It is part of a complete living-room suite in the same period.

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L. D.-53

Name________________

Address________________

been assigned as companions-in-arms of the American troops whom they will instruct in the art of modern war. The assignment is considered a compliment to the Americans, as the Alpine Corps holds high place in the French military establishment.

The Canadian troops make a material advance, London dispatches announce, and are now on the edge of the city of Lens and only 300 yards south of the Central Railroad station. A British advance northwest of the Green Crassier is also reported.

Copenhagen dispatches state that German casualty-lists are no longer permitted to leave Germany.

General Maurice, the British Director of Military Operations, issues a statement surveying the whole field of operations, in which he declares that the objectives of the Allies on all the fronts have been gained. He predicts that 40,000 prisoners will soon be taken.

The Italians continue their drive along the Isonzo, and London reports that the Austrians are removing everything of value from Trieste to Vienna. The fighting is reported to be terrific, and 16,000 men and 350 officers are said to have been taken prisoners.

August 25.—London reports indicate that Germany has reached a desperate state while the Allies, well equipped for a winter campaign, are preparing to make the enemy's hardships doubly severe.

With the capture of Mount Santo, seven miles north of Göritz, and dominating the plains beyond the city, the Italian forces are marching to complete victory along the Isonzo, Rome reports. Further south, the War Office announces, the Austrian lines have been penetrated in several places.

August 26.—General Pétain's forces deliver a smashing blow to the German line in the Verdun sector, penetrating for a mile on a three-mile front, London dispatches state.

Premier Kerensky, in an impassioned speech before the State Council at Moscow, declares that all attempts to overthrow the revolution will be crusht with "blood and iron."

A further advance by the Italian troops on the Isonzo is reported in dispatches from Rome. The fleeing Austrians are being hard prest, and the Italian War Office reports 23,000 men, 600 officers, and 75 guns captured.

The Belgian Government protests to Allied and neutral Governments against German violations of international and moral law in redistricting Belgium so that it will have two governments and two capitals.

August 27.—Tho fighting desperately, the Austrian forces are being steadily pushed back on the Isonzo front in the direction of Vienna, London dispatches report.

Petrograd and Moscow dispatches to London indicate that party differences in Russia are growing wider, and that Premier Kerensky's position is becoming more difficult altho he still holds the confidence of the public. The Premier himself, in an address to the troops in Moscow, expresses the belief that they will be able to drive back the enemy and crush any attempt at a counter-revolution.

An order directing American officers to drop caps and canes is issued, together with other regulations affecting dress in the Army, Paris reports, because "the conspicuous position in a foreign land which our officers and men occupy makes every slouchy officer and man a

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MADE BY STROMBERG EQUIPPED
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WITH FAN REMOVED

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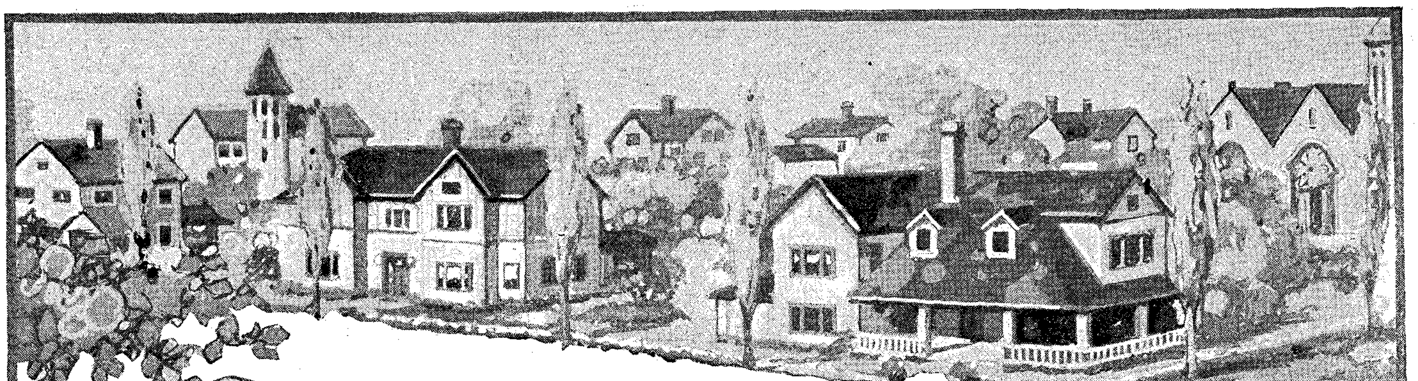

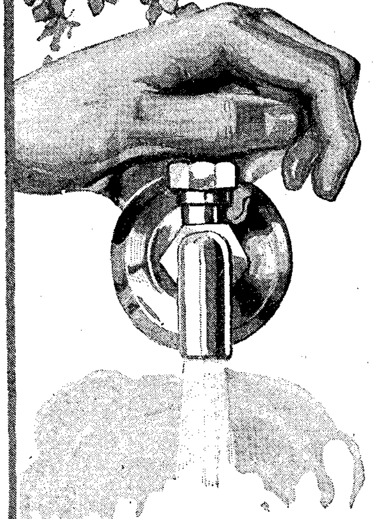

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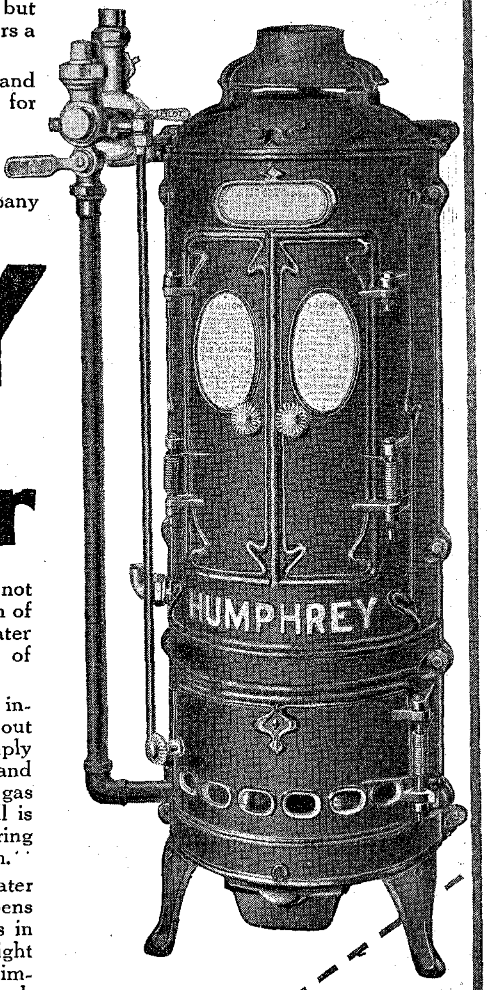

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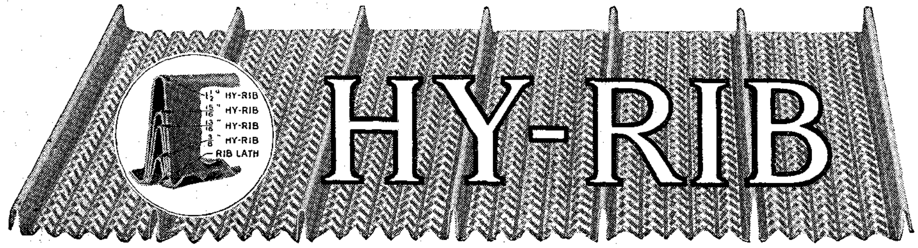

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reflection on the whole American Army."

The Germans in heavy counter-attacks fail to regain recently lost positions on the Verdun front, London reports. The French in a terrific struggle advance to Beaumont. The Canadians are consolidating their position before Lens and are now only 600 yards from the burned area of the city. The activity of the British is reported as confined to trench-raids and attacks on German aviation bases.

August 28.—Heavy rains halt the action on the French and British fronts in Flanders tho the British forces advance their lines on a front of a mile, occupying the third-line German trenches, London dispatches report.

Dispatches reaching the Italian Embassy in Washington announce that the civilian population of Trieste is evacuating the city at the order of the Austrian high command. The fugitives are seeking refuge in the interior of Austria.

August 29.—London reports an increase in *U*-boat sinkings for the past week. The Admiralty report follows: Arrivals 2,629; sailings, 2,680. British merchant vessels of more than 1,600 tons sunk by mine or submarine, 18; under 1,600 tons, *including one previously* reported, 5. British vessels unsuccessfully attacked, including two previously, 5.

The newspapers of the United States and Great Britain heartily indorse President Wilson's reply to the Pope's peace-proposals.

The rout of the Austrians on the Isonzo front continues, the Italians partially taking Monte San Gabriele. More than a thousand additional prisoners have been taken.

THE CENTRAL POWERS

August 23.—Washington hears that the situation in Russia is more critical and that the fall of Riga is expected. The Germans are reported to have launched a fierce campaign to reach Petrograd and force a Russian peace.

August 24.—German counter-attacks against the British section of the Western front in France and Belgium are increasing in strength, London reports, for the first time since July 31.

August 26.—Passengers arriving from Europe at an American port declare that Germany is starving tho making desperate efforts to keep the knowledge of her plight from the world. A Copenhagen dispatch says that the need for fighting men is so great that pensioners whose disability is more than fifty per cent., and even cripples, are being forced into the Army again.

Strikes of miners in Silesia cut the German coal-supply 1,000,000 tons and cause serious concern, Copenhagen dispatches report.

DOMESTIC

August 23.—Alleging illegal acts while in office, the Texas House of Representatives votes to impeach Governor Ferguson.

The President appoints Harry A. Garfield Coal Administrator, and fixes the price of anthracite at the mines at from $4 to $5.30 per ton.

A wireless message is received by Henry F. Osborn, president of the American Museum of Natural History, from Donald B. MacMillan, leader of the Crocker Land Expedition, telling of the safe departure of the entire party from Etah.

August 24.—The new Coal Administrator

announces that control will be exercised all along the line, from the mines to the consumer, with a result of cheapening household fuel, and if the intended results are not accomplished the taking over of the output of the mines by the Government will probably be advocated.

August 25.—Receivers are appointed for the Tax Lien Company, New York, following a report that William Lustgarten, the president of the concern and a prominent lawyer, has disappeared, and that $100,000 are missing.

August 26.—A reduction of a cent and a half a pound in the price of sugar is promised by the Food Administration as a result of the week's conferences with representatives of the beet-sugar industry.

The MacMillan Arctic Expedition arrives at Sydney, N. S., after four years spent in the polar regions. Previous dispatches declaring Crocker Land to be only a mirage are confirmed.

August 27.—Following a two-hour tie-up of the New York subway trains, E. J. Berwind, president of the Berwind-White Coal Company and a director and member of the executive committee of the Interborough, is forced to tell an investigating committee that the general inconvenience to the public was caused by the fact that his company had failed to live up to its contract to supply the railroad with coal.

August 28.—The head of a private detective agency in New York and two assistants are arrested on the charge of making deserters of sailors on shore-leave and collecting the rewards of from $25 to $50 offered by the Government for the return of "stragglers" or deserters.

August 29.—Stephen Johnson, national organizer of the Friends of Irish Freedom, and five others, are arrested in New York in the midst of a crowd of 6,000 or more who had gathered at Broadway and 35th Street.

The Public Service Commission of New York City orders the Interborough Railroad and the Berwind-White Coal Company to create at once a five-thousand-ton reserve of coal.

The Woman Suffrage party of New York opens its State conference in Saratoga Springs. An encouraging telegram is received from President Wilson, and the delegates are surprized to learn from the officers of the organization that they are nearly a million strong in the State when they had supposed that they numbered only 500,000.

FOREIGN

August 29.—Mgr. Thomas F. Kennedy, rector of the American College in Rome, dies after a long illness.

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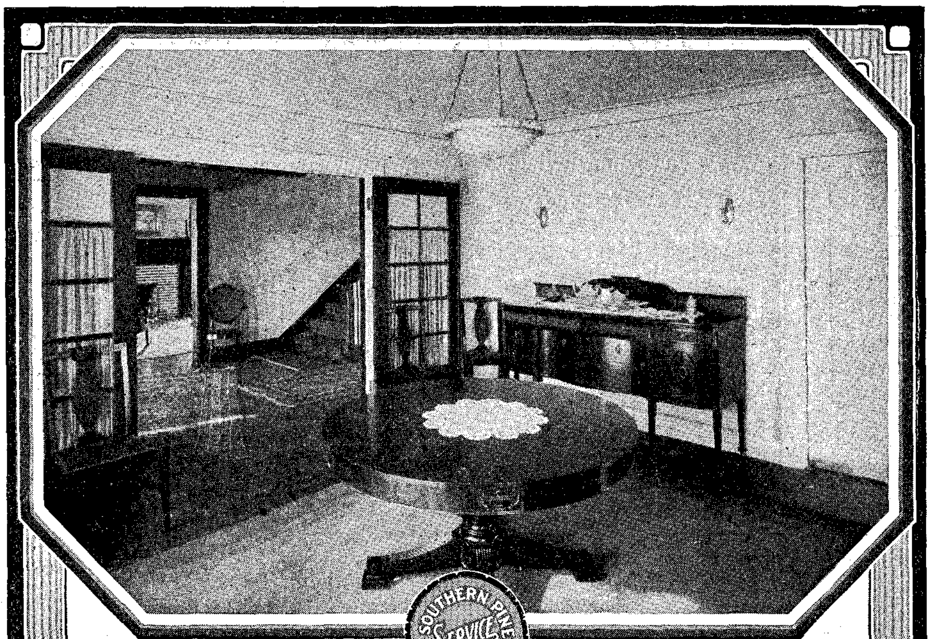

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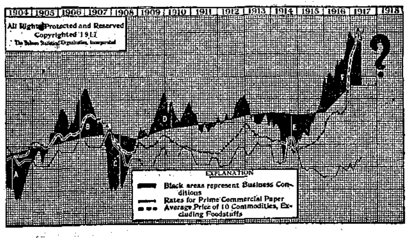

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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

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"THE London money market has lost its proud position as the foremost money market in the world, the clearing-house for all nations, and the banker to whom the enterprising commercial men of every state came when they were in need of banking assistance." This "very humiliating confession" is made by no less an authority than the London *Statist*, which backs its statement with the words of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who said before Parliament a few weeks ago: "It is an open secret that we have spent so freely of our resources that those available for payments in America had become nearly exhausted when our great Ally entered into this struggle, and, obviously, the extent to which supplies of all kinds can be obtained from the United States will depend largely on the ability—for I am sure of the good-will—of the United States Government to meet the demands that are made upon it by the Allies." Thus "three short years of war have deprived us of our financial primacy," laments this London journal of finance and trade, which goes on to say of the situation:

"The main cause, of course, of the trouble in which we find ourselves is the refusal of Governments of all parties to prepare, tho they were fully and clearly warned by the enemy himself. But we must add that the Government was to some extent misled by the London bankers, who, for a quarter of a century previously, had refused, in spite of all warnings and all pressure brought upon them, to increase adequately their reserves. The main cause, however, of the predicament in which we now find ourselves is that we, the public of all classes and all conditions, have allowed the idle rich and the mere talking professional classes to monopolize the Government of the Empire. Consequently, we must frankly admit that a good deal of the discredit rests upon the great public itself. Will they waken up at last, and recognize that men who can not even dress themselves of a morning without the help of servants can not be expected to do anything that entails a little trouble, however simple it may be, and that gentlemen whose business in life is to talk and to interpret an uninterpretable law are not likely to be good guides in the days of danger and distress?

"We showed last week, with every desire to minimize as far as we honestly could, the probable cost of the war, and how enormous is the debt we are piling up, and we added that when peace returns we shall have to face many and very serious difficulties. Still, bad as our condition is, it is reparable if only we take the right course to put everything in thorough order. We want, in the first place, a Government that really understands the resources of the country and how to develop them. We want, secondly, a Government composed of men of great practical experience, who have often had to look financial difficulties in the face, as well as strikes and other troubles, and have somehow or other come out successful. We want, in short, competent experts to lead us through an exceedingly troublous future. Without such we certainly shall not maintain the high credit that England once held, nor shall we earn the vast profits that London used to receive. It is not a slight matter that is at issue. The country is very small in territory. It is crowded with a population which does not receive a quarter of its sustenance from its own soil. We are dependent, in fact, for the very means of buying the food and the raw materials we require upon our trade. And our trade is being put in a perilous state by sheer incompetence, a natural result of employing men who never did an honest day's work in their lives to take care of our interests. In every direction competitors are growing up. But there are two who are specially dangerous: First, our own kinsmen across the Atlantic. They are considerably more than twice as numerous as we are in these islands. They are among the very best business men that the world holds to-day. And they are in possession of a soil which is capable of maintaining five times the population it has at present. They have, therefore, illimitable room to spread and to multiply, and they have resources which, with the exception of China, no other country in the world possesses. Under any circumstances, therefore, they would distance us in the long run. But if we had a really capable Government we might hold our own for a long time, and we might make adequate provision for the day when we should indeed have to play second fiddle. As it is, three short years of war have suddenly deprived us of our financial primacy, and threaten to land us in a position in which we shall be dependent upon the lending power of others, and incapable of lending ourselves.

"The second really formidable competitor is Japan. Her people are far less numerous than our American kinsmen, and her soil is in no sense equal to theirs. On the other hand, she has a wide territory now, and she has a people as capable as perhaps any country upon earth. . . . Her trade is growing at a rapid rate, her credit is rising surprizingly well; and above all, and as a proof of all, she has been able to lend to Russia, to France, and to ourselves, while she has supplied Russia with a very large proportion of the munitions which have enabled Russia to make such fight as she has made up to the present. There is no scarcity, then, of competent communities to take our place. Are we going listlessly and hopelessly to surrender without even a serious attempt to maintain our old place?"

NEW SERVICE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND VALPARAISO

Both Pan-Americanism and our war-program will benefit by the new fast passenger- and freight-service which will be inaugurated between New York and Valparaiso by way of the Panama Canal, on October 1. On that date will occur the first sailing of a line of five 5,500-ton steamers chartered and operated by Wm. R. Grace & Company of New York, but controlled by the United States Shipping Board. These vessels, under construction for the Grace Company, were commandeered by the Emergency Fleet Corporation, but were released when it was established that they would be operated in a trade vital to the United States and under strict regulation by the Shipping Board. They are the first of the commandeered vessels to be released by the Government.

This step is taken, according to a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times*, with the double purpose of knitting closer our general commercial relations with South America and of facilitating the movement to the United States of large cargoes of nitrates needed in the manufacture of explosives. The new steamers will leave New York every fortnight and will reach Valparaiso in about eighteen days. The following statement is issued by Secretary McAdoo as president of the International High Commission, which is an outgrowth of the Pan-American Financial Conference:

"For more than twenty-five years the countries of the west coast of South America have been endeavoring to secure the establishment of regular and rapid steamship communication with the United States. They have been willing to cooperate in the establishment of subsidies, but this plan has failed because of the unwillingness of the United States to join in such a plan.

"The announcement by the Shipping Board of the establishment of a rapid freight- and passenger-service between New York and Valparaiso, Chile, represents the partial fulfilment of one of the most important purposes of the International High Commission formed as a result of the Pan-American Financial Conference of 1915. Adequate means of communication between the United States and Latin-America was one of the leading questions discust at the conference. One of the duties entrusted to this commission is the encouragement of steamship and railway communication between the Republics of America.

"The establishment of this new service between New York and Valparaiso represents one of the most important steps in the development of real Pan-Americanism, because it will contribute so much toward bringing about closer understanding, closer cooperation, and more intimate commercial relations. It is gratifying that in the midst of the destruction and desolation of this war the Government of the United States, through the Shipping Board, should not only be making plans but putting into effect constructive measures for strengthening the bonds between the United States and the countries of Latin America. It is safe to say that nothing that has happened within recent years will do more to convince the countries of Latin America of the serious purposes of the United States to spare no effort in bringing about the closest possible understanding between the Governments and the people of North, Central, and South America.

"It is important to bear in mind that the establishment of this service is of interest to the Argentine as well as to the west-coast countries. With an eighteen-day service to Valparaiso it will be possible to reach Buenos Aires from New York in less than twenty days. This will involve using the Trans-Andean Railway from Valparaiso to Buenos Aires. My understanding is that the sailings of these vessels will alternate with those of the regular fortnightly line from New York to Buenos Aires. This will mean, therefore, that there will be a weekly service between New York and Buenos Aires.

"In establishing this service the Shipping Board has set a new standard in transportation facilities between the United States and South America. With such a far-seeing and statesmanlike policy, we are likely to witness within the next few years a rapid improvement in the means of communication with all parts of South America. Not only will our commercial relations with these countries be improved thereby, but it will also mean a new era in the development of our intellectual and cultural relations with those countries."

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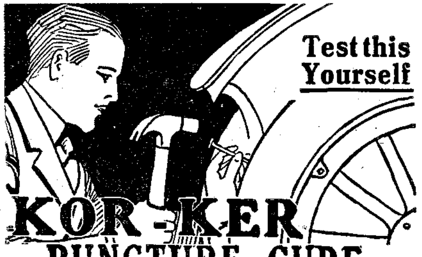

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NEW LIBERTY LOAN AND THE SUPERTAX

The relation of the next Liberty Loan, subject to the proposed supertax, and the existing Liberty bonds, free from all income taxes, makes an interesting study as it relates to the return to small investors. A writer in the New York *Annalist* presents the following calculation, should the second loan bear four per cent., and be subject to the now proposed income tax as amended by the Senate on August 22:

"If a person has an income of $40,000 a year, made up of $20,000 income from stocks and bonds not Government or Liberty bonds, and $20,000 income from proposed 4 per cent. Liberty bonds, the first $20,000 can be taxed the $20,000 normal income tax, of $680, or 3.4 per cent., and the two $20,000 incomes can be taxed the $40,000 income supertax rate of 5.88 per cent., making the tax $2,350, or a total tax of $3,030, or 7.58 per cent. total. By this method the resultant taxation percentage will always come between the supertax and the total ordinary tax percentages, if no Liberty bonds are held.

If all of the $40,000 income were in 4 per cent. Liberty bonds the supertax would be $2,350, or 5.88 per cent., and if all the $40,000 income were from other sources than Liberty and Government bonds the tax would be $3,830, or 9.58 per cent. The following figures have been worked out to show the largest investment that can be held and not have the income from proposed 4 and 4½ per cent. Liberty bonds fall under the present Liberty-bond rate of 3½ per cent., whether the income is all or in part from Liberty bonds.

The income taxation schedule exempts $5,000 of income from supertax, and, therefore, an investment of $5,000 in proposed Liberty Loan 4 per cent. bonds would be tax exempt.

The fixt or cash rate of a bond determines the cash income, and the effect of a tax on the income from bonds is to lower the fixt or cash rate. It is very evident that the greater the investment the greater the tax, according to the supertax schedule, and the less the net income. This is equivalent to a bond of a different fixt or cash interest rate, less than 4 per cent. for each sum of money invested greater than $5,000. A 4 per cent. bond will need to be taxed 12½ per cent. by the supertax schedule in order to reduce the net to the investor to the 3½ per cent. rate of the first issue of Liberty bonds.

From the supertax schedule it is seen that 12½ per cent. is the supertax on incomes of between $100,000 and $110,000. It is found to be exactly $100,727 from calculation as follows: First, let x equal the income increase over $100,000; secondly, then $100,000 plus x equals the income required; thirdly, 26¼ per cent. of x is the supertax which is to be added to $12,400; fourthly, dividing 3 by 2 as equal to ⅛, or 12½ per cent., and solving for x, gives $727 increase over $100,000 or $100,727. This, capitalized at 4 per cent., gives an investment of $2,518,175 in 4 per cent. Liberty bonds as the largest investment possible at par to yield 3½ per cent. It is the equivalent of a 3½ per cent. bond at par, tax exempt.

"A 12½ per cent. resultant supertax by the schedule reported by the Senate Finance Committee on August 6, requires an income of $106,000, which, capitalized at 4 per cent., gives $2,650,000 as the largest investment possible, at par, to yield 3½ per cent. The more supertax is added the less this investment becomes.

"If the total income is $100,727 from all sources, any size of 4 per cent. Liberty bond that may be held would be taxed 12½ per cent., the supertax per cent. for $100,727. The holdings of Liberty bonds

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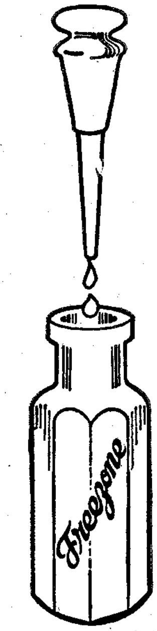

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would yield 3½ per cent. and be averaged with the supposed higher yield from the investor's other holdings, and the more Liberty bonds he holds the nearer will 3½ per cent. be reached.

"Should it be proposed to have Liberty Loan No. 2 bear 4½ per cent. and be subject to the now proposed supertax as amended by the Senate, August 22, a 4½ per cent. bond would need to be taxed 22.22 per cent. of income by the supertax schedule in order to net the investor the 3½ per cent. rate of the first issue of Liberty bonds. From the supertax schedule it is seen that 22.22 per cent. supertaxation requires an income between $220,000 and $230,000. By the method used before, the income is found to be exactly $223,136 and the supertax, $49,581. The income capitalized at 4½ per cent. gives an investment of $4,069,688 in proposed 4½ per cent. Liberty bonds as the largest investment possible to make the yield at par 3½ per cent., which is the equivalent of a 3½ per cent. bond at par.

"A 22.22 per cent. resultant supertax by the schedule, reported by the Senate Finance Committee on August 6, requires an income of $252,067. This, capitalized at 4½ per cent., gives $5,601,503 as the largest investment possible, at par, to yield 3½ per cent., and, again, the more supertax added by the Senate the less this investment becomes. If the total income is $223,136 from all sources, any size of 4½ per cent. Liberty bond that may be held would be taxed 22.22 per cent., the supertax percentage for $223,136, and, as before, the yield from the Liberty bonds would be 3½ per cent. The average with the investor's other higher yield holdings would be greater than 3½ per cent., and the more Liberty bonds he held the nearer would 3½ per cent. be reached.

"The three largest single subscribers to the 3½ per cent. Liberty Loan, of approximately 525,000,000 each, were allotted about $5,100,000. The first Liberty Loan escaped being a rich man's loan at the time because of popular oversubscription which enabled the Treasury Department to allot relatively small percentages to the large subscribers. The wealthy who made these large subscriptions, while undoubtedly patriotic, found it a profitable investment to make, in view of the proposed increases in the income tax on their other income.

"The first Liberty Loan was an assured success because of the many large subscriptions. The second Liberty Loan, if 4 per cent. and subject to the supertax schedule, would depend more than the previous loan upon popular subscription. The present individual large holders of 3½ per cent. Liberty bonds may well congratulate themselves if their holdings are in excess of $2,518,175. Those holding less would be expected to convert to 4 per cent. bonds, while those holding more would retain the 3½ per cent. bonds. With this condition of affairs, the 3½ per cent. Liberty bonds should sell at a premium, and the first Liberty Loan may yet be a rich man's loan when the small investor has converted to the higher rate and the wealthy have absorbed all within reach before such conversion takes place.

"There would seem to be three possibilities presented: First, the second issue of Liberty bonds may be a 3½ per cent. issue, the same as the first, and tax exempt; secondly, it may be a 4 per cent. tax-exempt bond, in which case a worse condition than at present would result in the high-class security market; thirdly, it may be either a 4 per cent. or a 4½ per cent. issue, subject to the supertax. In this latter event the 3½ per cent. present issue will become a rich man's loan, and the Government will have to depend more on popular subscriptions for the success of the second issue than it did in the case of the first issue."

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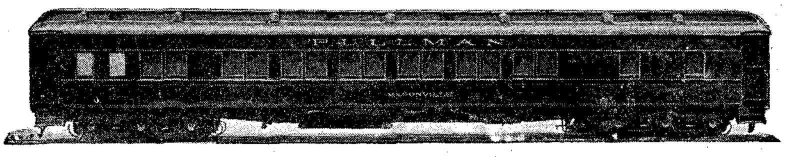

The American Boy of 1917

The same patriotic spirit that has swept the country at every critical period in our nation's history is keenly alive today. We all thrill with pride as we see young America nobly responding to the nation's call. And by far the most encouraging sign is the large number who from boyhood have been trained in marksmanship.

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

To Several Correspondents.—Concerning the use of *round, rounder, roundest,* the Lexicographer wishes to say that *round* is no exception to *correct* and *perfect*. Many persons have challenged "more and most correct," and "more and most perfect," yet examples of such uses may be cited from the masters of English literature.

As for *round,* the Lexicographer gives below a few examples, and feels sure that Shakespeare, Leigh Hunt, and Tennyson will be sufficient to show that usage permits of these inflections:

In *1591,* Shakespeare, "Two Gentlemen of Verona," act v, scene 2, line 6, wrote: "I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat *rounder.*"

Again, in *1604–5,* "King Lear," act i, scene 4, line 58 (but this is in a different sense): "He answered me in the *roundest* manner, he would not."

In *1631,* Widdowes, "Natural Philosophy," wrote: "Hail is rain made hard in the fall, the higher the fall the *rounder* and lesser."

In *1683,* Temple wrote: "He would be glad to see the Spanish territories lie closer and *rounder* than they were then left."

In *1832,* Leigh Hunt wrote of

"The *rounder* murmur, fast and flush
Of the escaping gush."

In *1843,* Carlyle, "Past and Present," wrote: "*Rounder* than one of your own sausages."

In *1859,* Tennyson, "Elaine," wrote: "These jewels, and make me happy making them an armlet for the *roundest* arm on earth" (line 1177).

"G. B. W.," Colfax, Wash.—"(1) Is there such a thing as a 'perpendicular pronoun?' Such an expression was recently heard. (2) Why are the *Waverley* novels so called?"

(1) The grammars make no mention of "perpendicular pronouns." (2) The "Waverley Novels" are so called from the first book of the series which treats of the Waverley family, Capt. Edward Waverley, Richard Waverley (his father), Sir Edward Waverley (the captain's uncle), and his sister, Rachel Waverley. This volume deals with Scottish life in the days when George II. was king.

"A. L.," Sprakers, N. Y.—"Please indicate the reason for submarine boats being named as they are."

The letters used in designating the various submarines in use have no connection with their nationality. In the United States Navy, the letter denotes merely the class (or "set") to which the boats belong. The numbers then differentiate the individual boats of any one class.

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This is also the case in the British Navy. In the German Navy, the letter "U" is a part of the designation of all submarines, and, apparently, stands for *Unterseeboot* (*i.e.*, submarine). The United States submarines include classes lettered from "A" to "M."

TO SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.—The rule concerning the use of a participle with a possessive is that when a participle is used with a noun it may be preceded by the possessive case of a noun or pronoun. Thus, in the sentence, "The *man's* leaving home was a surprize," the apostrophe and *s* should be used, as also in the sentence, "Scarcely a day passes without one or two new *customers'* coming into our store." Inverted, this sentence would read, "Scarcely a day passes without the coming into our store of one or two new customers."

"G. E. J.," Boydton, Va., writes: "Referring to the note of your correspondent on Monticello, I have been quite familiar with *Albemarle Co. and Charlottesville, Va., for twenty years,* residing there a good part of that time. I can recall only six persons, and two of those not residents of Virginia, who pronounced the name of the Jefferson estate other than plain *Monticello* (*mon"ti-sel'o*)."

"W. L. P.," Machias, Me.—"Please parse 'the' in the sentence, 'Five cents *the* copy.' "

"The" is the definite article used as the equivalent of "each" and giving distributive force.

"H. B.," Houston, Tex.—"Which is correct: '*Greek* Culture,' or '*Grecian* Culture'; '*Roman* Culture,' or '*Latin* Culture'; '*Hebrew* Culture,' or '*Israelitish* Culture,' or '*Jewish* Culture?' "

Either form, "*Greek* Culture" or "*Grecian* Culture" may be used. The LEXICOGRAPHER considers that "*Roman* Culture" and "*Jewish* Culture" are the correct forms respectively.

"E. D. M.," Buffalo, Wyo.—"Kindly let me know the author of the words 'On earth there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but mind.' "

The quotation is from Sir William Hamilton's "Lectures on Metaphysics."

"P. H.," Foxcroft, Me.—"What is the family name of the King of England?"

Wettin, derived from his grandfather, Prince Albert, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

"M. H. H.," Toledo, O.—"Can you tell me where the original is of the famous picture, 'The Glory of War,' representing a triumphal procession of the great generals of the world—Cæsar, Napoleon, Alexander, etc.—with rows of naked bodies on either side of their path?"

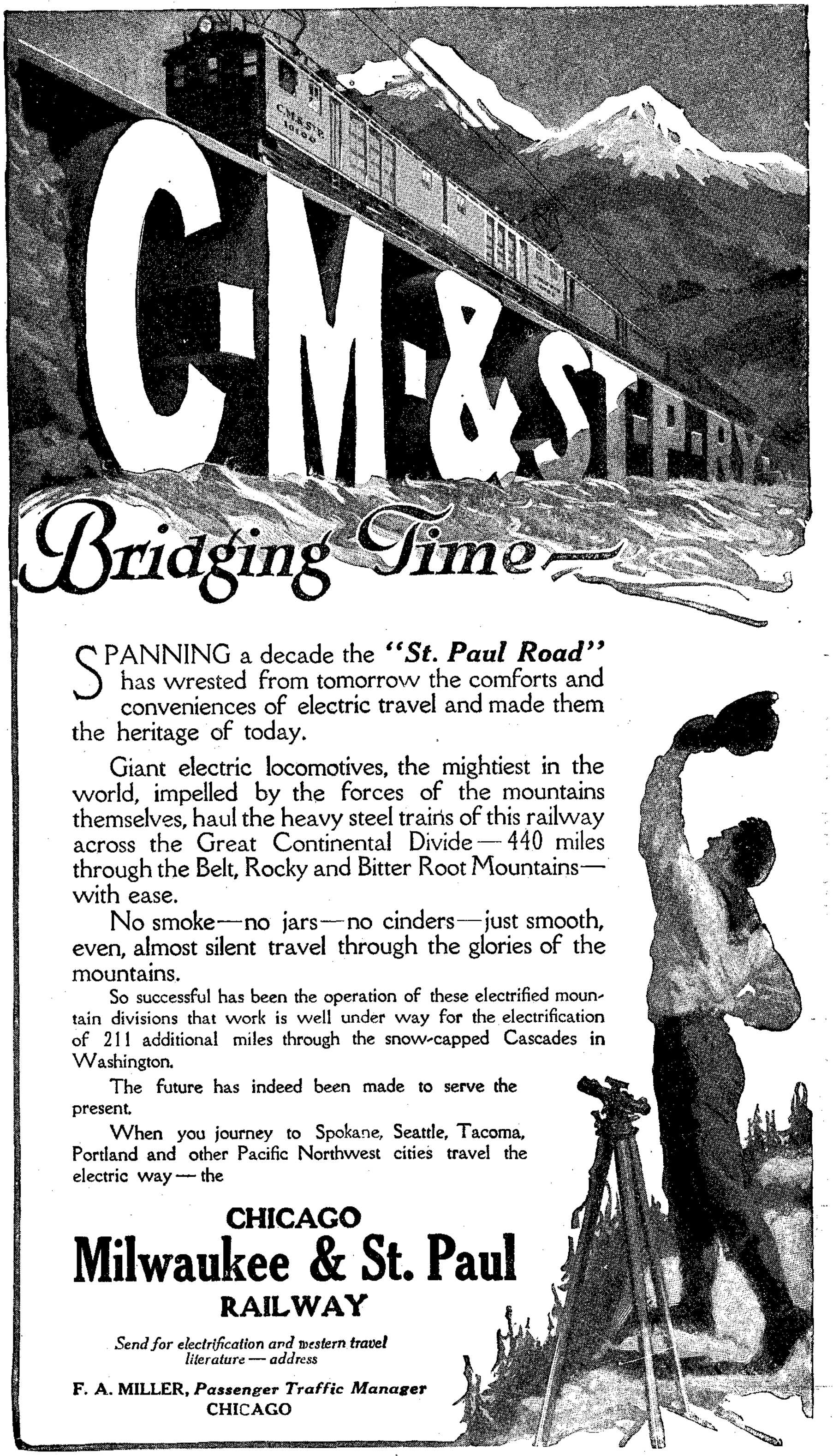
The owner of the famous painting, known as "The Conquerors," is Mr. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, Pa.

"R. V. R.," Schenectady, N. Y.—"Kindly give the reason and origin for 'Great Britain' being called the 'Motherland,' and 'Germany' the 'Fatherland.' "

The LEXICOGRAPHER is not in a position to answer the question. The usual custom is to speak of a country in the feminine. Perhaps this may be due to the female figure used to symbolize the country, as "Columbia" for the United States; "Britannia" for Great Britain; "Germania" for Germany, etc. It may also be due to the fact that the term "Motherland" had been preempted by Great Britain before Germany thought of the term "Fatherland." As you know, the German Empire is of comparatively recent formation, and, therefore, the application of the term "Fatherland" to the Empire is also modern.

"S. S. S.," Highlands, N. C.—"Please advise me who won the War of 1812—England or America?"

The War of 1812 opened with disaster—the surrender of Detroit—and disaster attended it for two years. So weak was the defense that a British expedition in 1814 met no effective resistance. The war ended practically in a compromise. The Treaty of Ghent, which terminated it, provided for the mutual restitution of conquered territory and the appointment of three commissions to settle the boundary-line between the United States and Canada. In the latter matter the claims of the United States were upheld completely, but of the matters of impressment, right of search, neutral rights—the bases of the war—not a word was said.



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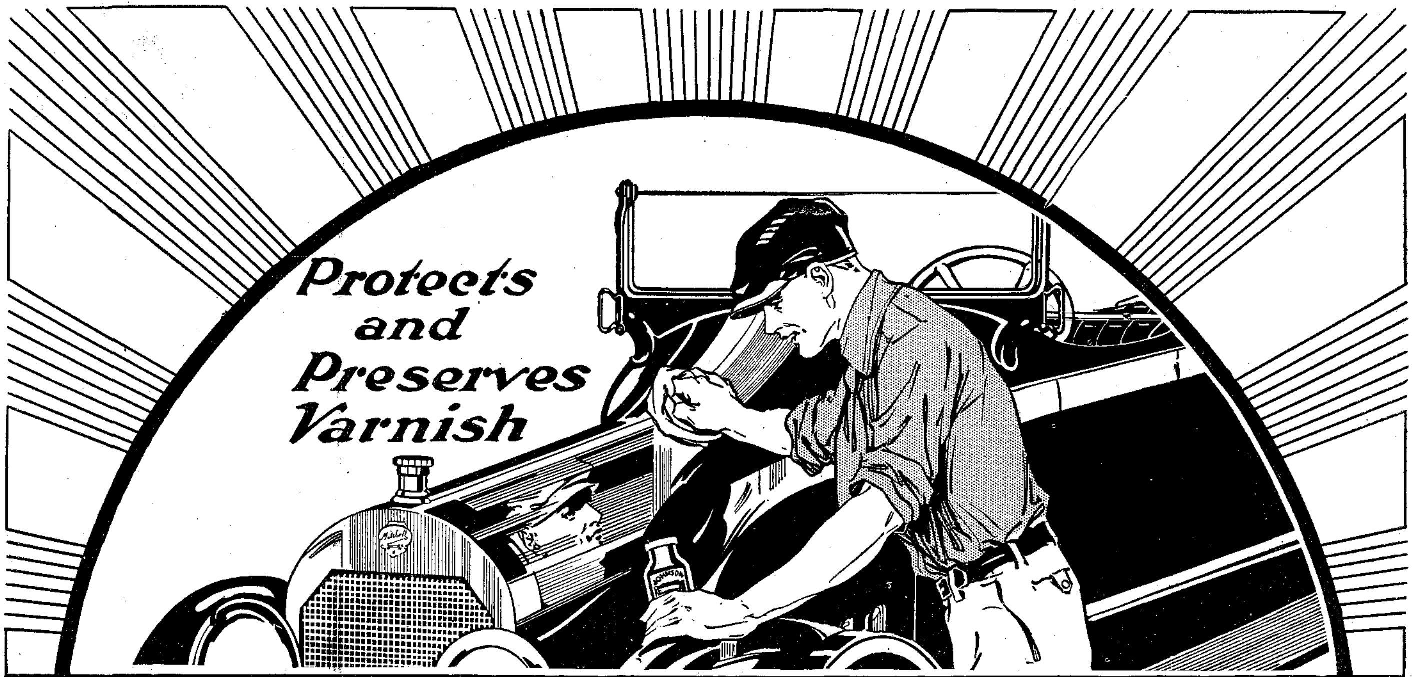

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